Under the Lilac Bo...

CHAPTER X.

Mark's words had cleft the sweet spring air like a sharp arrow with a poisoned barb, they had pierced the heart that loved him, and I fell upon the grass like one dead. My heart was pierced, my whole soul crushed. There I lay in the first smart of my anguish.

For a few minutes all was darkness and oblivion, and then Mark tried to raise me.

"I have killed you, Nellie," he said —"I have killed you!"

"No," I answered, raising my white, miserable face to his; "it is worse than that. Do not touch me. Leave me."

"I knew—I knew!" he said. "Oh, Nellie, I would have died to save you this!"

A sudden overwhelming sense of scorn for him, of loathing for myself, a hot, fierce passion of defiance and rebellion, seized me. I rose to my feet; new life and new strength came to me, my whole frame vibrated with passion.

"You are what?" I cried. "Say it to me again—let me be sure that I have heard aright. You are what?"

"I am married, Nellie."

"Married! And you have been wicked enough, coward enough, to let me say all that I have said! You have been mean enough to let me pour out my heart, to let me lavish my love on you How could you? Why did you not tell me the truth the first moment you saw me? How dare you take me in your arms and kiss me when you knew all the time that you belonged to some one else?"

"Forgive me, Nellie. I can never forgive myself. I had not time to think, he said, humbly.

"I shall never respect myself again!" I cried. "And I thought that Heaven had sent you in answer to my longing and my prayers. Give me back my words of welcome; give me back my kisses. They were for a true lover, not for you. Give me back my love. Believe me, before heaven, had I known, had I guessed or thought that you were married, not one such word would have crossed my lips!"

"I know," he said, humbly.

"You are married. Oh, I cannot believe it! You are trying me. You want to see if my love be true; you are testing my faith. You cannot be married; you could not marry any one but me!"

"Alas, Nellie, it is true,' he cried.

"True!"

I flung up my arms in despair. Mark had deceived me; Mark was untrue to me; Mark, my lover, my hero, was false. Could any shame, any degredation, equal mine? I had flung my arms around his neck, I had kissed him, I had called him by every loving name that one could give to another, and he was married! His love, his caresses, belonged to some other woman, not to me. The beauty of his dark face, the memory of his love, seemed to creep into my heart again and set it on fire. Mad, passionate jealousy seized me.

"Whom have you married," I cried. "I shall kill her if I see her! She shall not live who has stolen my love from me!"

"She did not know, Nellie," he said, speaking always in the same low voice. "She knew nothing of you. It was all my fault, dear."

Quickly as it had come, the flame of jealousy died away. The light had gone from the skies, the beauty from the glad green earth; I was alone with my desolation and my sorrow. The greatness of my loss came home to me; Mark was living and well; he was here in my sight; but we were parted forever. No grave dug by human hands could be so deep as the one that lay between us. He was there, but no longer mine. I must love him and caress him no more. I had mourned for him as absent, I had wept for him as dead, but I had never thought of him as caring for any one else in the wide world—he had been so entirely my own.

"Nellie," he said in a low voice, "do you know that I feel like a murderer? I have blighted the sweetest life; I have killed the truest love; I have betrayed the most loyal faith ever placed in man. Oh, love, your eyes look like those of a wounded dove, and I may not comfort you any more!"

"No, never again in this world, Mark. No comfort, no consolation can come from you to me; and I—oh, I loved you so dearly! Since that May morning when we met beside the lilac trees, my heart has been full of you. It has held nothing else. When I thought you dead, I consecrated my life in loving memory of you. I could have taken my love into the spirit world, pure, unchanged, and untouched; while you—you are married. It is enough to make the angels weep! And now I have kissed you and poured out my love to you who are no longer free!"

The next thing I heard was the terrible sound of my own hysterical laughter breaking amid the trees. Such wild horrible laughter it was. I could not help it; I tried in vain to stop it.

"A married man!" I cried, over and over again. "A married man!"

And I believed him to be my true lover Mark.

He came to me. He would not heed my passionate cries that he should leave me alone, that he should not touch me. He raised me from the ground; he removed the leaves and grasses from my hair; he took my hands and held them in his.

"Nellie," he said, try to listen to me, my dear. You will kill yourself if you give way like this."

Was it of any use to say that I hoped I should, of any use to struggle to free my hands from his clasp? Oh, my bruised, beating, wounded heart, it was not?"

