A DEAD RECKONING.

CHAPTER IV.

"Pardon. I hope I do not intrude?" said M. Karovsky, addressing himself to Mrs. Brooke with the suave assurance of a thorough man of the world. "I saw through the window that Mr. Brooke had returned, and as my time here is limited—me voici." Then advancing a few steps and holding out his hand to Gerald, he added: "It is five years, mon ami, since we last met. Confess now, I am one of the last men in the world whom you thought to see here!"

"You are indeed, Karovsky," responded Gerald as he shook his visitor's proffered hand, but with no great show of cordiality.—"Have you been long in England?"

"Not long. I am a bird of passage. I come and go, and obey the orders that are given me. That is all."

"My wife, Mrs. Brooke. But you have seen her already.—Clara, Monsieur Karovsky is a gentleman whose acquaintance I had the honor of making during the time I was living abroad."

"May we hope to have the pleasure of Monsieur Karovsky's company to dinner?" asked Clara in her most gracious manner, while at the same time hoping in her heart that the invitation would not be accepted.

"Merci, madame," responded the Russian, for such he was. "I should be delighted, if the occasion admitted of it; but, as I said before, my time is limited. I must leave London by the night-mail. I am due in Paris at ten o'clock to-morrow."

"For the present, then, I must ask you to excuse me," said Clara.

Karovsky hastened to open the door for her, and bowed low as she swept out of the room.

"That man is the bearer of ill news, and Gerald knows it," was the young wife's unspoken thought as she left the two together.

M. Karovsky was a tall, well-built man, to all appearance some few years over thirty in point of age. His short black hair was parted carefully down the middle; his black eyes were at once piercing and brilliant; he had a long and rather thin face, a longish nose, a mobile and flexible mouth, and a particularly fine arrangement of teeth. He wore neither beard nor moustache, and his complexion had the faint yellow tint of antique ivory. He was not especially handsome; but there was something striking and out of the common in his appearance, so that people who were introduced to him casually in society wanted to know more about him. An enigma is not without its attractions for many people, and Karovsky had the air of being one whether he was so in reality or not. He was a born linguist, as so many of his countrymen are, and spoke the chief European languages with almost equal fluency and equal purity of accent.

"Fortune has been kind to you, my friend, in finding for you so charming a wife," he said, as he lounged across the room with his hands in his pockets, after closing the door behind Mrs Brooke. "But Fortune has been kind to you in more ways than one."

"Karovsky, you have something to tell me," said Brooke a little grimly. "You did not come here to pay compliments, nor without a motive. But will you not be seated?"

Karovsky drew up a chair. "As you say—I am not here without a motive," he remarked. Then, with a quick expressive gesture, which was altogether un-English, he added: "Ah, bah! I feel like a bird of ill-omen that has winged its way into Paradise with a message from the nether world."

"Whatever your message may be, pray do not hesitate to deliver it."

But apparently the Russian did hesitate. He got up, crossed the room to one of the windows, looked out for half a minute, then went back and resumed his seat. "Eight years have come and gone, Gerald Brooke," he began in an impressive tone, "since you allied yourself by some of the most solemn oaths possible for a man to take that Sacred Cause to which I also have the honor of being affiliated."

"Do you think I have forgotten! At that time I was an impetuous and enthusiastic boy of eighteen, with no knowledge of the world, save what I had gathered from books, and with a head that was full of wild, vague dreams of Liberty and Universal Brotherhood."

"The fact of your becoming one of Us is the best of all proofs that the cause of Liberty at that time was dear to your heart."

"But when as a boy I joined the Cause, I was ignorant of much I have learned since that time."

"The world does not stand still. One naturally knows more to-day than one did eight years ago."

"Karovsky, I know this—that the Cause, which, when I joined it, I believed to be so pure in its aims, so lofty in its ideas, so all-embracing in its philanthropy, has, since that time, been stained by crimes which make me shudder when I think of them—has dragged its colors through shambles reeking with the blood of those who have fallen victims to its blind and ferocious notions of revenge."

"Pardon. But can it be possible that I am listening to one who, only eight short years ago, was saturated with philanthropic ideas which seemed expansive enough to include the whole human race—one whose great longing was that every man should be free and happy?—Ah, yes, you are the same—only time and the world have contrived to spoil you, as they spoil so many others. In those days you were poor; now you are rich. Then you had no fixed home; you were a wanderer from city to city; your future was clouded and uncertain. Now, you are the wealthy Mr. Brooke—a pillar of your country; this grand old mansion and all the broad acres, for I know not how far around it, are yours. You are married to one whom you love, and who loves you in return. Away, then, with the wild notions of our hot youth!"

