CHAPTER AII.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS. In a veranda of the Government House at Madras, Dick Aylmer sat smokingsmoking and brooding over the inexplicable

tangle which we call life. He had now been three months without one word from Dorothy. He did not know if the child had been born or not, if mother or child were living or dead, if Dorothy, his dear little wife, were false or true. He had heard from her once after reaching in fondest anticipation of their meeting in a few months' time.

silence. He had written every week, he Dorothy was fretting her heart out, wonhad telegraphed several times, and to-day the mail was in again, and there was still the papers. In spite of silence and mystery no news. He had three or four letters of she might, as a last resource, have put no importance on the chair beside him, and that in, in the hope of catching his eye. the English papers, but nothing from her. He had had news of her-oh, yes-the news contained in that postscript of Lord Aylmer's letter, and he had dismissed that from his mind at once as an ill-natured lie, crept heavily by, each week bringing fresh disappointment, that letter came back to -nothing should make him believe it, nothing, nothing.

And yet, why did she not write? She telegrams. Once or twice he had thought of writing to the landlord, or rather the office at which he had taken the flat, but he shrank from doing that because he might be casting a slur upon Dorothy's fair

No, that course would not do. He had thought and thought, he had turned it all over in his mind, and, except the idea of writing to a private detective and putting way of solving the mystery.

While he was sitting there brooding over force that old sinner on his knees to sue his thoughts, a young man dressed in white garments, came through a doorway behind him, and pulled up a big chair a little nearer to Dick's, in which he carefully disposed himself.

"Really, Dick," he remarked, "I don't call this half a bad place. Not so jolly as London, of course, but still not half bad.' "I hate it," answered Dick, shortly.

The other, fresh from home, looked at him with amused pity. " Poor old chap! like town better. Yes, of course. Why did | practically precluded this possibility, but you come out, then, eh? You got the post | they did not preclude him from allowing that was meant for me."

be here if I had, you may be sure." Dick good-bye to India and to Government

going old martinet he is, too." "Ah! I saw him the other day."

Dick looked up with some interest. "Did you, though? In town?"

Now, town to Dick meant where Dorothy one way or the other. was, and for half an instant he had a wild idea that this man might be able to give him news of her. It died almost in its birth, however, and he said indifferently SMALLEST GUNNER IN THE WORLD enough. "Were you in town long?" "A fortnight altogether. My sister lives in town, you know."

"No. I didn't-didn't know you had

"Oh, yes; she's a widow-has a little "A flat!" Dick pricked up his ears

"In Palace Mansions," Dick managed to

The whole world seemed to be blotting came to his full senses again.

"I don't think she ought to live there," Marston went on, not looking at Dick, but attending to his pipe. "Living alone, except for the child. You never know what the other people are, don't you know. in the flat below her."--

asked in a harsh, strained voice. "No. 6," Marston answered. In the flash of an instant Dick had made

a wild calculation. Yes, he meant Dorothy by "a pretty little woman." "Well?" he

He felt sick and faint and cold; he knew that now he was on the eve of news, and Marston's tone had made him dread to Marston, all in ignorance, went on speak-

ing. "Such a pretty girl. I saw her several times-fairish hair and delicatelooking, almost like a lady. Well, she went to live in the flat below my sister's and was very quiet. Husband came and went. My sister fancied it was a bit suspicious, and was careful to get no acquaintance with her. Well, for some months all went smoothly and quietly enough, then she heard through her servants, I suppose, that Mrs. Harris's husband going out later when the child was born." "Was there a child?" Dick asked. He force his lips to frame the words.

if there was one then-there's one now. Castle. I've seen it."

man is?" of his uncle's letter. "You'll know when I tell you," said

Marston, with a chuckle; "it was your old uncle, Lord Aylmer.'

"Impossible !" Dick burst out. "Not impossible at all, my dear chap," said Marston cooly. "I saw her driving with him myself; and jolly wretched she looked over it. I must say I pitied the charged with insanity. The family consists poor devil out here, but I dare say he is of Henry Buchwold, the father; Charlotte having a very good time all the same. Eh? What?" he asked of a native servant, who had noiselessly approached him.