"Try, my darling, try, Nellie, for the sake of old times, to listen to me," he pleaded.

"You must not call me 'darling,'" I cried, bitter jealousy flaming in my heart again; "you have another darling now. You have some one else to love and caress and call your own."

And in some vague way I knew by the groan that came from his lips that I was his darling still, and that he did not love this other, let her be who she might. The knowledge seemed to afford me some little consolation. But it was only for one minute. Then common sense said, What was love of a married man to me?

"Nellie—I will not call you 'darling, since it grieves you — try to listen to me? For the old times and the old dear love let me tell you all that has happened. You will judge me mercifully; you always kind, and ... happy!

heart light, then, ah, then you would have reason to spurn me, to hate and despise me! But you have a true woman's heart, my lost love; and women are always pitiful, always merciful. Listen, Nellie, before you judge me. Mind, I am not excusing myself—even in my own eyes I am a pitiful fellow. But you will hear and judge."

The wild tumult of passion was dying down; the rapture and ecstacy of happiness, followed by the passion of despair, had exhausted me. I sat down again on the grass; my strength failed me. I leaned my head against the trunk of a tree; the wind brought the odor of the lilacs to me fresh and sweet. I grew calm with the serenity of despair. I would listen to all he had to tell me, and then rise up and go from him.

My thoughts grew confused, everything was dim and indistinct in my sight; and when I came to the real consciousness of what was passing, Mark was kneeling before me, holding my hands tightly clasped in his and speaking in a clear, low voice.

CHAPTER XI.

"When I went away, Nellie," said Mark, "I did love you with all my heart. Do you remember how my father teased us, and called my love 'lad's love?'"

"And said it would die as soon," I remarked.

"It was a lad's love, Nellie, but it was honest, eager and true. You filled my heart, and I had no thought save for you. I would have given up going to India, but my father was not willing. Would to Heaven that I had! I left England, Nellie, in the hope of returning at the end of four years and making you my wife. My father's death was a blow to me. I should have come back then, but I could not throw up my appointment. I shall tell you the candid truth.Nellie, I will not hide one word, one thought from you. During the first year of my absence, I loved you as truly and dearly as ever. You were never out of my thoughts by day or by night. I lived for you. The second year—ah, Nellie, if I wound you, I must wound myself more deeply—the second year I found myself thinking more of my work. I had been promoted, and the difficulties of my profession engrossed me I thought less of you, but I loved you just the same. Even that some little coldness crept into my letters, that at times I missed a mail; but my heart was true to you. One thing that had an evil influence over me was the constant 'chaffing' of my comrades. It was strange that the cry of 'lad's love' should be used in India as it had been in England. They laughed at the number of letters that came in your dear handwriting, Nellie. They laughed at the number I sent away. They said that was 'lad's love,' that in a few years' time I should laugh at it, that all boys suffered from it, and though at times I blushed over it, yet my heart was always true to you, Nellie."

He stopped and looked into my miserable face. I could not keep my lips from quivering, and my eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

"Nellie," he said, "have you heard any news—anything about me?"

"Not one word since you wrote last," I replied.

"Then," he said, with some little hesitation, "you do not know what name I bear now?"

"Your own, I suppose," was my listless reply.

"Yes, my own, but it is a new one. Is it possible, Nellie, that you do not know who I am and why I am here?"

No suspicion of the truth came to me; indeed, nothing was further from my thought.

"How can I know?" was my impatient answer. "I have never heard any one mention your name."

He was silent for a few minutes, and then continued slowly:

"I know not which part of my story is the hardest to tell. It was the beginning of the third year of my absence from England that a strange event happened. It was so unexpected so bewildering, that for some time I seemed to lose my senses; and you know Nellie, that I was in many respects what my father called me — merely a lad. I was so dazzled and bewildered that I forgot all I ought to have remembered. My first thought was of you, and I ought to have written to you, but I had let two or three mails go without writing, and I intended to surprise you. I had to go to England at once, and I knew that I should reach you as soon as my letters could. I did a strangely careless thing; I left no address, forgetting that you would probably go on writing. I thought I should soon see you. Nellie, do you follow me? Do not look at me with such sorrowful eyes. You see that up to this time, the third year of my absence,I had done nothing specially worthy of blame. I had been shy and self-conscious about my love, when I ought to have been bolder and more courageous. I had allowed my time and thoughts to become engrossed in my profession, at the expense of my love; still I was true at heart, Nellie. I had no other love, and I set sail from India, still thinking more of your surprise and delight than anything else. But, Nellie, I have not told you what the strange event was. Can you not help me, Nellie? Can you not guess what called me back to England and to you?"

