

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.
In seventeen hundred seventy-five,
Right early in the morning,
Before the birds had left their nests,
Before the day was dawning,
A noise of loud alarm rang out,
A horseman swiftly flying,
A ringing of the bells, and then
A wailing sound of crying,
"Arise ye men of Concord town,
Make haste your guns to carry,
And let your lovers go ye moids,
For lo! a threatening army waits
Within our very borders."
So haste! his messenger cries out,
"Wait not for further orders."
All day the cannons deadly roar
Made havoc for the flying
And many were the wounded men,
And many more the dying,
Ere long to every country farm
The news came fast and faster,
Good news—the news of victory,
And to our foes the disaster,
And thus the fight at Lexington
Bespoke a good beginning,
And now the homes that once were sad
Are full of joy and singing.

Illustrated Patriotic Jingle From The Churchman, New York.



**JOE DAYTON'S
INGLORIOUS FOURTH**
by Stella & Florence

DOWN in the village there were going to be great doings on the Fourth of July, and the children of High Ridge Farm were wishing that they might go to see the fun. There were three of them—Sadie and Bessie and Joe; and Joe, being the only boy in the family, had an idea that he ought to be allowed a little more freedom than his sisters. They were only girls, anyway, he argued, and girls had no business in a crowd, especially when there were bombs and cannon to be let off; but a boy—well, a boy could go anywhere and be safe.

But Mr. Dayton, Joe's father, evidently held a different opinion, for he said, very decidedly, that Joe could not take part in the village celebration. "Best place for boys is home," he added, as he went out to the field with his men. And Joe knew that argument was worse than useless.

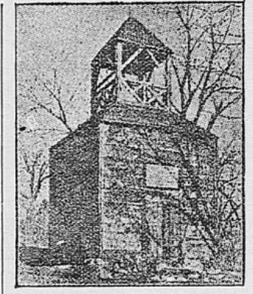
But in his way Joe was just as determined as his father, and if he couldn't go to the village he said to himself, he would have a little celebration of his own at home. He had some pocket money hidden away in a little old trunk up in the garret, and with that he would buy all the firecrackers he wanted. He would find a secluded place, far enough from the house to insure himself against detection, and there he would let them off.

It did not occur to him then that he would have rather a lonesome time of it letting off his firecrackers by himself; but a few days later, when the Elton boys and Jack Hardy came into the store where he was buying his firecrackers to make their own purchases, his secret became all at once too good to keep. The result was that the other boys agreed to join forces with him, and it was arranged between them that they would have what they called a "bang-up good time" all together.

The place decided upon was a strip of uncultivated ground on the out-

the fields, they were not long in reaching the scene of action. A pungent smell of smoke filled the air, and as the two girls came in sight of the cottage the first glance told them that it was on fire.

"Stay here, Bessie," commanded Sadie; "don't go one step further!" Then, quickly skirting the small garden plot, she tore around to the back, just in time to see the terrified boys making off as fast as their legs would carry them. Then, before she could turn around, she felt herself being lifted off her feet and carried rapidly away, and a minute afterward there was a tremendous roar, a great sheet of flame shot up into the air, the



THE OLD BELFERY AT LEXINGTON.

earth seemed to reel and shake, and then everything grew suddenly and strangely black.

When Sadie came to herself she was lying in her own room, with father and mother bending anxiously over her and Dr. Buxton sitting by her bedside with his finger on her pulse.

"Why, I'm all right," she said, in a surprised tone. "What has happened?"

"It's lucky you are all right, young lady," the doctor said, with a relieved smile. "You had a narrow squeak, I can tell you. It was a mighty fortunate thing that the Italian left in charge of the supply store had the courage and presence of mind to pick you up and run."

"Where are Bessie and Joe?" Sadie asked, springing up with terror in her heart.

"Safe, dear, both of them," said mother, soothingly.

"Nobody hurt at all—thank goodness," the doctor put in, "though why you weren't all blown to smithereens I'm sure I don't know. Now, keep quiet awhile, young lady," he added, as he turned to go, "and the next time there's a dynamite explosion on the schedule make a point of keeping out of the way."

Joe Dayton learned a lesson from



LEXINGTON GREEN.

"If They Want War, Let It Begin Here."

Illustration From Thomas Wentworth Higginson and William Macdonald's "History of the United States." Harper & Bros.

better than any one else did, and she had felt sure for some days past that he had some secret plan in his mind. Suddenly the distant sound of exploding crackers was borne upon the wind to her listening ears.