"Karovsky, you wrong me. My love of my fellows is as ardent as ever it was. My—— But why prolong a discussion that could serve no good end? You have a message for me?"

"I have." The man was evidently ill at ease. He rose, crossed to the chimney-piece, took up one or two curios, and examined them through his eyeglass, then went back and resumed his seat. "Gerald Brooke," he continued, "eight years ago, on a certain winter evening, in a certain underground room in Warsaw, and before some half-dozen men whose faces you were not permitted to see, you, of your own free-will, took the solemn oath which affiliated you to that great Cause for the furtherance of which thousands of others have given their fortunes, their lives, their all. From that day till this you have been a passive brother of the Society; nothing has been demanded at your hands; and you might almost be excused if the events of that winter night had come at length to seem to you little more than a half-remembered dream. That you have [illegible] been called before now is no proof [illegible] have been overlooked or for[illegible] simply that your services

P.S.

length the day has come to you, Gerald Brooke, as it comes to most men who live and wait."

Gerald had changed color more than once during the foregoing speech. "What is it that I am called upon to do?" he asked in a voice that was scarcely raised above a whisper.

"You are aware that when an individual is needed to carry out any of the secret decrees of the Supreme Tribunal, that individual is drawn for by lot?"

"And my name"——

"Has been so drawn."

The light faded out of Gerald Brooke's eyes; a death-like pallor crept over his face; he could scarcely command his voice as for the second time he asked: "What is it that I am called upon to do?"

"The Supreme Tribunal have decreed that a certain individual shall suffer the penalty of death. You are the person drawn by lot to carry out the sentence."

"They would make an assassin of me?—Never!"

"You are bound by your oath to carry out the behests of the Tribunal, be they what they may."

"No oath can bind a man to become a murderer."

"One of the chief conditions attached to your oath is that of blind and unquestioning obedience."

"Karovsky, this is monstrous."

"I am sorry that things have fallen out as they have, mon ami; but such being the case, there is no help for it."

"I—Gerald Brooke—whose ancestors fought at Cressy, to sink to the level of a common assassin? Never!"

"Pardon. Might it not be as well, before you express your determination in such emphatic terms, to consider what would be the consequence of a refusal on your part to comply with the instructions of which I have the misfortune to be the bearer?—Mrs. Brooke is very young to be left a widow."

"Karovsky!"

"Pardon. But that is what it means. Any affiliated member who may be so ill-advised as to refuse to carry out the decrees of the Tribunal renders himself liable to the extreme penalty; and so surely as you, Gerald Brooke, are now a living man, so surely, in a few short weeks, should you persist in your refusal, will your wife be left a widow."

"This is horrible—most horrible!"

"Obedience, blind and unquestioning, the utter abnegation of your individuality to the will of your superiors, is the first rule of the Propaganda to which you and I have the honor to belong. But all this you knew, or ought to have known, long ago."

"Obedience carried to the verge of murder is obedience no longer—it becomes a crime. However you may put it, assassination remains assassination still."

"Pardon. We recognize no such term in our vocabulary."

"Karovsky, had you been called upon to do this deed"——

"I should have done it. For if there be one man in the world, Brooke, whom I have cause to hate more than another, that man is Baron Otto von Rosenberg!"

"Von Rosenberg!"

"Pardon. Did I not mention the name before? But he is the man."

For a moment or two Gerald could not speak. "It is but half an hour since I parted from him," he contrived to say at last.—"Karovsky, I feel as if I were entangled in some horrible nightmare—as if I were being suffocated in the folds of some monstrous Python."

"It is a feeling that will wear itself out in the course of a little while. I remember—— But that matters not."

"But Von Rosenberg is not a Russian; he is a German ex-diplomatist. What can such a man as he have done to incur so terrible a vengeance?"

