

MODERN LOW COST RESIDENCE

(Continued From The Third Page.)

especially an invalid, or one temporarily indisposed, when ascending, finding they have no motion forward, but seem continually making a climb all the time. The half-inch, in risers, saves a good deal of vitality.

The dining-room, shown on the first floor plan, explains itself, and appeals to every prospective home owner, for its light and accommodation. The butler's pantry is considerably larger than usually planned for a house of this size and cost, leaving plenty of room for an extra dresser if desired. The kitchen is well placed, and has the modern idea of the side or back stairs which does not effect the looks of the

The veranda is especially designed to give a pleasing effect to the eye, as we approach the exterior of the dwelling, yet it is of commodious size, and would lend itself to extension or enlargement, if desired, without detracting from the artistic appearance. The elevation shows a low effect, which in nearly all cases protects the rooms from the sun's rays in the heat of the noon-day.

A brief technical description of this design we give as follows:

General dimensions: Extreme width, 40 feet, not including veranda; depth, 34 feet, not including veranda or porch, story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet 6 inches; attic, 8 feet. Exterior materials: Foundation, stone; first story, second story and roof, shingles. Interior finish: Hard white plaster; trim in parlor, soft wood, painted ivory white; in hall, library and dining-room ash; in balance of house, N. C. pine; Flooring, N. C. pine in first story and bath-room; elsewhere, soft wood. Staircase, oak. Colors: All side wall



second story hall, and being shut off from the main staircase saves rough usage of same.

All bedrooms in second story have abundance of closet room, giving an average storage space of 12 square feet per room. Large linen closet at bath-room, which latter room is planned for comfort and the pleasure of the bath, rather than stuck away, "any old place."

Access to the attic by side or back stairs, attic being floored for storage in some parts, two good rooms, however, being finished off. The dormer windows in this story insure complete and satisfactory ventilation for the entire house.

shingles left natural. Roof, dark green. Trim, buff.

Accommodations, outside of those mentioned above: Large, airy rooms with ample closet space. Cellar, under whole house, with outside and inside entrance and concrete floor. Fireplace in parlor and dining-room. The oval parlor presents a very unique treatment of this principal room. Handsome staircase with coat closet under. Large wall space in library for bookcases. Servants' W. C. in cellar, etc., etc.

Cost: \$4,600, complete. The estimate is based on New York prices for material and labor, though in many sections of the country the cost should be less.

WAS SPANKED.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Mother Did Not Spoil the Child.

Twenty years ago, more or less, I knew Miss Virginia Fair, who became Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Tuesday. The Fair's lived in a big two-story white frame house on South B. street, Virginia City, Nev., and in the same enclosure was a private school house, wherein the little girl, Virginia Fair, learned her letters, and her big sister, a chunky girl with short hair and a habit of masking faces through the school house window at passers by, also studied.

Mrs. Oelrichs at that time always seemed to lack a front tooth. She used to stand on the veranda and tell her brothers what would happen to them if they did not "come in this minute."

Senator Fair was a very rich man then, but he had been rich such a short time that his miners still called him by his first name. It was considered that his family was "putting on airs" when they didn't send the children to public school with the miner's boys and girls.

The private school in the Fair's yard was also attended by a few of the mining superintendents' children, and the young ones of Fred Tritle, who afterward was governor of Arizona, were also among

the little Fair girls' first friends and schoolmates. The young pedagogue who taught in that dainty school mixed with the rich and beautiful mistress of the mansion across B. street, but though the scandal almost willed the sagebrush on the Nevada hillsides, probably Mrs. Vanderbilt does not remember it. The pedagogue, by the way, is now a prominent minister in New England.

This lady's house, just across the way from the Fair's was a wooden palace, high above the street. Leading down from it were long flights of stairs and a banister made to slide down. We used to sneak up those stairs, clamber a-straddle of the banister, let out a yell of defiance to the Edgington family, who lived there, and toboggan to the bottom like meteors. Whether the damage to the Edgington varnish was greater than that to the juvenile clothing is an unsettled problem.

One day half a dozen unregenerates were enjoying the convenience. The future Mrs. Vanderbilt was among them, having given nurse or governess the slip.

The portly form of her mother hung over the gate opposite.

"Birdie!" (Rising inflection.)

"Birdie, come here!" (firmly.)

"Birdie, come in this instant!" (Imperatively.)