"How should I? You may tell me safely; nothing can hurt me now, Mark. I have realized that you are married; nothing more remains."

"I hate myself for having to tell it," he said, his face flushing; "but, Nellie, I was only a lad, and the news completely bewildered me. Do you remember that once when we were together I asked you about your friends and relatives? You replied that you were almost alone in the world, and I told you that while I had some very wealthy relatives and some very poor, I knew but little of either. There had never been any correspondence, not even the slightest acknowledgment of any kind. My father was a most peculiar man; he did not like his poor relations. His dislike was not caused by their poverty, but because they had offended him, many years before, and he had never forgiven them. As to the rich members of the family, he was too proud to seek to know them; nor could he allow me to speak of them; they took no notice of us, nor we of them. Lord Severne—Baron Severne is the proper title—of Severne Court, and my father were second cousins."

In one moment I saw it all.

"You are Lord Severne, Mark?" I cried.

"Yes, it is so, Nellie; I am Lord Severne," he said, gravely.

"And Lurline—your wife is named Lurline," I said.

"Yes, my wife is named Lurline. Now you understand. I did not know that you were here Nellie. I never dreamed of seeing you when I came out this morning. I am here as Lady Yorke's friend and guest; Lurline is with me."

He stopped, thinking perhaps that I should speak; but what had I to say? Words were useless.

"Now, you know what happened, Nellie," he continued. "In the third year of my absence this news came from England—Lord Severne of Severne Court was dead, the brother who should have succeeded him was drowned in returning from Italy, and the two sons of his brother, the heir, died from fever at school—two generations swept away. My father, had he lived, would have been Lord Severne; he was the next heir, and both title and estates are entailed. As my father was dead, I was the next heir. My father had never given me to understand that there was the most remote possibility of our succession. I do not believe he ever thought of it himself; he was only second cousin, and at that time Lord Severne was a strong healthy man, his brother the same, and the boys at school gave every promise of a long life.

"Now all was changed; they were dead, and as I was the nearest of kin, I became master of Severne Court and Baron Severne. Nell, as truly as there is a heaven above us, my first thought when I heard this news was of you. 'What will my Nellie say?' I cried aloud; and I felt proud to think that I could make my fair and beautiful love Lady Severne.

"If I had written one line to you, then all would have been different—my life and yours; but I was restless and excited. I had so much to think of, so much to do. I was pleased, proud, agitated, but not untrue to you, then, Nellie—I swear it, not untrue.

"The letters sent by Messrs. Norton & Sons were most peremptory in their summons. I must return at once. Fortunately there was a young Englishman who could without difficulty take my place, and I was free. My friends and comrades were honestly pleased with my good fortune, and we parted on excellent terms. Nellie, when I started in the Queen of the Seas,' bound from Bombay to London, my thoughts were all of you. Oh, my true love, my lost love, how shall I tell you what happened then?

"I deserve to be shot as a traitor, as a coward," he continued, with passionate bitterness. "When I look back I cannot think what folly, what madness possessed me. I am sure that my good fortune had in some measure turned my brain.

"On the second day that I was on board I began to take an interest in my fellow passengers. My romantic story was known among them — how from a simple engineer, glad to earn an income of a few hundreds, I had suddenly and quite unexpectedly come into possession of a title and estates worth sixty thousand per annum. On the second day of the voyage I walked about the deck amusing myself with the novel sights and sounds, when, Nellie, I saw one of the most beautiful women I had ever beheld in my life —beautiful as a dream or a vision, but, ah, Nellie, not half so fair and winsome as you!

"I had seen but little of women. I had never been thrown much into their society. I hardly remember my own mother; sisters and cousins I had none; you and your mother were the only two with whom I had been on friendly or intimate terms. I loved you. I understood your simple, noble nature; I knew your true, earnest character; but I was perfectly ignorant of the acts of women. I thought they were all like you; their caprices, fascinations,charms, arts and intrigues were all unknown to me. Never was prey more easily caught. I hate myself when I think of my own folly.

"The beautiful woman was walking up and down the deck; her veil was thrown back, and the sea-breeze had brought a lovely bloom to her face. Her graceful carriage, so free, so stately, attracted me first.