"Listen. Four years ago, when attached to the Embassy at St. Petersburg, certain secrets were divulged to him, after he had pledged his sacred word of honor that no use whatever should be made of the information so acquired. Wretch that he was! Von Rosenberg turned traitor, and revealed everything to those in power. In the dead of night, a certain house in which a secret printing press was at work was surrounded by the police. Two of the inmates were shot down while attempting to escape. The rest were made prisoners, among them being three women and a boy of seventeen—my brother. Two of those arrested died in prison, or were never heard of more; the rest were condemned to the mines. On the road, my brother and one of the women sank and died, killed by the dreadful hardships they had to undergo; the rest are now rotting away their lives in the silver mines, forgotten by all but the dear ones they left behind.—You now know the reason why the Baron Otto von Rosenberg has been sentenced to death. The vengeance of the Supreme Tribunal may be slow, but it is very sure."

There was silence for a few moments, then Gerald said: "All this may be as you say; but I tell you again, Karovsky, that mine shall not be the hand to strike the blow."

"Then you seal your own death-warrant."

"So be it. Life at such a price would not be worth having. 'Death before Dishonor' is the motto of our house. Dishonor shall never come to it through me."

Gerald rose and walked to the window. His face was pale, his eyes were full of trouble; what he had said had been lacking neither in dignity nor pathos.

The Russian's cold glance followed him, not without admiration. "English to the backbone," he muttered under his breath. "It was a blunder ever to allow such a man to become one of Us." Then he looked at his watch, and started to find it was so late. "I can stay no longer—I must go," he said aloud. "But remember my last warning words." He took up his hat and moved slowly towards the window.

"Karovsky, for the last time I solemnly declare that this man's death shall not lie at my door!" Gerald sank into a chair, let his elbows rest on the table, and buried his face between his hands.

"I have nothing more to say," remarked the Russian. He stepped through the window, his hat in his hand, and then turned.

At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Brooke, on the point of entering the room, paused suddenly as her eyes took in the scene before her. "Gerald!" she exclaimed in a frightened voice, and then her gaze travelled from her husband to Karovsky. The latter, with his eyes still resting on the bowed figure at the table, pronounced in low clear accents the one word, "Remember!" Then he bowed low to Mrs. Brooke, and next moment was gone.

CHAPTER V.

Ten weeks had come and gone since the memorable visit of M. Karovsky to the master of Beechly Towers. It was a pleasant evening towards the end of June. There had been a heavy shower a little while ago; but since then the clouds had broken; and the sun was now drawing westward in a blaze of glory. In the same pleasant morning-room, in which we first made their acquaintance, Mrs. Brooke and her aunt, Miss Primby, were now sitting. The latter was dozing in an easy-chair with a novel on her lap, the former was seated at the piano playing some plaintive air in a minor key. The glad light, the light of happiness that knew no cloud, which shone from her eyes when we saw her first, dwelt there no longer. She looked pale, anxious, and distraite, like one who is a prey to some hidden trouble. She had spoken no more than the truth when she said that her happiness was too perfect to last.

As the last sad note died away under her fingers she turned from the instrument. "[illegible]—I can[illegible] world [illegible]," she

At this juncture Miss Primby awoke. "My dear Clara, what a pity you did not keep on playing," she said. "I was in the midst of a most lovely dream. I thought I was about to be married; my wreath and veil had been sent home and I was just about to try them on; when you stopped playing and I awoke."

"If I were to go on playing, aunt, do you think that you could finish your dream?"

"No, my dear, it's gone, and the chances are that it will never return," said the spinster with a sigh.

Clara crossed the room, and sat down on a low chair near the window, whence she could catch the first glimpse of her husband as he came round the clump of evergreens at the corner of the terrace.

"I wish you would not mope so much, and would try not to look quite so miserable," said her aunt presently.

"How can I help feeling miserable, when I know that Gerald has some unhappy secret on his mind, of which he tells me nothing? He has been a changed man ever since the visit of M. Karovsky. He cannot eat, he cannot rest; night and day he wanders about the house and grounds like a man walking in his sleep."

"Bad signs, very, my dear. Married men have no right to have secrets from their wives."

"If he would but confide in me! If he would but tell me what the secret trouble is that is slowly eating away his life!"

"I remember that when the Dean of Rathdrum leaned over the back of my chair, and whispered 'My darling Jane!'"——

"Here comes Gerald!" cried Mrs. Brooke. She started to her feet, while a glad light leapt into her eyes, and ran out on the terrace to meet him. "What a time you have been away!" she said, as he stooped and kissed her. "And your hair and clothes are quite wet."

"It is nothing," he answered. "I was caught in a shower in the wood."

"Poor fellow! He certainly does look haggard and dejected," remarked Miss Primby to herself.

"Have you been far?" asked Clara.