"My lady wishes to speak to you, sir,"

"Oh, all right, I'll come," and Marston battle of pain alone.

that Dick Alymer and Mrs. Harris's hus- their insane ideas. band were one and the same man. So this was why his uncle had suddenly taken a guiding hand in his fortunes—this was why he shipped him off to Indis, at what might love best of all .- Thackeray.

be called a moment's notice. "He had seen my Dorothy and wanted me out of the way and he got me out of the way, and my darling-but no, no-I will believe nothing-nothing until I have

For half an hour he sat in deep thought, trying to determine what would be the best to do, what would be the best course to take; trying, too, to unravel the rest of the tangle, part of which had been opened out before him. But that was an impossible task for him without further imformation, and he began to wonder how he could get home, and how arrange a plausible execuse to Lord Skevversleigh. India, when she had written in good spirits He must go home, that was certain; and with many words of love for him, and evidently his letters and telegrams had reached her at all. Why-perhaps that wicked old savage had found means of But after that letter there had been utter stopping them, and in that case perhaps well, perhaps the child's birth would be in

He began hurriedly to unfasten the paper lying on the top of the little heap beside him. Ah! the Standard. "Abington-Bowes-Eade-Duchess of Dreambabe called Harris in the short list.

And then just as he was letting the paper fall to his knee, two words caught his eye his thoughts over and over again. Could -two words-"Dinna Forget." With a it be possible that his little girl-oh, no, no great throw at his heart Dick caught the paper back again. Yes, it was a message from Dorothy, right out of the depths of

"Dinna Forget. To Dick-. This long must be at Palace Mansion yet, because his silence is killing me-why do you letter had never been returned, nor yet his not write. For God's sake put me out For full five minutes Dick never moved ; then he reverently took off his bat and thanked God that he had made the way plain at last.

Yet, though the way was plain, it was not an eas yone. It would be difficult for name, which she would never be able to him to get away from Madras, and neither letters or telegrams were evidently of any use, since Dorothy had not received those that he had sent. Decidedly, he must go his papers in and trusting to chance and good fortune to be able to make some sort of a living-enough to keep Dorothy and the case in his hands, he could think of no the child. But in any case, home he must go, to set his wife's mind at rest, and to

> for the mercy which he would not get. As soon as Lord Skevversleigh, returned to the house, Dick sent to ask him if he could see him, and to him he explained something of the position of affairs, ending with, "And I must go home; if it costs me all I have in the world."

Now, it happened that Lord Skevversparticularly wished to make Marston his military secretary, and had he been able to refuse his old friend Alymer, he would Dick to throw up his appointment and "Lord Alymer got the appointment and | betake himself home as soon as he liked: I had to come-I had no choice. I shouldn't and with the very next steamer Dick said House and set sail for his native country "Ah! Lord Aylmer, queer old chap, eh?" hurrying off the boat at Brindisi and "Awful old brute," said Dick, with a journeying homeward overland, like an sigh, "but he happened for the present to avenging spirit with whom the wicked old be the ruler of my fortunes, and athorough- man who was at the head of his house, would have a very hard reckoning and but

me-for God's sake put me out of suspense,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Though Not an Inch Long He Fired a Big Gun and Disconcerted a British Colony.

Cape Town, South Africa, claims the honor of giving birth to the smallest creature ever known to become a gunner in the Royal Artillery, or any other artillery in "In Kensington, Palace Mansions, they're | the whole world. At the Castle, Cape Town | which were one long there is a magnificent gun worked by electricity, used for giving the midday and even ing time. One fine day all the military and advance-a calm, steady, irresistible push out in a strange and insidious fashion, and civilians in Cape Town were astonished to forward. The charge of the Six Hundred it was two or three minutes before Dick hear the gun go off at 10.30 in the morning was no braver than the action of the ambuan hour and a half before the proper time, 12 being the usual hour for firing. Messengers came from the General commanding the station, the Brigade Major, commanding officers of each regiment and battery stationed in Cape Town, and from every Now, there's a pretty little woman living body interested, but the answer was that no person had been near the gun, nor had anybody interfered with the wires, battery "What number is your sister's?" Dick or source from which it was fired. All the officials were fearfully puzzled at the extraordinary occurrence, but could give no explanation whatever. The General in command of the station became furious and said that there was mismanagement somewhere, and gave orders for a strict search to be made by the officials for the guilty

