

MILLIE AND MOLLIE.

I've come to ask you for the hand of your daughter," said young Bromley, stumbling to the seat offered him by the girl's father.

"Which one?" asked old Dimmock, the coal merchant, laying down the newspaper which he had been reading, and eyeing the young man curiously.

"Sometimes I think it is Mollie, and again I am sure it is Millie," replied young Bromley, genuinely perplexed.

The old coal merchant looked sympathetic.

"You can't have both," said he, after an awkward pause.

"They're splendid girls, good enough for anybody!" exclaimed the young man.

"Well, I rather think," said the old man, proudly.

"I could be happy with either of them," went on young Bromley.

"I'm disposed to think," observed old Dimmock, "that you have been happy with both of them."

"So they've told me more than once," said Bromley, with the pleasant light of recollection in his eyes.

"Well, can't you make up your mind which girl you want to marry?"

The old coal merchant looked at the young man with the fresh color and the loyal blue eyes as if he would like to have him for a son-in-law.

Young Bromley did not answer for a moment, and then he said slowly: "Which do you think sounds the better—'Millie Bromley' or 'Mollie Bromley'?" Sometimes I've looked at it in that way.

"I don't think there's much to choose," returned, "returned the old coal merchant, weighing the question with every desire to be fair."

"You know," continued the young man, "there have been times when I've gone to bed perfectly charmed with the name 'Millie Bromley,' and in the morning 'Mollie Bromley' has caught my fancy. Millie, Mollie; Mollie, Millie—it's an awful puzzle."

"Of course, you've proposed to one of the girls?" inquired his father.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said young Bromley.

"Then that is the girl you want to marry, exclaimed the old man, triumphantly. Wey, it's simple enough after all. You've taken quite a load off my mind. Which one was it?"

"It was Millie—I think," answered young Bromley, hesitatingly.

"Think! Don't you know?"

The young man flushed and looked reproachfully at the coal merchant.

"Mr. Dimmock," said he, "I'll put it to you as man to man: Which is Millie and which is Mollie?"

"Don't cross examine me, sir," rejoined the old man. "If you want to marry one of the girls, it's your business to find out."

"Heaven knows," cried young Bromley in anguish. "I want to marry either Millie or Mollie, and have her all to myself. It's trying enough for a fellow to be d over ears in love with one girl, but when there are two of them it's more than he and blood can stand."

"There, there, my boy," said the old coal merchant soothingly, "don't take on so. Either girl is yours with my blessing but I want to keep one for myself. Let me see if I can help you." And going to the open French window he called:

"Millie, Mollie! Mollie, Millie!"

"Yes papa, we're coming," sounded two sweet, well-bred voices from the shrubbery.

There was a tripping of light feet along the stone walk under the grape vine, and Millie and Mollie bloomed into the room.

"How do you do, Mr. Bromley," they said together with the same intonation and the same merry glint in their eyes.

Millie had auburn hair and brown eyes; so had Mollie. Millie had a Cupid's bow of a mouth, little teeth like pearls, and a dimpled chin; so had Mollie. Millie's arms seen through her muslin sleeves, were round and white; so were Mollie's.

From waist to tips of their little feet the figures of Millie and Mollie were the same, line for line, and both were dressed in white muslin, with lilac bows behind their white necks and lilac sashes at their waists, lilac stockings without a wrinkle, and each wore white satin shoes. Their hair was loose over their fair brows and was braided down their backs, of just the same length, and tied at the end with lilac ribbons. Millie tied Mollie's bows and Mollie tied Millie's.

"Well, papa?"

"Young Bromley tells me," began old Mr. Dimmock after he had taken draughts of their fresh young beauty by looking first at one and then at the other, and then dwelling upon the features of both with one eye sweep, "that he proposed to you last night."

"Oh, not to both, you know," Mr. Dimmock, interjected young Bromley.

"He asked me to be his wife," said Millie demurely.

"He told me that he couldn't live without me," said Mollie mischievously.

"How is this?" said the old man, turning to young Bromley with a severe look.

The young man blushed furiously and lifted his hands in protest.