"Birdie, you'll catch it if you don't come here!" (Desperately.)

And still that precious baby girl straddled the banister and shot down the incline, screaming with delight.

Finally Tessie Fair—Mrs Oelrichs now—ambushed the child at the bottom and led her off shrieking:

"Shant come! Shant! Shant!"

Within half an hour she was back on the banister. Then out of the white Fair gate swarmed Mrs. Fair and swooped down upon her youngster, who, deplorable to tell, kicked and screamed in her arms. We saw her borne prisoner into the schoolhouse and waited awesomely for something dreadful.

It came!

A measured, regular tattoo, punctuated by repentant wails.

Mrs. Fair's wealth had not made her too proud to do her own spanking. It ought to be a comfort to Mrs. Vanderbilt, if she remembers that unhappy day, to know she deserved it.

A New Use of Acetylene.

On the continent of Europe it is becoming common to use acetylene as an enrichment of oil gas to extent of 25 per cent by which a brilliant and cheap illuminant is obtained. It is stated on scientific authority that the mixture is free from any danger of explosion. On the railways in Prussia this mixture is used to a large extent with most satisfactory results. It is expected that 10,000 tons of carbide will be used this

year for this purpose. Experiments have been conducted before officials of the British Home Office, which resulted in authority being granted to use oil gas mixed with 20 per cent of acetylene under a pressure of 150 pounds to the square inch. The effect of mixing 20 per cent of acetylene with oil gas was tested in a large number of railway carriage lamps, which showed that the illuminating power was increased over 110 per cent. Further experiments showed that a gas can be made with an illuminating power of 12 candles at a cost of 20 cents per 1,000 feet which could be distributed and burned in the same way as coal gas, and be even safer. An eminent chemist has declared that with cheapened carbide a gas will be made for distribution which will be more attractive and very much cheaper than that now in ordinary use.—The Canadian Journal of Commerce, April 21: 1899.

JEWISH CITIZENS MEET.

Their Object—The Repatriation of the Jews of Palestine.

TORONTO, April 26.—About 500 representative Jewish citizens met in the Temple building yesterday afternoon and formed a local branch of the Zionist government for the repatriation of the Jews in Palestine. A delegation from the Montreal branch was present, and members explained the principles and grand objects of the organization, which now extends throughout the world. The following are the aims of the organization: First, the acquisition of a republic and a legally assured home in Palestine to those Jews now living in a state of persecution. Second, the establishment of Jewish agricultural colonies in Palestine, and the development of the land by means of railroads and canals. Thirdly, the enlightenment of the Jews by the diffusion of Jewish

The Secret of Health

The health of the whole body depends upon the blood and the nerves. Therefore a medicine that creates new blood and supplies the necessary materials for rapidly rebuilding wasted nerve tissues, reaches the root of many serious diseases. It is these virtues that have given

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

their wonderful power to conquer disease, and caused the miraculous cures that have startled the scientific world. Thousands of cases have demonstrated that this remedy is an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness in either men or women.

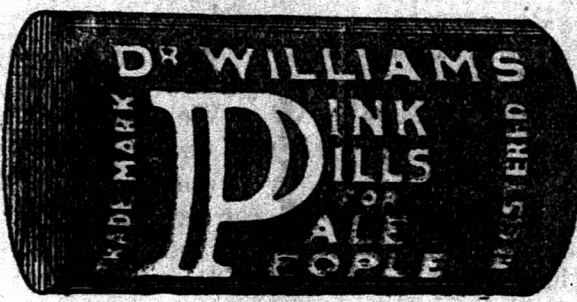
But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Imitations never cured any one, and other so-called tonics are but imitations of this great medicine.

A SEVERE CASE OF ANÆMIA.

Miss Mabel J. Taylor, living at 1334 City Hall Avenue, Montreal, writes: "I write to give you the honest testimonial of a young girl who believes her life was saved by the use of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In November, 1897, I was suddenly stricken with loss of voice, and for eight months could only speak in a whisper. At the time I was completely run down. I had no appetite, no energy; suffered from headache, palpitation of the heart, and shortness of breath. I was not able to walk up or down stairs. I was given up by the best doctors, and the different remedies I took did me no good. While in this condition I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the time I had taken four boxes my voice was restored, and after the use of eight boxes I am feeling perfectly well. I cannot find words to express my thanks for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, and you are at liberty to publish this letter, in the hope that it may be of benefit to some other sufferer."