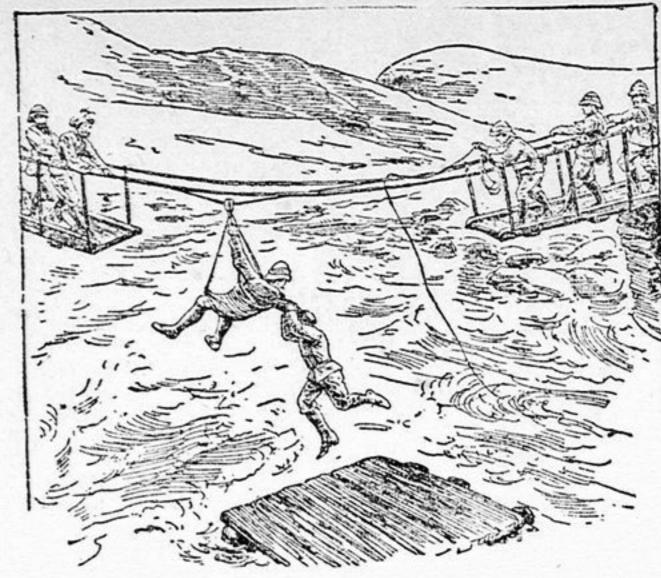
Search was made, but nothing resulted to throw any light on the extraordinary affair, although the greatest possible pains were taken to solve the mystery. They had practically given the search up, when suddenly the news came from the officials stating that the culprit had been caught and arrested. It seems the electric current for firing off the gun is supplied by the Royal Observatory of Cape Town, and goes there by means of an instrument known as a relay that is in the central telegraph office of the station, the distance being had gone off to India, and that she was about 500 yards. The action of the current going through the instrument's main moves a sort of light tongue, which is very finely was trembling so that he could scarcely set, so fine that the least little thing would affect it. This forces the current directly Marston noticed nothing, but went on into what they term the time fuses, which with the story. "A child. I don't know have the power of firing the gun at the

On examining the instrument one of the Dick sat still by a mighty effort. officials found a big brown spider inside. It appears that while having an exploring "Well, only a few days after the poor trip around the instrument the unfortunate chap had gone, my sister saw her handed spider must have touched this tongue suffiinto a smart carriage by an old gentleman ciently to move it, and consequently it -heard the footman call him 'my lord' a fired off the gun. The General commanding is enough for him. No Mussulman was pair of high-stepping horses—all in grand the station sent the spider to the Cape ever more devoted to his prophet than is style. And now that carriage is always Town Museum, where he is now to be seen there, and who do you think the old gentle- with a card underneath him entitling him the battles a trooper shouted "Vanzai" the "Little Gunner," and giving a full "How should I know?" answered Dick, account of his adventure with the Cape last adventure, however.

## Whole Family is Crazy.

An entire family of seven were taken into custody in Cleveland the other day, Buchwold, his wife, and two grown daughters, Eva and Emma, and three small children. All the members of the family are strong believers in the spiritualistic faith, said the man, who spoke very good Eng- and have been locked in their home at 3 Beaver street, for over a week, holding wild- that he might witness the triumph of his ly insane spiritualistic seances. One of the country's arms. went in, leaving poor Dick to fight his daughters is laboring under the hallucination that she is a spirit, and another mem-So that was it, after all. No, he wouldn't ber of the family that the spirit must die. believe it, and yet—yet—how could be believe it, and yet—yet—how could be believe it? Marston had told him sacrificed, but the arrival of the sheriff's of throwing their riders. In a word, the store I worked in last, and every woman of throwing their riders. In a word, the

The Relief of Chitral. - A Plucky Rescue on the Panjkora River.