"Sounds as if it were out by Uncle Josh's cabin," Mr. Dayton said, glancing up uneasily from his paper. "Where's Joe?" I hope he isn't up there. I heard the contractor say the other day he expected to store some dynamite there, ready for the blasting. I guess I'll go and have a look around."

But Sadie was already out of hearing, with little Bessie flying at her heels. If she could only get there in time to warn the boys! That her very thought. She never for an instant doubted that Joe was among them.

Fear lent wings to the children's feet, and, taking a short cut across

that Fourth of July that he never forgot. Long before Sadie recovered from the illness that followed the shock her brother had bitterly expiated of the deed that had brought it about, and had resolved that, come what might, he would always be "square and above-board" in the future. The misdirected firecracker that had set Uncle Josh's cottage on fire proved, indeed, to be the instrument of Providence for making a splendid man of him.—Christian Advocate.

Favors For a Fourth of July Dinner.
Candy boxes made of white watered paper emblazoned with flags and the portrait of Washington will comprise the favors. These are filled with that most patriotic of all sweets, candied cherries. The icing will be red and white cherries eaten with a silver hatchet.

LITTLE MINUTEMEN.

"And we are a band of minutemen. Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, rat-a-lat-lat."

While we are playing our soldier tricks, Each little man that wants to can, Honor the heroes of Seventy-six.

AN ANNUAL EVENT.



Great Fourth of July Bonfire on Gallops Hill, Salem, Mass.—A Pile of Fuel Eight Feet High.

—Mary H. Northend, Massachusetts, in Leslie's Weekly.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Hurrah for the Fourth, the Glorious Fourth! The day we all love best, When East and West and South and North, No boy takes breath or rest; When the banners float and the bugles blow, And drums are on the street, Throbbing and thrilling and lifes are shrilling, And there's a tread of marching feet.

Hurrah for the Nation's proudest day, The day that made us free! Let our cheers ring out in a jubilant shout Far over land and sea.



—Cleric's conception from the Youth's Companion.



Furniture Covers.

Let me tell the housewives who have faded, forlorn furniture slips they feel they must throw away what I did with mine, says a contributor to the Bellinger. A single package of dye—the sort for cotton—made two large chair covers an exquisite shade of green, with a silky look, and ornaments to the room in place of eye-sores.

New Table Service.

It is a new and pretty idea to have the luncheon dollops to match the design of the plates, particularly if there is a plain border around the edge of the latter so that the dollops may be buttonhole stitched. Of course, it would be necessary to choose for this purpose a set of china that is not elaborately decorated with complicated designs.—Washington Star.

To Keep Flies Outside.

For those who object to wire netting in the windows a new idea has been found to prevent flies and such annoying pests from entering the house. This new preventative is a window box of mignonette. It seems that the insects do not care to face the odor of this charming flower, so that it is an effective barrier against their invasion. It sounds like a pretty idea, and we may expect to see ugly wire screens entirely discarded and the windows decorated with dainty boxes filled with the sweet blossoms.—Washington Star.

The Hiccough Easily Stopped.

This is a most distressing and obstinate complaint to those in whom it occurs. We do not refer, of course, to the hiccough attendant upon great prostration of the system, but to those instances (very frequent, indeed) of a simple spasmodic condition of stomach and oesophagus which assails the individual without any other symptoms of disease, and in the treatment of which anti-spasmodics prove ineffectual. Relief can be obtained by directing the patient to hold the arms straight over the head and to keep inspiring as long as is feasible, so as to retain the air in the lungs for as long a period as possible.—Family Doctor.

An Old Trunk Renovated.

An old discarded trunk was brought down from the rafters room. I purchased 7 yards of red cambric and 2 packages of brass-headed tacks, lined tarp, tacking corners neatly, also lid; made a deep pocket in lid for patterns, the bottom of trunk makes a safe place for sewing materials, the lid for smaller articles such as cushion thread, tape measures and scissors. Make a small bag for loose hooks and eyes, also one for buttons. Cover outside of trunk with burlap, placing brass tacks close together. When finished you have a most useful and ornamental receptacle for your sewing room and very inexpensive.—Boston Post.

A Convenient Pantry.

A house that lacks the great convenience, a butler's pantry connecting with the dining room, may find a very convenient substitute for one in a tall screen placed near the kitchen door. If of strong material the screen may have a shelf fastened to the inner side on which may be placed the dessert and fruit plates until ready for use. A small table behind the screen may hold other necessary articles, like a pan of hot water and towels to supply clean forks and spoons to the table, or to hold delicate tableware that cannot safely be washed in the kitchen. Such a pantry may easily be constructed by the house carpenter. A well made pair of clothes frames, covered with marbled oilcloth on one side and Canton flannel or cretonne on the side to be exposed to the room, could be used for a screen.—Boston Post.