"I saw her lay her hand on the rail. She was looking over at the passing waves, the hand was white as a snowdrop; a wedding ring shone on it, with broad bands of diamonds and sapphires. 'She is married,' I thought. Then little as I understood the mysteries of lady's attire, I perceived that the coquettish line of white defining the form of her beautiful head was a widow's cap.

"'Who is that lady?' I asked of Captain Luttrell.

"His eyes brightened, as did the eyes of every other man on board, when they rested on her.

"'She is a Mrs. Nugent,' he replied —'a young widow returning to England. Her husband, Captain Vere Nugent, died a few months since. I will introduce you to her,' and the next moment I was bowing before the beautiful young widow, who seemed still a child."

To Be Continued.

A SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST.

Rev. W. A. Dunnett, a Man Whose Good Work Is Widely Known.

He Relates Events in His Career of General Interest—For Years He Suffered From Heart Trouble, and Frequently from Collapse—On One Occasion Five Doctors Were in Attendance—He is Now Freed from His Old Enemy, and Enjoys the Blessing of Good Health.

REV. W. A. DUNNETT.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Throughout Canada, from the western boundary of Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean, there is no name more widely known in temperance and evangelistic work than that of the Rev. W. A. Dunnett. Mr. Dunnett has been the Grand Vice-Council or of Ontario and Quebec in the Royal Templars, and so popular is he among the members of the order that in Montreal there is a Royal Templar council named "Dunnett Council" in his honor. For more than ten years Mr. Dunnett has been going from place to place pursuing his good work, sometimes assisting resident ministers, sometimes conducting a series of gospel temperance meetings independently, but always laboring for the good of his fellows. While in Smith's Falls a few months ago in connection with his work he dropped into the Record office for a little visit with the editor. During the conversation the Record ventured to remark that his duties entailed an enormous amount of hard work. To this Mr. Dunnett assented, but added that in his present physical condition he was equal to any amount of hard work. But it was not always so, he said, and then he gave the writer the following little personal history, with permission to make it public. He said that for the past thirteen years he had been greatly troubled with a pain in the region of his heart, from which he was unable to get any relief. At times, it was a dull, heavy pain, at others sharp and severe. Oftentimes it rendered him unfit for his engagements, and at all times it made it difficult to move. His trouble was always visible to the public and frequently when conducting service he would give out and doctors had to be called in to attend him. This occ... the Yonge street ...ist church, ...t church, ... occa... ...ce of N. H., five doctors had arrived and were in attendance before he regained consciousness. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time. Mr. Dunnett said he had consulted many physicians, though he said, to be entirely fair, he had never been any great length of time under treatment by any one doctor, because of his itinerant mode of life. In the early part of the summer of 1896, while in Brockville assisting the pastor of the Wall street Methodist church in evangelistic services, he was speaking of his trouble to a friend who urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and next day presented him with a dozen boxes. "I took the pills," said Mr. Dunnett, "and I declare to you I am a well man to-day. I used to worry a great deal over the pain about my heart, but that is all done now, and I feel like a new man." All this the reverend gentleman told in a simple, conversational way, and when it was suggested that he let it be known, he rather demurred, because, as he put it, "I am almost afraid to say I am cured, and yet there is no man enjoying better health, today than I do."

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21st, from Fitchburg Mass., where he has been conducting a very successful series of evangelistic meetings, he says:—"I had held back from writing in regard to my health, not because I had forgotten, but because it seemed too good to be true that the old time pain had gone. I cannot say whether it will ever return, but I can certainly say it has not troubled me for months, and I am in better health than I have been for years. I have gained in flesh, hence in weight. I would prefer not to say anything about my appetite; like the poor, it is ever with me. Yes; I attribute my good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you have my consent to use the fact."

The Very Fact

That our sales of LUDELLA CEYLON TEA are larger than ever and are increasing, argue the excellence of this superb blend. Have you tried it? 25, 40, 50 or 60c. In lead packages—from leading storekeepers.

Spring is Coming

Now is the Time to Purify Your Blood

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and Guard Against Danger.

During the winter, owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, the blood has become impoverished and impure. In the spring the millions purify, enrich and vitalize their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is the greatest and best Spring Medicine, because it is the greatest and best blood purifier medical science ever produced.

It is Wonderful

What a change can be made by a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season. This medicine creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, gives sweet, refreshing sleep, quiets the nerves, overcomes that tired feeling and gives renewed energy and ambition, strength and vigor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

TROOPS AND DRINK.