While the troops were on the banks of the Panjkora, the river rose to such a height that crossing by the raft became very dangerous. One of the rafts upset, and a British land-Hingston"-No, there was no little soldier was instantly sucked under with one of the boatmen and a sepoy of the Sikh Infantry. Another soldier belonging to the Devonshire Regiment, regained the raft and He put down the paper in dire disap- was carried rapidly down stream. General Gatacre, who saw the incident, galloped of pointment. Poor Dick ! he was getting so to where the sappers were making the suspension bridge three miles lower down. He troubled himself about it. Yetas the weeks weary of being disappointed that each was just in time to arrange for the rescue, and Major Aylmer pluckily went out in the blow seemed to fall more and more heavily. "basket," clutched the man as he came by, and so saved his life.

A CORRESPONDENT THINKS THEM THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Volunteers for Perilous Services-Deeds That Would Glorify the Annals of Any Country-They Are Paid a Few Cents a Day-Patriotism Pervades the

attack Asiatic Russia? To my mind that is has a question of money rather than of relative home, even if he went the length of sending fighting worth. Japan is not rich, though she can make the war more cheaply than Russia, and she might be unable to bear the and rice answered. While I, as a foreigner, strain of a long struggle with a great power but resting the issue upon the fighting merits of the combatant armies the Japanese would put the Russians to the severest | was in splendid physical condition when the military test they ever had. Why? to auswer this I shall give reason for the belief fact upon a long march, enabling an army, that the Japanese is the best soldier in

the world. First is the matter of courage. He not leigh, though he liked Dick very well, had only has no fear of death, but he does novalue life. So great are the honors paid to forces, the Sikhs and Goorkhas. Visitors the bodies and familes of men who have of Japan are astonished when a 'rikisha certainly have done so. There were, how- fallen in battle that the common soldier or ever, certain pages of past history which sailor looks to such a fate as to a bright prospect or a fair haven, and he goes to meet it not only unflinchingly, but with a of course, and of the endurance shown in smile. In all the battles that Japan has manual labor in all its native forms. Now fought, from the bloody struggle at Ping Yang to the assaults upon the forts at Talien- ranks of the army, the troops can make wang, Port Arthur, and Wei-hai-wei, not a forced marches which would be impossible strangler or a deserter has been known to the army. Every man did his duty. When at Chinchow, a soldier was wanted to is obvious, therefore, that a short man go to the city gate under fire from the firing high at a tall one may still hit him; For always in his heart there was that | walls above, and blow it open with dyna. piteous appeal, "This long silence is killing mite, every man who heard the request volunteered, and those who failed to get present a smaller target to the enemy than the perilous honor of the task were envi ous of him who did. In Corea a bugler, mortally wounded, blew the signal of advance until he dropped dead at General Nodzu's feet. Before Wei-hai-wei was won Major Okanabe and 500 mendid battle with 5,000 Chinese and never once thoughtofretreat. A Lieutenant rushed into a deserted Chinese fort and rescued a burning joss stick from a sack of gunpowder in a magazine. Trembling fingers might have cost him his life, but his hand was steady. I have seen lines of men march up to batters

RED SPURT OF FLAME,

and there was not a waver nor a halt in the lance corps when it marched into the zone Kansas City Spaniel Adopts a Brood of asked sympathetically. of fire on the beach near Wei-hai-wei and tenderly picked up the wounded and dead while seven Chinese ships, distant but a few hundred yards, were bringing every which would glorify the annals of any country. Witness the men who ran a wooden pounded away with its little gun at the and torpedoes, and coolly fought their flimsy ship while its cabins were on fire. Witness also the Captain and crew that held to their wounded terpedo boat in Weihai-wei Bay, launching their missiles fires out and overcome with cold, they froze help it. When he lies down they climbupon to death at their posts.