Recipes.

Prune Pudding—One pound stewed prunes, whites of 4 eggs, 1 cup sugar. After the prunes are stewed, drain off the juice, remove the stones and chop. Beat the whites very stiff, add the sugar gradually, beating all the time, then stir in the chopped prunes. Bake 20 minutes. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Oatmeal Bread—Four cups of white bread flour, 1-1/2 cups oats, 1 tablespoonful lard, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 tablespoonful salt. Mix the above together, dissolve 1-2 yeast cake in 1-2 cup lukewarm water, add to the mixture, and make a firm dough in a warm place, let rise over night, in a warm place. In the morning divide into two loaves, put into tins, let rise good and bake.

Sausage With Apple Sauce—Cover the sausages, pricked in every part with a fork, with boiling water; let simmer 15 minutes, then drain and brown in the oven, or on top of the stove. Make a syrup of a cup of sugar and water and in this cook very carefully 4 or 5 tart apples, cored and sliced in rings. Serve these drained from the syrup around the sausages arranged on the centre of the dish.

Dixon Pudding—Take any kind of stale cake, break it in small pieces; butter a mould and fill it nearly full with the cake; take 3 eggs, 1 pint of milk; beat the eggs and add the milk, with flavoring of any kind; pour this over the cake and let it soak 2 hours. Set the mould in a kettle of boiling water; let it boil 1-1/2 hours; turn the mould over into a pudding dish; let it stand a few minutes, then lift the mould carefully that the pudding may not break. Serve with sauce.

Celery Salad in Green Peppers—Select large and shapely peppers, wipe them and trim off the ends so they will stand upright; cut a slice from the top and remove the seeds. Have ready an equal amount of celery and tart apples cut fine; season with salt and moisten with enough mayonnaise to hold the mixture together. Fill the peppers with the mixture and decorate the top of each with a spring of fringed celery. Serve with mayonnaise and wafers which have been sprinkled with these and slightly browned.

Saving Grace of Humor.

Our English literature entitles us to claim as one of our national assets a keen sense of humor, that homely genial quality which is to wit as the fire by which we warm ourselves is to the flash of the searchlight. Now there are certain symptoms in English politics and literature today which suggest that people in our cultured classes may be losing that sense of proportion, essential to humor, and beginning to take themselves and their opinions too seriously.—From the Outlook.

THE ARTIFICIAL HYBRID.

She had bought a little bonnet with a pretty bird upon it. And she perched it on her forehead one fine day. When to her unfeigned surprise, that gay birdie winked his eyes. And proceeded unconsciously to say: "I perceive, my dear, that you have been looking at me, too, and no doubt you also think me rather well. I really wish I knew if I'm just the way I grew. And if all these wings and tails are really mine."

"Now, to my untutored brain it is very, very plain. While upon my other wing something yellow seems to cling. Which is very Oriole-like in the light."

"I've an Owl-ish sort of head, but my collar tuft is red. And there's something strangely Hawk-like in my eyes. Then my tail is wondrous queer—at a glance it would appear. That 'twas taken from a Bird of Paradise."

"I am somewhat grieved to say I'm constructed in any way. I suspect upon my pedigree, at least. And I don't 'till demur when I add, a nest of fur. 'Makes me feel—well, quite a little like a low-seam tail."

"Now, I've often heard it said we must evolve when dead—This may be an incarnation, so to say. But—and here the birdie sighed—"I'm sorry that I died. For I'd rather be a Sparrow than a Freak!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Newrich, "I treat my domestics as equals." "And don't they resent it?" queried Mrs. Oldgold.—Chicago Daily News.

"It's an extensive scheme. Let me unfold it." Better adjourn to the street. No room to unfold anything in this flat.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My friend over there is one of the greatest after-dinner speakers we have." "Really; how does he manage about his other meals?"—Town and Country.

Mrs. Muggins—I can remember the day when you begged me to say the word that would make you happy for life. Mr. Muggins—I know—but you said the wrong word.—Life.

"Are you waiting for me, dear?" she said, coming downstairs at last, fixing her hat. "Waiting?" exclaimed the impatient man; "no, not waiting—sojourning!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Muggins—I got my new cook in an intelligence office, but I think she must have left it all there.—Mrs. Buggins—All what? Mrs. Muggins—Her intelligence.—Philadelphia Record.