The Curious Statistics Showing What European Nations Pay for Them.

The friends and advocates of "universal peace" and the foes of intemperance and inebriety are pretty generally agreed that the expenses attending war and war armaments and liquid beverages of an intoxicating or exhilarating kind are unduly large. There is an old proverb, it is not a Swiss proverb, of course, to the effect that a man who drinks more than he should "drinks like a Swiss," and it is for this reason, perhaps, and residents of the republic of Switzerland say for no better one, that the fame of residents of Switzerland for sobriety is not as far-reaching as the fame of the Scotch, for instance, for frugality. A recent computation which has appeared shows that the annual expenditures of the Swiss for wine, beer, cider and brandy are 175,000,000 francs, six times as much as is spent on the army. Germany expends, or, more properly, individual Germans expend, $500,000,000 a year on liquid refreshments, distilled or fermented—chiefly beer and Rhine wine—and $120,000,000 a year on the German Army. France expends in a year $560,000,000 on drink, chiefly wine, and $140,000,000, a year on the maintenance of the army of the republic. The Italians expend $250,000,000 a year for liquors, wines and cordials and $55,000,000 for the Italian Army, the expenditures being in about the same ratio as in other nations.

Austria-Hungary spends less upon liquor in a year than any other country of the first class in Europe, amounting to about $225,000,000,though persons who are familiar with life along the blue Danube might, not unreasonably come to the conclusion that $200,000,000 of this sum was spent in the city of Vienna alone in lager beer. Such, however, is not the case. In the mountainous districts, particularly in the Tyrol, Transylvania, and in Croatia very little wine is drunk, and though Hungary produces a large and steadily increasing amount of wine, a very large proportion of it is exported to other countries. Relatively, not much of it is kept for home consumption. The Austro-Hungarian Army costs $70,000,000 a year, or less than one-third of the cost of the liquors consumed in a year. The Russians expend $300,000,000 a year in liquors and $150,000,000 a year, or half as much, for the maintenance of the army. England expends $480,000,000, a year on beer, ale, wine; porter, gin, rum, and smoky whiskey, and $90,000,000 a year on the maintenance of the British Army.

No one knows exactly how much is spent in the United States on liquor in a year, especially in prohibition States, but it is supposed that the whiskey taken for medicinal purposes costs each year more than does the maintenance of the regular army.

The New Woman

Now enters upon pursuits formerly monopolized by men. But the feminine nerves are still hers and she suffers from toothache. To her we recommend Nerviline — nerve-pain cure — cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline the most marvellous pain remedy known to science. Nerviline may be used efficaciously for all nerve pain.

ALL OVER.

Farmer Cornfed—Wa-al, Josh, is th' milkin' all over?

Josh Cornfed—Reckon it is, dad. Th' ol' cow kicked th' pail 'bout 40 foot jest as I'd finished.

T. Ainslie Young, Rector, High School, Quebec, writes:—I should like to add another testimonial to the numbers you have already received in favor of "Quickcure." I have been troubled a good deal lately with Boils, and tried Quickcure. I can only describe its effect as magical: in about half a minute after application, I felt as though I had never been troubled at all, and was completely well in two days. Wishing you every success with your valuable discovery.

J. Collins is in Vancouver trying to organize a company to manufacture tobacco grown in Okanagon.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

TRUSTING SOUL.

Henry, said the anxious young wife, I heard you muttering in your sleep that you had lost five bones. If you feel that way, dear, why don't you go and see some good osteopathist?

It is not generally known that Coffee and Cocoa are several times more expensive a drink than tea, yet many grumble when asked to pay more than 25c. a pound for tea. The agents for Ludelia tell us that each pound of their popular 40c. Ceylon blend contains two hundred and seventy-five cups, or seven for one cent. They say a good tea has more strength than the cheaper grades, therefore goes farther, and again the freight cost of packing and growing are the same per pound on a poor tea as on a good one. This does not mean that 25c. Ludelia is not good value, in fact we wonder how it can be produced for the money, but that the 40c. is better and at such a small additional cost per cup, gives the consumer greater satisfaction in the end. This Ludella,which is having an enormous sale, is put in sealed lead package at 25, 40, 50 and 60 cents per lb.

EASILY SATISFIED.

Willie had done an errand for Uncle Frank and received simply a kind Thank you.