Indifferent to death himself, the Japanese soldier or sailor is undismayed by its bloody spectacles. In the American civil war all officers in action noted the demoralizing effect upon advancing men of the dead and mangled bodies along the line of march, but on the Chinese battlefields the only effect of such sights was to arouse the instincts of retribution. No Japanese fell ill or went into the bushes to tie his shoe, and then skulked to the rear when the order came

to charge a bloody slope. The next consideration is that of patriotism. The love of the Japanese for his country is a fanaticism. The soldier enlists for a wage or but a few cents a day, but it he thinks that Japan is having trouble to raise its war loans, as was reported to be the case last winter, he offers to serve withcut pay. A Lieutenant gets less than ten dollars a month, out of which he clothes himself, but he never asks more. The honor

FIGHTING FOR HIS COUNTRY

the Japanese soldier to Japan. In one of with his last breath, and it is said that when this news reached Japan the mothers who was going over and over the postscript Town middway time gun, which proved his of hundreds of soldiers wrote their sons to seek death that they might do the same. When the story was told in a public meeting in Tokio an old man was seen to

"Have you a son in the army ?" asked the "Yes," was the reply ; "but he has not

died like that," Patriotism pervades the nation. It is what made the Mikado come out of his gilded cloister and summon the people to the paths of progress, and it is what inspired the coolie in the late war to leave home, employment and friends and follow the army with freezing feet, carrying its burdens

The third point of excellence in the Applicant-I see you advertise for a Japanese soldier is the perfection of his window-dresser. discipline. In old Japan the many were Dry Goods Merchant-Yes, sir. Have born saddled and bridled and the few boot- you had much experience? the plain, unvarnished facts, not knowing officers prevented them from carrying out of throwing their riders. In a word, the store I worked in last, and every woman officers prevented them from carrying out of throwing their riders. In a word, the store I worked in last, and every woman officers prevented them from carrying out of throwing their riders. things without question. These people now | That's something like. You're just the fill the ranks of the army and give to their man we want. By the way, what line If fun is good, truth is still better, and officers the same unhesitating service that was your firm in? they or their ancestors were wont to give | Mirrors.

their daimios. Owing to this there is no more need of a guard house in a Japanese camp than there is of a draft or a bounty at the recruiting offices. Let the officer speak and his men obey ; let him lead and they will follow him through the gates of death, and they will freeze, starve, and suffer and never think of mutiny, feigned sickness, or desertion. They do not even

Another item of superiority is that the Japanese soldier will march and fight on the smallest and cheapest ration. A ball or roll of compressed rice serves him for a day, and if he can get a potato or a bit of But could Japan become the aggressor and fish, the latter of which he eats raw, he

MATERIALS FOR A FEAST.

On the march to Wei-hai-wei the army began very well in the matter of provi sions, but finally nothing was left but rice, lost forty-two pounds of flesh on this diet, the Japanese soldier did camp and patrol duty and incidental fighting for twelve hours a day with nothing else to eat, and surrender came. The importance of this ment of long provision trains, is one that all military men must appreciate.

Again, Japanese soldiers can marc more rapidly than any other troops, with the possible exception of the native Indian man puts a stout foreigner in his little gig and runs ten miles with him at a stretch. They are surprised at the long walks which people of the upper classes take as a matter that the rikishaman, the farmer, the wrestler, artisan, the man about the country fills the to soldiers of European training and build.

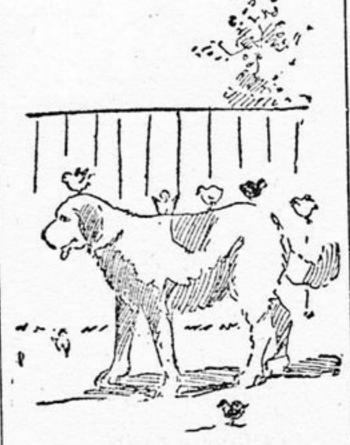
A final consideration is the Japanese stature. Soldiers in battle fire high. It but the returnfire of the tall soldier would be ineffective. Besides, more small men can get behind a given point of defence ann would be the case with soldiers of the stature of Russians, Germans, Englishmen, or even Frenchmen.