"A young man who wants to get married has certainly contradictory preliminaries to go through." "What are they?" "First, he must pop the question, and then he must question the pop."—Baltimore American.

"Ah, proud beauty!" exclaimed little Snifkins, "you spurn my love now, but let me tell you, I will not always be a clerk, I—" "That's so," interrupted the heartless girl, "you may lose your job."—Philadelphia Press.

"Whit was he y'gen over smokin', Donald?" "Well, it's no such a pleasure after a', for ye ken a buddy's ain't tobacco costs over hicken; and if ye're smokin' another buddy's, ye have to ram yer pipe ash tight 'till no draw."—Punch.

Doctor—The room seems cold, Mrs. Hoolligan. Have you kept the thermometer at seventy, as I told you? Mrs. Hoolligan—Shure, an' O! hor, doctor. There's th' devilish thing in the roombar av warrum water at this blessed minnut.—Judge.

Mr. Brownback—I done met old Cuhnel Bludd on de street dis mawnin', and by de time I had spruited wid him 'till minutes dat white man had done called me a black liab no less dan twice! Mr. Wombat—Twice? Uh-well, sah, de Cuhnel sh' gits slower and slower de older he grows.—Puck.

Book Agent—Missus, here's a family volume on medicine that tells you how to save doctors' bills—only five dollars. Housewife—Lard sakes, white man! see dat spindlet? Dat spindlet holds a bunch ob doctahs' bills an' Ah don't want no five dollah book ter tell me how ter save anny mo'.—Judge.

Americans in Canada.
Next to the native Canadian the American is the salt of the northwest. The conditions of life and of the production are identical with those he has just left, so that he does not come a stranger. The Canadians can say of him all that was said in praise of the Athenian by his Lacedaemonian conqueror by his rivals of Cornish—he is "quick to plan and perform, always alive, counting what he gains a mere installment, sanguine in difficulties, ever ready to do a stroke of needful work and deeming it a misfortune to have to undergo not the toil of business, but the listlessness of repose."

Distribution of Wealth in England.
Wealth is very unequally distributed in this country. About 70,000 people die every year, and of these over 616,000 die leaving nothing, or next to nothing, behind them, while over 50,000 die leaving an average of only £200 each. Over 10,000 die with estates not exceeding £1,000, which leaves nearly all the accumulated wealth in the hands of about 21,000 people out of 700,000.—Lloyd's News.

Best Limericks.

I am told by the conductor of the largest Limerick competitions that the best Limericks come from Scotland, Ireland and Wales in that order. The Scotch, he said, have a peculiar bent for neat and apt rhymes, not so witty as the Irish, but possessing a happier turn of phrase. And thus it was that a large portion of the prizes have gone north of the Tweed.—Western Mail.

Odds and Ends.

Don't be afraid of rebuffs. This may be your employer's method of trying you out.
William H. Barnes drowned himself after grieving over his brother, Charles A. Barnes, who died from gas at Easter.
Regents of the University of West Virginia elected J. Russell Wattles, of Buchanan, professor of law to succeed Dr. St. George Tucker Brooke.

His "Kick."
"Say, there's a mistake in this bill you sent me the other day."
"What's wrong with it? Is it too big?"
"No, but—"
"Any mistake in the figures?"
"No; it's not that. It's—"
"Don't you think that bill has been running long enough?"
"I reckon so, but—"
"Then what are you kicking about?"
"That's what I'm trying to tell you. There's a mistake in the name. You sent it to the wrong man, confound you. I don't owe you a cent, and never did!"
—Chicago Tribune.

THE ANGRY GIRL.
She loses her sense of humor; often also the other sense she has goes with it. If getting angry ever did any good there would be more reason in it.
The surest way to weaken a good cause is by a bad temper.
The girl who is easily angered pays the piper in broken friendships.
A hot temper rarely finds a happy home big enough to hold it.
The angry girl forgets that the penitence which follows her folly is not pleasant company.—Indianapolis News.

FRUIT SALAD.
Line a dish with small lettuce leaves that have been chilled, and in the bottom place 1-2 a peach on each side and around the left put chopped citron, and almonds. Dressing—1-2 cup whipped cream, 1-4 teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, 2 table-spoons each of juices of peach, cherry and any preserve. Stir all together and pour over the peaches.—Boston Post.