"Only as far as Beaulieu."

"You called on the baron, of course."

"No. I changed my mind at the last moment."

"The first bell will ring in a few minutes."

"I have one important letter to write before I dress."

"Then aunt and I will leave you. You will not be long? I am so afraid of your taking cold. Come, aunt."

"Nothing brings on rheumatism sooner than damp clothes," remarked Miss Primby sententiously, as she folded down a leaf of her novel, and tucked the volume under her arm.

(To Be Continued.)

CHOOSING A WIFE.

That venerable old law maker, Lycurgus, had some excellent ideas about marriage. One of his laws provided that women should not have a marriage portion, and his reason for this was that a woman should be chosen for merit only, and that "the law was made to prevent young women from being chosen for their riches or neglected for their poverty."

There was an old custom which long prevailed in England that the bride should go to church with only one garment on. The intention in this act was that the husband should not be liable for any debts she might have contracted before marriage, since he received her as his wife almost naked. In certain parts of the country there is also still extant the custom of the bridegroom bringing a certain amount of money with him to church, and at the words, "with all my goods I thee endow," he would give the person his fee and hand over the remainder to the bride-maid to hold for the bride.

In Sweden there is a belief that if a bride can place her right foot at the altar in advance of the bridegroom she would secure future supremacy over her husband.

The Coroadas of Brazil have no marriage formality. The suitor to the bride presents the parents with fruit or game as an agreement and promise to provide for the bride.

Among the Garrows of Bengal the women do all the courting. She woos and wins the man, fixes the day of marriage, and invites the guests. When the feast is over the friends carry the bride to the river and give her a ducking. The man pretends to hide, but is soon found out and is served with the same dip in the river. Then the parents set up a prolonged howling, declaring they will not part with their beloved son. Then a cock and hen are sacrificed, and the pair are man and wife.

Among the aboriginal Australians the man who sets out to find a wife simply knocks down the first woman whom he chances to fancy and carries her to his home. Thereafter she is his wife.

The Eskimo is about as unceremonious in his method. The young man then he is entitled to a wife. He goes must first kill a polar bear unaided, forth at night and seizes the girl upon whom he has fixed. She must scream and fight him off. This brings out the entire population of the village. The old women attempt to bar him from catching the girl if she break away twice, and if caught by the young man a third time he is entitled to marry her.

In Central Asia the Turcomans also have a custom which necessitates a struggle for the girl. The suitors to the hand of the girl are all on horseback, as also is the bride to be. The whole tribe turns out to witness the chase which follows when the lovers pursue the girl. She of course tries to evade those whom she dislikes and throws herself in the way of the favored one. When she is captured from that moment she becomes the wife of the captor, who carries her off to his tent.

About five centuries before the Christian era they had a unique way of disposing each year of the unmarried girls of a certain age. An auction sale was held and the prettiest girls were first put up and knocked down to the highest bidder. After these had been disposed of there naturally remained a number of homely girls. But the auctioneer overcame this obstacle readily enough. He would select the worst looking of the lot and offer her with a premium. "How much will you take to marry her?" By giving a marriage portion to each from the money which had been paid for the handsome ones he would manage to work them all off, and thus little room was left for dissatisfaction.

CLOSE TOGETHER.

Nell—Do you think there is anything between them?

Belle—I don't know. There wasn't when I looked in at the parlor door last night.

A train conveying a detachment of reservists from Westphalia to Metz was wrecked on Wednesday. Twenty-eight men were killed, and many others were seriously injured.

No. 3

Few Women

ENJOY LIFE AS THEY OUGHT.

Many are miserable, weak and sickly, and suffer untold miseries through ailments peculiar to their sex.

IT IS WRONG. Most all those ills result from womb trouble of some sort. No woman can remain weak or ill who uses

COMPOUND

MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Miles' Sanative Wash.

Prices 75c and 25. For sale by all Druggists. They impart vitality and energy, and make the life of the "Mother" worth living. Explanatory pamphlet, "Woman's Triumph," free on application.

"A. M. C." MEDICINE CO., 378 Lagauchetiere St., Montreal. Address all orders and address on orders.

Bishop B. W. Arnett

SWAYS AUDIENCES WITH HIS MASTERLY ELOQUENCE.

He Writes a Letter of More Than Usual Interest to Suffering Humanity.

At Wilberforce, Ohio, three miles north of Xenia and near Dayton and Springfield, is located Wilberforce University and Payne Theological Seminary.