"I'm sure," he stammered, "one of you is mistaken. I asked you, Millie, to be my wife in the summer house—and—m—l—I kissed you. That was before supper, and later in the evening, when we sat on the front steps, I said that I couldn't live without you and that we must get married."

"Before we go any further," interrupted the old coal merchant, "which is Millie and which is Mollie? When your dear mother was alive she could tell the difference sometimes, but I don't know to this day."

"Oh how dull you are, papa!" said the girls in duet.

"I think that Millie is on the right," spoke up young Bromley.

"Why, Mr. Bromley," said she, "I am Mollie."

"Very good, now let's go on," said their father, "where were we? Oh, yes, young Bromley says that he asked you to be his

wife, Millie, and declared he couldn't do without you."

"I beg your pardon, papa," said Mollie, he told me that he couldn't live without me."

"Well, let's get our bearings," continued the old coal merchant. "Bromley, you asked Millie to marry you down in the summer house, and you kissed her! That's correct, isn't it?"

"There's no doubt about that, sir," said Bromley eagerly.

"And after supper when you sat together on the stoop you told Mollie that you couldn't live without her?"

"That I deny, sir. Oh! I beg your pardon, Mollie, you needn't look so angry. I meant no offence."

"Did you kiss Mollie?" went on the old man relentlessly.

"No, sir. I—"

"Yes, you did, Mr. Bromley," flared up Mollie.

"I admit," said the young man, struggling with his emotions, "that I kissed her when I said I could not live without her, but it wasn't Mollie."

"Oh, Mollie!" said Millie, "how could you?"

"Now, Millie, do be reasonable," said Mollie.

Old Mr. Dimmock looked mystified.

"It seems to me," I said, with a show of impatience, "that if I were in love with one of those girls I could tell the difference between them. So far as I can make out, young man, you have asked Millie to be your wife, and have tried to make Mollie believe that you could live without her. Now, to any one who does not know Millie and Mollie your conduct would appear to be perfidious. Of course, as between you and Mollie, I must believe Mollie, for the girl certainly knows whether you kissed her."

The old man eyed both his daughters hard. Millie was biting her nether lip and so was Mollie; but Mollie was trying to keep from laughing.

Old Mr. Dimmock had an idea.

"I would like to clear up this thing to your satisfaction and my own, Bromley," said he. "Let me ask you whether Mollie kissed you when you told her you couldn't live without her?"

The young man got very red in the face.

"You mean Millie, of course," he replied, with embarrassment. "Perhaps she wouldn't mind my saying that see did kiss me in the summer house. But she didn't kiss me on the stoop. I kissed her."

"How is that, Millie? Mollie? asked their father.

"Papa," said Mollie decidedly. "I couldn't keep Mr. Bromley from kissing me, but I assure you I didn't kiss him."

Millie looked her father straight in the eye and then she shot an indignant shaft at Bromley.

Millie hung her head and her face was as red as a poppy.

"I think," said the old man dryly, "that it's plain I'll keep Mollie, and we'll have that marriage before you make another mistake, young man."—New York Sun.

MAN'S DANGEROUS AGE.

Figures Showing That he Commits more Crimes at 29.

It is a singular fact, yet one substantiated by statistics, that most crime is committed in this State by men 29 years old. This is not only true of the lesser but also of the greater crimes, although a man is presumed to be at that period of his life not only in the zenith of his physical, but also in full and complete possession of his mental powers, with a complete appreciation of right and wrong and their respective consequences. This condition is a problem which has not been solved by the student of criminology, and one which is made the more complex by the fact that the ages of 21, 27, and 45 years nearly equal it, with the intervening years showing a far less percentage of crime.

It is indeed peculiar that the criminal tendency should be so strong at 29 with no such inclination, so far as criminal statistics show, in as good a degree for the succeeding sixteen years and then another outburst of the animal in man.

This condition is found to be true by actual figures, and as all statistical computations at which average conditions are sought to be determined are arrived at by this method, so may the student of this subject, as well as the insurance magnate who bases his rates on the general average of losses in proportion to the risks taken, and does so with full safety, employ it in solving the problem before him.