Oh, I don't care for any thanks said Willie; I'll be satisfied with your jack-knife.

SIMPLE AT FIRST.

It is Foolish to Neglect any Kind of Piles—Cure Them at the Beginning.

Piles are simple in the beginning and easily cured. They can be cured even in the worst stages without pain or loss of blood, quickly, surely, and completely. There is only one remedy that will do it—"Trask's Magnetic Ointment."

It allays the inflammation immediately, heals the irritated surface, and, with continued treatment, reduces the swelling and puts the membranes in good, sound, healthy condition. The cure is thorough and permanent.

Here are some voluntary and unsolicited testimonials we have lately received:—

Judge Henry D. Barron, St. Croix Falls, says:—"I have suffered severely from piles, and found no remedy until I applied 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment.' It relieved me at once, and permanently, to the present time."

Daniel John, of Liberty, says:—"My wife was afflicted with the piles for ten years or more, and have tried many eminent physicians, but received no benefit until I was induced by your agent here, Dr. Beaver, to use 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment,' and I can now say she is entirely cured with three bottles."

C. L. Root, Monroeville, says:—"I have been using your 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment' for bleeding piles, and find it helps me more than anything else I have tried."

All druggists sell Trask's Magnetic Ointment. It is 25 and 40 cents for full-sized package, and is put up only by Francis U. Kahle, 127 Bay street, Toronto.

THOUGHT HIM AN OFFICIAL.

Western Conductor, pointing to captured train-robber, accompanied by sheriff—Do you see that man? He has robbed thousands on this road.

Passenger, with interest—That's so? What is he—president or superintendent?"

North American Life.

The results of the business for 1897 of this progressive home company, as published, and particularly referred to by the "Monetary Times," Canada's leading financial journal, in its issue of January 28, 1898, clearly shows the unexcelled financial position to which this company has attained, and is a guarantee that the company is a good one for its policy-holders.

New policies issued amount to....	$3,556,024.00
Cash income (interest and premiums).....	699,536.19
Total assets.....	2,773,477.22
Net surplus after providing for all liabilities.....	427,191.03
The reserve fund stands at	2,245,12[illegible]
The total insurance in force is....	18,915,278.9[illegible]

"The assets of the company are in excellent shape and well looked after—indicated by the increase in cash income from interest, etc., showing an increase of $15,692, while the interest and rents due and secured at the end of the year show, we are told, a decrease. Notwithstanding that $271,000 was paid to policy-holders during the year, the company is able to show an addition of more than a quarter of a million to reserve. The annuity and reserve funds amount to the large sum of $2,245,920, a handsome showing."

"We referred last year to the company's marked earning power as shown in the favorable results attained under its investment policies. And there is still further to be noted, the 'clean' character of its assets. The table submitted in Hon. Mr. Allan's speech, showing details of the assets and the percentage of each class among them, presents this in an interesting way. The North American Life has in various respects made an enviable name for itself. As a progressive, carefully managed and sound company, it is entitled to rank high, and this year, it is able to show a noteworthy share of the aggregate increase of business by Canadian Companies. The company deserves congratulation on having secured, in its new premises on King-st., west, offices which are difficult to surpass in beauty, modernness and convenience."

WM. McCABE, F.I.A., Managing Director.
L. GOLDMAN, Secretary.

New Style Tires

are constantly pushing old makes to the wall. Why be content with old fashioned styles?

Goodrich Ree-Flex TIRES

have pushed themselves to the foremost ranks entirely on their merit. Our "T" catalogue is full of interest to every RIDER. Send for it. Dealers quoted.

AMERICAN TIRE CO., Limited,
164 and 166 King St. W., - TORONTO.

NOT AN ADMIXTURE—

MONSOON.....

INDO-CEYLON TEA,

is free from trashy China and Japan Teas, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per pound. All grocers keep it—black and mixed.

W. P. C. 903.

A FINAL NEED.

Brown—There are too many societies for the prevention of this, that and the other.

Smith—Yes. We'll soon need a society for the prevention of the societies for prevention.

Active Men Wanted

To read this advertisement and then give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. It never fails to cure. Acts in twenty-four hours and causes neither pain nor discomfort. Putnam's Corn Extractor extracts corns. It is the best.

FASHIONABLE COLORS.

Aluminium gray, red plum and ables violet, which is a mixture of blue and violet, are the fashionable colors.