These two institutions of learning have educated many ministers and teachers.

In this somewhat noted educational centre, resides Bishop Benjamin W. Arnett, D. D., a divine who is of especial prominence because of his thrilling eloquence with which he has swayed many audiences.

Among the high officials of the church, no one is more distinguished than he.

BISHOP B. W. ARNETT.

Before being elected Bishop he was a leading minister in his church and also a very prominent Republican. He represented his country in the Ohio Legislature for several years.

Having given this sketch of the bishop, the following testimonial from him will be found very interesting reading and fully explains itself.

To whom it may concern:

"In April, 1894, while on my way home from Philadelphia I caught a very severe cold, which soon developed into rheumatism. It was impossible for me to rest by day or sleep by night. About the first of June I was compelled to take to my bed, where I remained for some time. When I was able to get up, I could only get about by the use of crutches.

"The fall came on and the rheumatism grew worse, lasting all through the winter of '94 and '95. I suffered as I never suffered before. I thought that the spring would bring me relief, but it did not, consequently I was forced to cancel a number of engagements to speak.

"One day in June, 1895, my wife said, 'Bishop, I read so much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, suppose you try them and see if they will not help you?'

"I said, 'No, there is no use of getting them for we have tried almost everything that has been recommended to us, and none of the remedies suggested seem to help my case.

"She said no more, but went to Xenia, Ohio, and bought a box of the pills. On her return she gave me a dose at noon and another at night. She was only called one time to attend to me during that night.

"For months previous she had been called three to four times during the night. The next day I took three dose of the pills, and the second night I was not disturbed. My wife, for the first time in more than ten months, had a good night's sleep.

"I have not lost a night's sleep since that time on account of the rheumatism. I carry a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my pocket wherever I go.

"I cheerfully bear testimony, and hope that others may find relief as I did. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to several people.

Yours for God and Man,

Benjamin W. Arnett."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is inclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

AN AMATEUR SNUBBED.

Darling, he cried, in tender tones, I never loved but thee.
Then we must, part, the maid replied; no amateurs for me.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 3th day of December, A. D. 1896.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. G. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NO MORE TIGHT SHOES.

According to the trade papers of the bootmakers the smallest sizes of ladies' boots and shoes are becoming less and less asked for. The eager participation in outdoor sports and recreations which has become a part of the daily routine of the modern woman's life doubtless accounts in a large measure for this partial disappearance of very small shoes. A tight shoe was not altogether incompatible with the slow, short stroll in the open air that at one time sufficed, although the ordeal was somewhat painful. Now nothing but easy, well-fitting foot gear is possible in the eight-mile walk on the golf links, or the bicycle. Although the cramped foot incased in the diminutive pointed shoe is disappearing, there is no reason why the foot and its covering should lose that daintiness which so well becomes a woman. Possibly those X rays have also something to do with it, for the Queen of Portugal has been startling the ladies of her court by showing them their transluscent selves distorted by the compression of tight corsets.

Adams' Ginger Beer

RECIPE.

Adams Extract	One bottle.
Fleischmann's Yeast	One half to one cake.
Sugar	Two pounds.
Cream of Tartar	One half ounce.
Lukewarm Water	Two gallons.

Dissolve the sugar, cream of tartar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling cool and delicious. The ginger beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 cent bottles to make two gallons.

HARD TIMES.

Cynic—These hard times make the girls miserable.

Bennick—Because they have to economize, of course.

Cynic—Yes, and men are so poor the dear creatures can't marry for money. They have to marry for love or be old maids.

HOW BOYS CAN GET WATCHES.

Boys you can earn a watch and chain by selling a few articles for us at 10c each. State your age, also your father's or[illegible]

MAIL[illegible]

When Require

PAIN CANNOT STAY

Where Nerviline—nerve pain cure—is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known. Nerviline never fails to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external arising from inflammatory action. Unequal for all nerve pains.

The whipping post has been revived in Missouri.

HIS PREDICAMENT.

First Literary Man—Hang it all! There I've sent that shirt to the laundry and have forgotten to remove those silver cuff buttons my aunt sent me last Christmas.

Second Literary Man—Why don't you run over and get them?

First Literary Man—How can I go without my shirt?

Would-be Poet—When's the best time to write poetry?

Has-been Poet—Just after you secure a situation from which you get enough salary to live comfortably.