I have now stated the case. The Japanese soldier has the highest type of courage, patriotism, discipline, and marching endurance; he needs less food than a European and he has the best possible build for a fighting man. The question is, Could the Russians beat him in battle, the numerical strength of the belligerents being equal ! Speaking as a correspondent, I simply say that when the great fight comes I would prefer to do duty with the Japanese. There would be less necessity with them to prepare for the vicissitudes of retreat.

AN ODD FOSTER FATHER.

Motherless Chicks. "Bob" lives in a very comfortable way out in Kansas City. He is a water spanie gun to bear against them. Then in the and one of the fattest dogs in town-and help you. navy as well were examples of heroism he is not such a heavy eater. He is simply so good natured that he gets fat on nothing transport into the sea fight at the Yalu and but a good conscience and an even temper. At "Bob's" home are many chickens, and

black Chen Yuen, withstanding broadsides they all look up to "Bob" as their foster father. A queer friend for a chicken is a big, fat water spaniel, but the chickens don't care what or who he is, he is just "Bob" to them. There is a brood of motherless chicks who are seldom away from him if they can



OLD "BOB" AND HIS FRIENDS.

his back, which is so broad as to resemble the big, flat pad on the back of a circus horse. They crawl upon his head and peck at his ears. He does not shake them off, and they hang on tight when he walks slowly around the yard in his lazy way. When he lies down they nestle in near his paws, and he will remain motionless there for a half hour at a time.

The motherless brood are getting to be big fellows now, but they have not deserted him, although a brood of younger chickens have come up to climb his back and peck at his tongue and the end of his nose. It is astonishing to see the care and gentleness of the old fellow when the chickens are

Easy Window-Dressing.

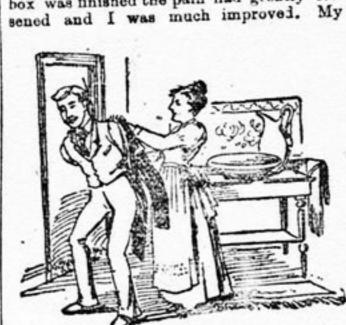
THIRTY YEARS OF TORTURE.

HANDS AND FINGERS TWISTED OUT OF SHAPE WITH RHEU-MATISM.

The Story of an Old Man Now Searing the Foot of Life's Hill-How Belief Came to Him After Repeated Failures and Dis. appointments. From Kemptville Advance,

"I am now almost at the foot of the hill

of life, having attained the 76th year of my age, and never during that time have I made a statement more willingly and conscientiously than now. My body has been tortured by pain for upwards of thirty years, caused by rheumatism, and there are thousands enduring a like affliction that need not if they would but heed my experience and avail themselves of the proper means of relief. The disease first affected my hip and spread to my legs and arms. Like many sufferers I spared neither trouble nor expense in seeking something to alleviate the pain. The disease had made me so helpless that I was unable to put on my coat and my hands and fingers were being twisted out of shape. There seemed not the shadow of a hope of relief and very naturally I became discouraged and disheartened, and time after time have I given up in despair. While in Arizona three years ago I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for six boxes in order to give them a fair trial. I followed the directions closely and by the time the fourth



box was finished the pain had greatly les-

I WAS UNABLE TO PUT ON MY COAT.

friends having witnessed the wonderful effect upon my body could not help admiring the Pink Pills, and being about to leave for the east, I gave the remaining two boxes to them. Unfortunately I neglected getting another supply for nearly a year after returning to this part and I felt that to me Pink Pills were one of the necessaries of life. Last spring I procured a few boxes and have been taking them since with a very satisfactory effect am glad to say. Now I feel like a new man entirely free from pain or stiffness of joint. I have a slight numbness of feet and half way to the knees, but am confident that these pills will relieve this feeling. Although well advanced in years, I am able and do walk many miles a day. For rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand pre-eminently above all other medicines according to my exeperience and I urge a trial on all suffering from this painful

The above is the unvarnished statement of facts as told the Advance recently by Mr. George Selleck, an esteemed resident of Miller's Corners, and no one hearing the earnest manner of its recital could fail to be convinced of Mr. Selleck's sincerity. But if this were not enough hundreds of witnesses could be summoned, if need be, to prove the truth of every word stated. Mr. Angus Buchanan, the well known druggist and popular reeve of Kemptville, speaks of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as one of the most popular remedies known, having | the Extractor and you will be satisfied. a great sale among his customers and giving | Sold everywhere. general satisfaction.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. any water. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Don't be persuaded to take some substitute.