We are in receipt of a very handsome catalogue from the American Tire Company, 164 King-st., W. Toronto, displaying the merits of the Goodrich Ree-Flex single tube tires. This catalogue possesses a great deal of originality and the illustrations are instructive as well as novel and interesting. It is of interest to every dealer and rider and will be sent to them on application.

There certainly appears a general feeling of increase in favor of single tube tires, and the reputation, long experience and careful attention to details given to all rubber goods bearing the name "Goodrich" should soon establish this prominent tire as the leader of all that is good in tire construction.

Pure Blood

GALBRAITH'S KING POWDERED POTASSIUM. Renders pure blood—essential to perfect health—this purely vegetable tonic insures good health, strengthens, tones. Sent a package. WOODWARD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

640 ACRES—WELL LOCATED—In the west; owner drunk; low price, easy terms; lower for cash; write at once. Reply for information.
W. JAMIESON, Merritton, Ont.

Tea Agents Wanted. Any person can make large wages selling our teas in their own locality. Write for terms. B. HAYHOE & CO., Importers of Teas and Coffees, 48 Church St., Toronto.

SHIP YOUR PRODUCE,

Butter, Eggs, Apples, Fruit, &c., to THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, Cor. of West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO

DR. SPROULE, B. A., (graduate of Dublin University, Ireland). Specialist. Chronic Diseases of the Nerves, Blood, Constitutional Ailments, Impaired Vital Energy. Letters confidentially answered. 40 Carlton St., Toronto.

LAW Mills, Mills & Hales, Barristers, removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

Toronto Cutting School.

YOUNG MEN, Learn to cut. No better trade or profession. Write for particulars.
112 Yonge St., Toronto.

WOOD CUTS ENGRAVING
BONESTEEL & CO.
Toronto

GOLD RINGS FREE!

We will give one half-round Ring, 18k Rolled Gold plate, warranted, to any one who will sell 1 doz. Indestructible Lamp Wicks (need no trimming) among friends at 10c. each. Write us and we will mail you the Wicks. You sell them and send us the money and we will mail you the Ring. STAR CHEMICAL CO., Box 68, Centerbrook, Conn.

Klondike Supplies...

SLEEPING BAGS, STORM HOODS, MOSQUITO NETS, SNOWSHOES, BEDS, BOOTS, COOKING, FISHING TACKLE, ETC. Send for Klondike list.

The Wightman Sporting Goods CO., 403 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, QUE.

Dominion Line Steamships.

Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool in summer. Portland to Liverpool in winter. Large and fast twin screw steamships "Labrador," "Vancouver," "Dominion," "Scotsman," "Yorkshire." Superior accommodation for First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage passengers. Rates of passage—First Cabin, $50 and upwards; Second Cabin, $34; Steerage $22.50 and upwards according to steamer and berth. For all information apply to Local Agents, or DAVID TORRANCE & CO., Gen'l Agents, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal.

"WE WANT YOU QUICK."

Intelligent ladies and gentlemen can be supplied with genteel and very PROFITABLE employment. Industry is the essential NECESSARY to secure GOOD REMUNERATION. Can give the address of representative who has just cleared $113 in 21 DAYS. $5 can be made right AT your own HOME.
J. L. NICHOLS & CO.,
33 Richmond West, Toronto.

PLAYING "POSSUM."

As the warm sun softens the snow bank it settles away and the top of the wire fence appears above the surface. This is Jack Frost's opportunity and he hardly waits the sun's setting before the snow is frozen fast to the wire. Then he rejoices to see THE PAGE go down as others have gone before. But behold, when the morning sun loosens his grip, up come the coiled springs as perfect as ever, and poor Jack is again forced to bow down and surrender to elasticity.

Price list and illustrated printed matter on application to the local Page Fence dealer or to

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE COMPANY, Limited,
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

P. S.—See our "ad" next week.

YOU CAN'T PULL cotton over your eyes and call it wool.

YOU CAN'T PULL an inferior rubber composition over a poor fabric and call that a good tire.

HARTFORD and VIM TIRES are not made that way. They are made the way that has stood the test—the best way—our way. We fully guarantee every pair of road tires and repair them FREE OF COST. Write us for answers to your questions about tires.

MONTREAL—Windsor Hotel Block.
WINNIPEG—Winnipeg Rubber Works.
HALIFAX—Office opens 1st April.

TORONTO TIRE CO., Limited,
9 Adelaide St. West.