For Constipation take Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great Blood Purifier. Cures Headache, Nervousness, Eruptions on the face, and makes the head clear as a bell.

The sword and belt of Latour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France, has just been presented to the Paris Musse Carnavalet.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure cures where others fail. It is the leading Cough Cure, and no home should be without it. Pleasant to take and goes right to the spot.

Mrs. Cox, of Vernon County, Mo., has fifteen married daughters, and is on the best of terms with her fifteen sons-in-law.

ALL ALIKE TO HER.

Miss Gush—How I'd love to be a June bride.

Miss Sere—It's wicked to discriminate. You'll soon find that the months are all alike.

The best brier-root, from which pipes are made, comes from France and Italy.

A wave of religion has enveloped a money-lender in North Topeka, and he is restoring the usurious interest he had taken from its patrons.

Stop that Cough! Take warning. It may lead to Consumption. A 25c. bottle of Shiloh's Cure may save your life.

CAUSE OF THE LIMP.

Cholly—Beg pawding, deah fellah—yaw see to be—aw—limping this mawning, doncherknaw!

Gussie—Yes, doncherknaw—I was courting an—aw—young lady in a conservatory, lawst evening, when her—aw—fawthaw came in and gave me a rare old plant.

THE VALLEY OF PAIN

HOW ONE WOMAN MADE HER ESCAPE.

A Life of Torture Changed to a Life of Comfort and Happiness by Kootenay Cure.

Of all the intense and persistent forms of pain, one can scarcely conceive of anything more agonizing than Neuralgia. Its victim is one of those that draws forth our sympathy and pity as all efforts to effect a cure with the ordinary remedies signally fail to do anything more than give the merest temporary relief. Unbounded joy should fill the hearts of neuralgic sufferers at the announcement that in Kootenay the "new ingredient" is effecting miracles in the way of banishing the excruciating agony which has rendered their lives a curse, perhaps for years.

Mrs. William Judge, of Crumblin, P. O., in the County of Middlesex, went before C. G. Jarvis, a notary public of Ontario, and made a solemn declaration—so firmly did she believe in Kootenay—to the effect that for many years she was an intense sufferer from Neuralgia. She says that the pains in her head and neck were so severe she thought she would lose her reason.

She has taken Ryckman's Kootenay Cure and willingly testifies it has been her salvation, and believes that without it she would now be in the asylum.

This lady has had the deep shadow of suffering lifted from her life. She has been transported from the Valley of Pain to the Hill Top of Health—and all through Kootenay.

Mrs. James Kearney, of 30 York St., Hamilton, Ont., and many others testify under oath, how they were released from suffering through the agency of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

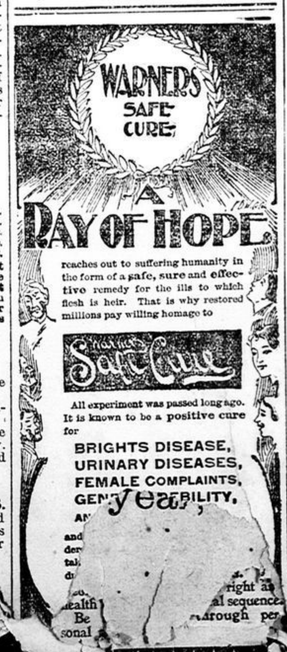
Full particulars of these cases will be mailed you by sending your address to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

The remedy is not dear, one bottle lasts a month.

RESTLESS CHILDREN.

To keep a restless child quiet in church, an English paper advises, provide him—or her—with two pincushions, one full and the other empty of pins. "The process of taking all the pins out of the full cushion and sticking them into the empty one is," it grandly says, "an absorbing employment, and one which does not quickly pall. It has the merit, too, of being noiseless." Imagine a churchfull of children quietly occupied thus.

It is semi-officially stated in Madrid that Spain will never agree to the sale of Cuba, nor to foreign intervention in a question which she regards as exclusively concerning herself.



reaches out to suffering humanity in the form of a safe, sure and effective remedy for the ills to which flesh is heir. That is why restored millions pay willing homage to

Warner's Safe Cure

All experiment was passed long ago. It is known to be a positive cure for

BRIGHTS DISEASE,
URINARY DISEASES,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
GENERAL DEBILITY,
AND
[illegible]

JOSH BILLING SAID:

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort give me an old shoe. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the worst corns in twenty-four hours. Putnam's is the only sure, safe and painless corn extractor.