Mr. Charles K. Baker, chief clerk to superintendent Lathrop, has made this subject one of close study and will soon have completed a table showing this to be true. He has already completed one relative to murderers serving life sentences in the penal institutions, and its figures bear out the general conclusion. He offers at this time no explanation for this, but hopes after he has exhausted the subject, so far as the presentation of figures are concerned, to be able to set forth reasons why these years should be productive of the most crime.

The following figures show how old the various murderers who are serving life sentences were when they committed the act for which they are serving time, together with how many like crimes were committed at such specific year of age: Fifteen, 1; sixteen, 1; seventeen, 2; eighteen, 2; nineteen, 1; twenty, 2; twenty-one, 8; twenty-two, 9; twenty-three, 6; twenty-four, 5; twenty-five, 8; twenty-six, 10; twenty-seven, 11; twenty-eight, 7; twenty-nine, 12; thirty, 5; thirty-one, 6; thirty-two, 7; thirty-three, 6; thirty-four, 6; thirty-five, 7; thirty-six, 6; thirty-seven, 8; thirty-eight, 5; thirty-nine, 4; forty, 5;

forty-one, 3; forty-two, 3; forty-three, 6; forty-four, 3; forty-five, 7; forty-six, 1; forty-seven, 1; forty-eight, 3; forty-nine, 2; fifty, 1; fifty-one, 0; fifty-two, 0; fifty-three, 2; fifty-four, 0; fifty-five, 2; fifty-six, 0; fifty-seven, 1; fifty-eight, 0; fifty-nine, 1; sixty, 0; sixty-one, 1; sixty-two, 0; sixty-three, 1; sixty-four, 1; sixty-five, 0; sixty-six, 0; sixty-seven, 11; sixty-eight, 1; sixty-nine, 0; seventy, 1.

THE INVENTOR OF MATCHES.

Career of Sir Isaac Holden, whose Yearly Income was \$1,000,000.

Sir Isaac Holden who died recently, at the time of his retirement from political life two years ago was the oldest and probably the richest member of the House of Commons, and he was certainly one of the most remarkable men in the United Kingdom. He was born at Paisley in Scotland, in 1807. His origin was very humble, his father being a working miner, too poor to keep him at school. So he was put at work to earn his own living at the early age of 10, when he was made an apprentice to a shawl weaver. But removal from school only stimulated his ardor for knowledge, and he managed to attend evening classes when working as an operative in a cotton mill for some fourteen hours a day. His studies enabled him to accept a position as a teacher, and it was while serving in that capacity that he bestowed upon the world a great benefit, which was, however, slight benefit to him. This was the invention of the lucifer match, which he came upon unexpectedly while making some chemical experiments for the instruction of his pupils. Other men took up the discovery, and he made nothing out of it.

In time he gave up the ferrule and became a bookkeeper with a Yorkshire manufacturing firm. This was the turning point of his life, for, while working at his ledgers and journals his mind went back to his shawl-weaving apprenticeship, and he became interested in the manufacture of woollen cloth, and sought to construct a machine for carding the wool. For years he studied the problem, making many apparently fruitless experiments. All his savings from his salary were given to the enterprise. The friends to whom he confided his scheme looked with little favor upon it. But his perseverance and genius finally triumphed, and he completed and perfected a carding machine which has revolutionized the wool industry of the world. Happily, he secured letters patent upon the invention, and as a result handsome profits soon came to him. He established mills in Yorkshire, literally treating large centres of industry. He also built several mills in France. For many years his income from them was enormous, averaging probably \$1,000,000 a year. His French mills were founded in partnership with Mr. S. C. Lister, the famous "silk king" of Bradford, and were situated at St. Denis, Rheims, and Croix. He dissolved the partnership with Mr. Lister in 1858, after it had lasted nearly eighteen years, and then the present firm of Isaac Holden & Son was formed.

Mr. Holden entered political life in 1865 when he was elected for Knaresborough, which he represented until 1868. In that year, and again in 1872 and 1874, he was defeated. He reentered Parliament in 1882 when he was returned at a bye-election in the Northern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, after the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had held the seat. On the redistribution of seats he became the member for the Keighley Division of the West Riding, and held that seat until the general election of 1895, when he withdrew from public life. He was always a devoted liberal in politics, being described as "a monomaniacal Glad-

TWENTY YEARS OF LUMBAGO. YET KOOTENAY CURE CONQUERS.