NOT ABLE TO TURN IN BED.

Mrs. J. Sinclair, of Rockway Valley, Que., writes: "I have suffered more than my share from the agonies which accompany a severe attack of rheumatism. I was first attacked with the disease some four years ago. The trouble gradually grew worse until finally I was confined to bed, and could not turn myself. I was not able to put my hands to my head, and every bone in my body ached, and pained if I dared to stir. I was run down and felt very weak and wretched. I took several bottles of medicine prescribed by the doctors, but it did not help me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so highly recommended that I got a few boxes, and before I finished them I saw I was gradually gaining health and strength. I kept on taking them for a couple of months, when every pain and ache had left me, and I was enjoying the best of health. I am never troubled with rheumatism now, and I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my release. I always recommend them to friends who are ailing."



The Genuine are Sold only in Packages like the Engraving. WRAPPER PRINTED IN RED.

At all dealers, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.



Baby...

KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN HE SEES IT.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL, QUEBEC. MARKERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

A Conclusive Calculation.

"I should think that young man would have more sense than to call on a girl every night," said Mabel's father at breakfast.

"The idea!" exclaimed the young woman. "That shows how carelessly you judge. Herbert's the only person I ever saw or heard of who was smart enough to talk seven nights a week without telling all he knew."—Washington Star.

MEN OF GENIUS.

Nature Likes Them Not and Invariably Crushes the Breed.

Through all time men of genius have scoffed at and have ridiculed the attempts of purse proud old "riches" to create superior orders of manhood. Nor is this a matter for wonder. They were and are ridiculous. Yet these attempts are repeated every hour. Considering them one would suppose that wealth, titles, dignities, are talismans which insure virtue and honor and personal worth and beauty in those to whom they descend. Talismans are ridiculous, and so are titles.

Nobility is of blood and not of garters, royal sponsors and christening robes. Pedigrees, portraits and family history when truthfully tell us a great deal about the nobility of a race. Titles, quarterings and patents are worthless, and the production of a great genius is in general as bad a sign as the production of a great prodigal. Races that produce geniuses should be avoided. The best is the second best—the normal.

Genius, as some one (Victor Hugo, I think) has finely said, is a promontory stretching out into the ocean of the infinite. Look for the descendants of Shakespeare, Bacon, Macaulay, Wellington, Nelson, Gibbon, Swift, Voltaire, Carlyle, Bonaparte, Goldsmith, Spencer, Milton, Cromwell, Disraeli—to take a few names at random—and you will find that they are not, for the genius is always a transgressor of the normal—a "sport." He is never symmetrical. Such a one nature likes not, and she makes provision for the extinction of his race.—Humanitarian.

Her Impressions of Angels.

The wife of a well known small town took her little daughter, a 4-year-old damsel, to a matinee once to see "Jack and the Beanstalk." A week or so afterward she was discovered pronouncing and lifting her petticoats before a church glass. Her father reproved her and told her it wasn't a pretty way to do.

"Why," said the child, "I saw the angels do it."

"The angels!" exclaimed her father.

"Why, where?"

"When mamma and I went to heaven that day," said the child.

The father explained that the fanciful heaven was only the theater. The little girl's face fell.

"And wasn't they angels?" she asked.

"No," said the father; "they were just girls."

The child put on an air of intense disgust.

"Well," she said, "I think they ought to be taken home and spanked, 'cause they wasn't dressed any more than angels."—Lewiston Journal.

Queen Victoria's Marked Feet.

Here is a funny story told of a happening at the English court: Sir Theodore Martin had been requested by Victoria to read aloud from "The Ring and the Book." Sir Theodore was confident enough to make a cautious study before-hand of the poem, and he placed marginal notes as danger signals against passages of doubtful propriety.

The marked copy chanced to come to the hands of a rather thoughtful court lady. "I have so enjoyed your wonderful work," she said to a friend, "and it has been such an advantage to read it after the queen, for she has placed marks against the most beautiful parts, and, oh, what exquisite taste the dear queen has!" she added, pointing to the danger signals of Sir Theodore's notes.—Quiver.

Paste This in Your Hat Young Man.

He—I would lay down 10,000 lives for you. She—You would do better to lay up \$10,900.—Indianapolis Journal.