WHAT SHE MISSES.

Molly—I am sorry that I always happen to be out when you call.

Cholly—Oh, well, its' just youah beastly luck ye know.

W P C 869

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Hotel St. Charles.

Finest Hotel on the Coast.
Directly on the Beach.
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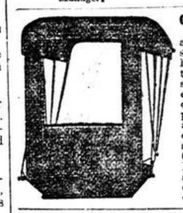

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When you buy a carriage make sure that the Top has a Roller Curtain. Some unscrupulous dealers for the sake of a little extra profit may try and sell you a common top. Insist on having a Conboy Roller Top. It will at all times and under all conditions give you satisfaction.

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YOU SAY HOW? Keep your feet warm and dry. Be like all sensible people and wear the NEW

Patent Sleeper Flexible Insole

IN COMBINATION WITH CORK

Used in the manufacture of Boots and Shoes by J. D. King & Co., Toronto. A Goodyear Welted up-to-date Boot. No tacks; no nails; flexible; easy. It will not squeak.

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THREE PROPOSITIONS.

$300.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

Here Are Our Offers

No. 1= $100.00 IN GOLD to the persons who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in the words "LADIES' JOURNAL."

No. 2= $100.00 IN GOLD to the persons who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in the word "LEADING."

No. 3= $100.00 IN GOLD to the persons who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in the word "MONTHLY."

To enter any single contest you must send Thirty-five Cents in stamps (or P. O. Order) with your list of words, for which THE LADIES' JOURNAL will be sent to you for Four Months.

You can enter all three by sending One Dollar with your list, and THE LADIES' JOURNAL will be sent for One Year. Every one entering all three will have a handsome little present sent postpaid, if their list of words exceed ten for each offer.

The $100.00 offered in each contest will be divided as follows

$30.00 to the sender of the largest list.
$20.00 to the next.
$10.00 to the next.
$5.00 to each of the eight following largest lists.

To each of the first fifty sending in a list of thirty or more words we will send post-paid a handsomely bound book of poems.

Don't delay sending in. Contest closes on July 31st.

Names of the successful will be published in first issue of Ladies' Journal after date of closing. Words in English language only can be used.

Address, LADIES' JOURNAL, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada.

Sweden Gold Mine!

Capital Stock, $500,000.

In shares of $1.00 each. Fully paid and Non-assessable.

A WORKING MINE,

And a sure dividend payer. It has all the necessary buildings, Boarding House, Blacksmith Shop, Shaft House, etc. Three shafts, one nearly 100 ft. deep. 5 large veins already opened up, all rich free milling quartz, which is being taken out and placed on the dump ready for Stamp Mill.

It is surrounded by several of the best known Mines in Rat Portage District, namely, the Sultana, Pine Portage, Norway, Triumph, and the Haycock, and only 7 miles from Rat Portage with every facility for economical working.

PRACTICAL MANAGEMENT.

The Company is formed on a business basis, only $500,000 and the Treasury stock is nearly one half.

100,000 shares only of Treasury stock (Fully paid and Non-assessable) is being offered, proceeds to be used for purchasing necessary Machinery, Stamp Mill, etc.

This stock is going well. If you are looking for something safe and sure, BUY NOW. These shares will soon be PAR, for the Sweden will be a SURE DIVIDEND PAYER.

THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAM HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED:

"Struck rich body of ore. AVERAGE assays Forty One Dollars,
(Signed) CHAS. E. CAMBERT,
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All application for stock, subject to increase in price, to be made to

WILLIAM C. F[illegible], Mining Broker,
21 [illegible]elaide St. [illegible]oronto

TELEP[illegible] M 2965.

VOL IV. NO 25

A STRUGGLE FOR

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON NE[illegible] FOR FAITH IN THE GOSPEL

An Eloquent Sermon to Those With Doubt and Those Faith Shipwrecked—The Skeptic's Condolently Dealt With.