A woman at Steubenville gave birth to quintuplets.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
Cleanses the System Effectually, Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.
One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

An Apple Fifty Years Old.
Mrs. Ellen Toothaker of South Harpswell has a keepsake, an apple that was thrown to her in a kindly manner by a young man while she was returning from the Baptist church one Sunday afternoon fifty years ago. She picked up the apple took it home and filled it with cloves and today it is very small, but well preserved. That young man is seventy-five years of age, and had forgotten the incident until Mrs. Toothaker related it to him one evening.—Kennebec Journal.

INTENSIFIED REGRET.
Mrs. Scragginton—Well, what are you muttering about?
Mr. Scragginton—You accepted me after I had proposed to you four times, didn't you?
"Yes."
"Served me right, confound my fool soul!"—Smart Set.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Measles, Mumps, and all the ailments of childhood. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists and grocers. Price 25¢ per bottle.

DECLINED IN REBUTTAL.
Author (of the budding variety)
—I got level with the editor last night. He always rejects my manuscripts. But I have had my revenge.
Friend—How did you do it?
Author—I declined his son, with thanks.—Tit-Bits.

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Proverbs and Phrases.

Let every man praise the bridge he goes over.—Latin.
Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.—Spanish.
Law is the perfection of reason.—Coke.
Little dogs start the hare, but great ones catch it.—Italian.
A man with "a finished education" is just about as useful as any other ornament.

SUFFERED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

With Eczema—Her Limb Peeled and Foot Was Raw.—Thought Amputation Necessary—Believes Her Life Saved by Cuticura.
"I have been treated by doctors for twenty-five years for a bad case of eczema on my leg. They did their best, but failed to cure it. My doctor had advised me to have my leg cut off. At this time my leg was peeling from the knee, my foot was like a piece of raw flesh, and I had to walk on crutches. I bought a set of Cuticura Remedies. After the first two treatments the swelling went down, and in two months my leg was cured and the new skin came on. The doctor was surprised and said that he would use Cuticura for his own patients. I have now been cured over seven years, and but for the Cuticura Remedies I might have lost my life. Mrs. J. B. Renaud, 277 Montauk St., Montreal, Que., Feb. 20, 1907."

The biggest army depot in the country is to be established near San Francisco.

FTS. St. Vitis Dance: Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. 25 trial bottles and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Owing to an outbreak of smallpox on the transport Sherman everybody on board may be vaccinated and held in quarantine.
Hicks' Capidine Cures Headache, Whether from Cold, Heat, Stomach, or Mental Strain. No Acetaminol or dangerous drugs. It's Liquid. Effects immediately. 10c, 25c, and 50c, at drug stores.

And some shirt-waists would be less tumbled if they were pressed less often.
ECZEMA CURED
J. B. Maxwell, Atlanta, Ga., says: "I suffered again with a severe case of eczema. Tried six different remedies and was without relief. A neighbor told me to try Hicks' Capidine. After using \$3 worth of your TETRAZOL and soap I am completely cured. I cannot say too much for its price. Write for a superior process. Dept. A, Savannah, Ga. J. T. SUTHERLAND, Dept. A, Savannah, Ga."

The Wise Young Man.
It was a wise young man who paused before he answered the widow who had asked him to guess her age. "You must have some idea about it," she said, with what was intended for an arch sideways glance.
"I have several ideas," he admitted with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks or ten years older on account of your brains."
Then, while the widow smiled and blushed, he took a graceful but speedy leave.—Youth's Companion.

Knew Her Limit.
"What are you reading, Marian?" asked mamma of a little girl with her head bent down under a heavy volume.
"The Wide Awake World," mamma.
"Gracious, child!" interrupted a big sister. "you can't understand more than half of that book."
Marian looked at the speaker with dignity. "I read it for the half I do understand," she said.—Buffalo News.

The vocabulary of the average person is 700 words.

GOOD BREAD
"My bread won't raise" is a common complaint among housekeepers. A distressing thing, but there's always a remedy. Try our "White Wonder" flour. The miller that makes it knows how.

Dewey's Best Flour
Does away with such complaints. If you can bake at all, you can have good luck with it. It is a flour with life in it. Made of best wheat, plump grain ground by a superior process. The miller that makes it knows how.

Try a sack and see what a difference there will be in your bread, pies and cakes next time you bake. Get it from your local dealer. If he doesn't have it, he will get it for you. Write for it if you like.
THE DEWEY BROS. Co., Millers, Blanchester, Ohio.

IF NOT EMPLOYED—
You Can Work for us and Earn From \$3.00 TO \$10.00 PER DAY during the summer season. Send your address on postal for FREE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG and our name and address. We will employ you for any lady or gentleman. Reference: Mrs. J. B. Renaud, 277 Montauk St., Montreal, Que., Feb. 20, 1907.

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