It is a long time to look back over twenty years of life, but when the mile posts have been marked by the pains and aches of Lumbago, it renders the retrospect far from being a pleasant one.

Such was the experience of Mr. James Muir, Night Baggage Master, G.T.R., residence 243 Emerald Street, Hamilton, Ont.

He made a sworn declaration to the effect that for over 20 years he was afflicted with Lumbago, and at times was so severely afflicted he could not walk.

For about ten years he could not stand straight for a longer period than about fifteen minutes, when he would be compelled to stoop forward in order to relieve himself. He took nine bottles of Kootenay Cure and they have cured him to stay cured. He says:—

"I told Mr. Ryckman if I felt no pains for one year after taking his medicine, that I would give him a testimonial, and as the time expires this week I come to him without solicitation to give this sworn declaration. I consider Kootenay Cure one of the greatest and best remedies for back or kidney troubles ever used by mankind, and wish my case to become generally known, as I doctored with five different medical men, and was told they could do nothing for me."

Chart book free on application to the S. S. Ryckman Medical Co., (Limited), Hamilton, Ont.



SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it
SURPRISE SOAP
with power to clean with-
out too hard rubbing, with-
out injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE
is the name, don't forget it.

stonian. He was an advanced reformer, especially upon land questions. He advocated the breaking down of all barriers, both of taxation and intercommunication, between nations, and was therefore an ardent supporter of the chimerical scheme for constructing a tunnel under the Straits of Dover. On the Queen's birthday in 1893 he was created a baronet.

Sir Isaac was an ardent Methodist. He became a local preacher among the Wesleyans; but, though prominent, was never popular, being "strongly Puritanic, often bitter, and always stern." Like many millionaires, his habits were as simple as those of the poorest paid clerk in his employ. Throughout his whole life he had never missed a day's exercise, unless, indeed, he was confined to bed. Eight miles a day was his "constitutional" walk, rain or shine, hot or cold. No matter how busy he may have been, or how many hours he had to work, he always took time for such a walk, and continued to do so even after he had reached the age of 85. To this habit and his abstemiousness at table he attributed the excellent and vigorous health which he enjoyed as an octogenarian. Never could he be tempted to eat meat oftener than once a day—at lunch. Breakfast and dinner were made of fruit and some little farinaceous food. The House of Commons hours have greatly improved in recent days, but in the worst of times they had no terrors for Mr. Holden. Often he was to be seen between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning as fresh, as gay, and as ready for conversation as if it were 12 o'clock in the day. Indeed, he never showed fatigue and never complained of work or worry, remaining as buoyant and energetic in the eighties as a man of 35.—Philadelphia Telegram.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

But One Sure Remedy—Obtain it for 25 Cents, Blower Included, and be Cured.

Catarrh is a disagreeable and offensive disease. It usually results from a cold, and often ends in consumption and death. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

Physicians failed to cure George Bellrey, toll-gate keeper, Holland Landing Road. Chase's Catarrh Cure did it.

One box cured William Kneeshaw, and two boxes James T. Stoddard, both of West Gwillimbury.

Division Court Clerk Joel Rogers, Robert J. Hoover, and George Taylor, all of Beeton, voluntarily certify to the efficacy of Chase's Catarrh Cure.

J. W. Jennison, of Gifford, spent nearly \$300 on doctors, but found no permanent relief until he tried a 25 cent box of Chase's.

Miss Dwyer, of Alliston, got rid of a cold in the head in 12 hours.

Henry R. Nicholls, 176 Rectory street, London, tried a box with excellent effect.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is for sale by any dealer, or by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Price 25 cents, including blower.

Coughs, colds and bronchial troubles readily cured by the latest discovery, Chase's Linseed and Turpentine. Pleasant and easy to take. 25 cents.

ABOUT HICCUGHS.

What Causes Them and How They May be Guarded Against.

Generally this troublesome little disturbance is a matter of no moment beyond the annoyance it may cause the sufferer. It is brought about by a momentary contraction of the diaphragm, by which air is drawn into the chest, and may be excited by a variety of causes. It may even be a symptom of a grave disease, usually of the nervous system, but most frequently it results from trivial causes, such as laughing or crying.