Dr. Talmage preached on [illegible] from the text Acts xxvii. 44, [illegible] on broken pieces of the ship [illegible]

Never off Goodwin Sands or [illegible] ries or Cape Hatteras was [illegible] worse predicament than in [illegible] terranean hurricane was [illegible] ship, on which 276 passen[illegible] driven on the coast of Malta, [illegible] from the metropolis of that [illegible] ed Citta Vecchia. After a [illegible] tempest, when the ship was [illegible] disabled, and captain and cre[illegible] come completely demoralized [illegible] missionary took command of [illegible] He was small, crooked-backed [illegible] eyed, according to tradition [illegible] Paul, the only unscared m[illegible] He was no more afraid of [illegible] don losing the Mediterr[illegible] now up to the gates of [illegible] now sinking it to the gates [illegible] he was afraid of a kitten p[illegible] a string. He ordered them [illegible] to take their rations, first [illegible] them a blessing. Then he [illegible] their lives among them [illegible] be reckoned as for from [illegible] heads they would not lose [illegible] their hair as you could co[illegible] one clip of the scissors—[illegible] thread of it whether it were [illegible] age or golden with youth [illegible] shall not a hair fall from th[illegible] any of you."

Knowing that they can no [illegible] the desired port, they make [illegible] the fourth night they [illegible] with a cargo so that when the sh[illegible] will not strike as heavily. A[illegible] they saw a creek and in the [illegible] resolved to make for it. A[illegible] cut the cables, took in the [illegible] they hoisted those old boats [illegible] the mainsail so that they [illegible] with such force as to be [illegible] upon the beach by some fo[illegible] low. There she goes, tumbl[illegible] the rocks, now prow for[illegible] stern foremost, now rolling [illegible] starboard, now over to the [illegible] now a wave dashes clear ove[illegible] and it seems as if the old cra[illegible] forever. But up she comes a[illegible] arms around a mast he cri[illegible] well, God has given me all [illegible] sail with me." Crash went [illegible] with such force that it broke [illegible] mast. Crash went the timbe[illegible] see rushes through from sto[illegible] the vessel. The parts am[illegible] into a thousand fragments [illegible] goes, and into the waves [illegible] are pr[illegible] pitied. Some of the [illegible] brought upon the sealing [illegible] learned to swim with their [illegible] above the waves, and by the [illegible] both arms and population [illegible] they put out for the beach [illegible] But alas for those others [illegible] never learned to swim, or [illegible] wounded by the falling of [illegible] the merciless billows was too [illegible] them. And others had [illegible] by long sickness.

Oh, what will become of th[illegible] that piece of a rudder," s[illegible] one. "Take that fragment [illegible] says Paul to another. "Take [illegible] of Castor and Pollux" [illegible] plank from the Alexandr[illegible] thing that float for the [illegible] a struggle for life in the [illegible] the merciless waters. Low [illegible] over the heads of men, wom[illegible] dren! Hold on, there Alm[illegible] Keep your courage, [illegible] what Paul told you. The [illegible] ceding wave on the beach [illegible] sand a whole family. There [illegible] out of the surf the centurion [illegible] another plank comes in [illegible] clinging last to it. The [illegible] piece of the shattered vessel [illegible] fragments and in the [illegible] must be one and all be saved. [illegible] there comes the last of [illegible] had been overseeing the re[illegible] missionary, who wings the [illegible] his gray beard and cries [illegible] God, all are here."

Gather around a fire and [illegible] Paul builds a fire and [illegible] old sticks begin to crackle a[illegible] and sitting around the blaz[illegible] engers begin to recover [illegible] chill, and the wet clothes [illegible] and warmth begins to co[illegible] the shivering passengers. [illegible] of the vessel go around amo[illegible] of the poor creatures are m[illegible] one of the crowd that we[illegible] into the sea. How it relie[illegible] ity as we read: "Some [illegible] pieces of the ship. And [illegible] to pass that they escaped [illegible] land."

Having on previous occa[illegible] at the other passengers, I con[illegible] to-day to an examination o[illegible] gaine in on broken pieces [illegible] There is something about th[illegible] cites in me an interest. I [illegible] much interested in those [illegible] swim. They got ashore as [illegible] A mile of water is not a very [illegible] dertaking for a strong sw[illegible] even two miles are not. B[illegible] stop thinking of those on b[illegible] of the ship. The great gos[illegible] the finest of the universe and [illegible] more passengers than any [illegible] constructed, and you could [illegible] wreck it than you could [illegible] throne of God Almighty. [illegible] the people would come abo[illegible] could not promise a smooth [illegible] oftimes it will be tempes[illegible] chopped sea, but I could pr[illegible] arrival for all who took pass[illegible] Great Eastern, so called by [illegible] its commander came out of th[illegible] star of the east a badge o[illegible] thority.

But a vast multitude do n[illegible] ular passage. Their theolog[illegible]