Her Kindness of Heart.

Madame, he said wearily. I'm a discouraged man, I am. I've been trying for two days to get arrested so's I could get somethin' to eat an' a place to sleep. And haven't you succeeded yet? she

got ter ask fur assistance. An' I ain't goin' away till I get it. Well, she answered thoughtfully, I'll

Yes. My brother-in-law's a policeman, and he'll be home in 15 or 20 minutes. You just hang around here for that time and I'll use my influence with him to have you

For 18 Months Unable to Lie Down in Bed-A Toronto Junction Citizen's Awful Experience With Heart Disease.

L. J. Law. Toronto Junction, Ont .: "I consider it my duty to give to the public my experience with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. have been sorely troubled with heart disease and unable to lie down in bed for eighteen months owing to smothering spells and palpitation. Each night I would have to be propped up by pillows in order to keep from smothering. After treating with several medical men without benefit, I procured a bottle of the Heart Cure. After taking the first dose I retired and slept soundly until morning. I used one bot-tle and have not taken any of the remedy for seven weeks, but the heart trouble has not re-appeared. I consider it the grandest remedy n existence for heart disease.'

Campers are already out about the eastern lakes of Ontario.

Alma Ladies' Co'lege.

The Fine Art department at Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ont., is doing very successful work, over 1,000 certificates from the Ontario School of Art having been taken by the students. Students can qualify at Aima College and receive license to teach in the public and high schools the various subjects of the art course. Rates low. For Announcement address Principal Austin, B. D.

## Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. Send for pamphlet. Free. Soutt & Rowas, Belleville. All Drugaista, ROc. & Al

Recipe. -For Making a Delicious

Health Drink at Small Cost. Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle Fleischmann's Yeast......half a cube Sugar.....two pounds Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bettle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious. The reot beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bettles to make two and five gallons.

A Queenty Head

can never rest on a body frail from disease any more than the lovely lily can grow in the sterile scil. When Consumption fastens its hold upon a victim, the whole physical structure commences its decay. At such a period, before the disease is too far advanced, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will arrest and cure it. Send 6 cents in stamps for a Book (160 pages) on Consumption and its cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo,

Once used, Dr. Pierce's Pellets are always in favor. Specific for constipation, piles, biliousness, and headaches.

After the Waltz.

Edith-Let us sit down a moment. I'm a little dizzy. Herbert-You mean you're a little dazy.

Nicotinized Nerves.

Men old at thirty. Chew and smoke, eat little, drink, or want to, all the time. Nerves tingle, never satisfied, nothing's beautiful, happiness gone, a tobacco-saturated system tells the story. There's an easy way out. No-To-Bac will kill the nerve-craving effects for tobacco and make you strong, vigorous and manly. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made .-

Got Rid of Neuralgia.

There is no use in fooling with neuralgia. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand results that invariably attends the employment of Polson's Nerviline. Nerviline is a positive specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be kept on hand in every family. Sold every where, 25 cents a bottle,

At Florence last week a man aged 74 married a woman aged 52.

I Was Cured of Rheumatism in Twenty

I. George English, shipbuilder, have lived in Chatham, N. S., over forty years. Last spring took severe pains in my knee, which, combined with swelling, laid me up for six weeks, juring which time I endured great suffering. saw South American Rheumatic Cure adverfised in the Chatham World and procured a Within twenty-four hours I was abcolutely free from rheumatism, and have not seen troubled with it since.

He who is in evil is also in the punish ment of evil .- Swedenborg.

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