A very common cause of hiccoughs is eating or drinking too much or too fast, especially drinking. This is so well known that the funny paragraphs in the papers always sprinkle the remarks of an alleged drunken man with plenty of hics. It may also be started, just as it may be arrested, by a sudden fright.

It can often be cured by fixing the attention closely upon something else, as upon the attempt to bring the little finger of each hand as near its mate as possible without allowing them to touch each other. Other simple means of arresting hiccough, which usually ceases of itself without any treatment, are the swallowing of little lumps of ice or a glass of very cold water or acidulated water, vigorous rubbing with the hand over the pit of the stomach or the

back of the neck, dashing ice-cold water on the spine, etc.

If such devices fail, a more effectual measure consists in making firm and persistent pressure upward, with the fingers passed under the edge of the ribs on each side, near the breast-bone. This causes pressure on the diaphragm and, as it were, distracts it so that it forgets to contract spasmodically. The taking of eight or ten deep and slow inspirations acts in much the same way.

We often read in the papers of wonderful cases of hiccoughs lasting for days and days, and sometimes ceasing only with death. There are occasionally such cases, which baffle the skill of physicians, but when they occur there is some other serious malady present, which, and not the hiccough, is the actual cause of death. These grave cases are not under consideration here. They do not come within the domain of household remedies, but call for professional intervention.

HOW CHEWING GUM IS MADE.

Processes Through Which It Passes to the Consumer.

Four million pounds of gum chicle, the product of the Mexican sapota tree, entered the United States during 1896. This entire product, valued at nearly \$1,500,000, became the basis of chewing gum. A walk through a leading chewing gum factory is interesting.

Here over 1,000,000,000 pieces of gum are annually produced and shipped to every portion of the world. Three hundred employes are engaged in the manufacture of the gum, the first step of which is the importation of the raw chicle, which is gathered by the peons in Mexico and exported in bales containing about 150 pounds each.

The gum is taken from the bales and chopped into small pieces. These are freed from tree bark and chips by steaming and picking. Then it is ground in mills making 3,400 revolutions a minute.

The ground gum is subject to a continuous heat of 140 degrees Fahrenheit in drying-rooms. From here the gum is sent to the "white-aproned cook," who adds the purest sugar and the freshest cream, granulated peeps, powdered gum or kola or other desired ingredient to it and cooks it in a steam-jacked caldron where it is turned and mixed by an ingenious double-acting heater or rotating paddle until it has assumed the consistency of bread dough.

Now the "dough boys" take hold of it and knead it in finely powdered sugar, passing it through to the "rollers," where it is rolled between steel rollers until it is of the proper thickness, when it is whisked away to the "markers."

The markers are steel-knived rollers which leave their impress upon the long sheets of appetizing gum before it goes to the seasoning-room, after which it is broken on the lines left by the markers. Now the gum finds its way to the wrapping-room. The nimble fingers of 150 dainty maidens are here at play.

Under their deft touch waxed paper, tin-foil and pretty wrappers envelop the gum quick as a wink, and in another moment the packers have the gum to place in jars or boxes, wherein it is supplied for sale to the general public.—Confectioners' Journal.

NO AVAIL.

Adam Soper of Burk's Falls Found All Remedies For Kidney Disease of No Avail Until He Used South American Kidney Cure—To-Day He is a Well Man and Gives the Credit Where it is Due.

"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys. The pains I suffered were the severest. I had tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no avail. I was persuaded to try South American Kidney Cure. Have taken half a dozen bottles, and I can confidently say that to-day I am a cured man, and can highly recommend this great medicine to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

A Favorite Abiding Place.

In a little English village there is a baker's shop over the door of which is the following inscription: "One piece of bread, to be eaten on the premises, given to any one passing through Broughton [direct until 10 p. m.] This extraordinary sign-board was affixed to the shop some years ago by Sawrey Cookson, of Broughton Tower, who recoups the baker for the bread which he disposes of in this singular way. As may be expected, the shop is a favorite halting place for tramps and artisans out of work, who are making their way to the busy town twelve miles from the village.