A DEAD RECKONING.

CHAPTER XXI.

Six weeks had elapsed since the events recorded in the last chapter. It was the evening of the return of Gerald Brooke and his wife to the home which they left under such tragic circumstances nearly a year before. Gerald's wound had proved a troublesome one; and after his release from custody, which was merely a matter of a couple of days, he had hurried up to London for the sake of obtaining the best medical advice; and there he had since remained; a few friends had met to welcome the home-comers; there was to be a grand reception by the tenants and others on the morrow.

First and foremost, there was our dear Miss Primby, not looking a day older than when we first made her acquaintance. She had been filling the post of mistress pro tem. at the Towers for the past month. She was of an anxious mind, and small responsibilities assumed a magnitude in her eyes they did not really possess, and thereby worried her not a little. She will be thankful when Clara resumes the reins of power, and she herself is allowed to subside into that life of tranquil obscurity in which she finds her only true happiness. There, too, deep in conversation, were Lady Fanny Dwyer and Mr. Tom Starkie. Her ladyship was husbandless as usual, but seemed in nowise put about thereby. She and Tom struck fire frequently in the arguments and disputations they were so fond of holding with each other; they agreed to differ, and differed to agree, and perhaps were none the less good friends on that account.

Flitting in and out and round about was Margery, spick and span in a new gown and gay ribbons, and a tiny apron all pockets and embroidery. For the first time in her life she had on a pair of French kid shoes, and she could not help stealing a glance at her feet now and again when no one was looking. She scarcely knew them for her own property, so changed an appearance did they present. This evening she was to enter on her new duties as "own maid" to her beloved mistress. Who so happy as Margery!

The turret clock struck seven, but Mr. and Mrs. Brooke had not yet arrived. They were to drive down from London, and ought to have been here nearly an hour ago. Every minute Miss Primby grew more fidgety. Some accident must have happened, she felt sure. Perhaps the horses had run away; perhaps a wheel had come off the carriage; perhaps any of twenty possible mishaps had befallen the travellers. Fidgets are infectious, and before long Tom Starkie began to consult his watch every minute or two and to answer her ladyship at random. So many strange things had happened to Gerald during the last twelve months that anxiety on the part of his friends might be really excused. The suspense was brought to an end by the sudden inroad of Margery, who had been down to the lodge, and now brought word that a carriage and pair had just turned the corner of the high-road half a mile away. This news sent every one trooping to the main entrance to the Towers. Not long had they to wait.

Gerald still carried his arm in a sling, but his other hand was clasped tightly by his wife. Neither of them could speak as the carriage wheeled into the avenue and the old home they had at one time thought never to see again came into view. Nor was there much said for the first few moments after they alighted. A kiss, an embrace, a hand-grip, told more than words; of tears the ladies shed not a few, but they were tears which had their source in the dayspring of happiness.

Dinner was over and the company had returned to the drawing room. The lamps had been lighted; but so soft and balmy was the evening that the long windows had been left wide open. Outside, terrace and garden and the miles of woodland stretching far beyond were bathed in a tender sheen of moonlight. Lady Fan was at the piano, turning over some music. Mr. Tom Starkie was stooping over the canterbury, trying to find a certain piece of Schubert's he was desirous her ladyship should play. Clara and her aunt were talking together in a low voice on the sofa at the opposite side of the room. On the hearthrug, his back to the empty fire place, stood Gerald. As he gazed on the pretty domestic scene before him, he could scarcely realise that all the strange events of the past year were anything more than the dream of a disordered brain. Could it be possible that only a few short weeks ago he who now stood there, so rich in all that makes life beautiful, had been a hunted felon, on whose head a price had been set? Incredible as it seemed, it was yet but too true. If proof positive were needed, there was his arm still in a sling to furnish it. His eyes turned fondly to the sweet face of his wife, to which the sunshine and roses of other days were already beginning to come back. How brave, how loyal, how devoted she had been through all the dark days of his trouble! The care and love of a lifetime could scarcely repay her for all she had gone through for his sake. She had indeed been "that crown of glory to her husband" of which the sage made mention in days long ago.

Clara, who while talking with her aunt had been absently gazing through the open window on to the terrace, suddenly gave utterance to a shriek, and springing to her feet flung herself up[illegible] clasp[illegible] ar[illegible]

"[illegible] have won the game!" he exclaimed in hoarse accents, then making a clutch at his heart, he gave a great gasp and fell forward on his face. Gerald and Tom raised him. A tiny stream of blood trickled from his lips; he was stone-dead.

The portiere was drawn aside, and all eyes turned on him who stepped into the room. It was the Russian, looking as cold, pale, and impassive, as he always looked.

"Karovsky, have you had any hand in this?" demanded Gerald, sternly, as he pointed to the dead man.

"I, my friend! what should I have to do with any such canaille?" demanded the other with a shrug.

Not more than half a minute had elapsed from the beginning to the end of the tragedy. Under the direction of Starkie, two or three of the servants who had hurried in, now proceeded to remove the body to another room. While this was taking place, the Russian drew Gerald aside. "Look here, Brooke," he said. "It is never wise to inquire too closely into matters when no good end can be served thereby. This man had made up his mind to murder you. It was your life against his. It may be—mind, you, I only say it may be—that that fact had come within the cognisance of the Brotherhood to which you and I have the honor to belong. If such were the case, they were bound by their laws to take his life rather than allow him to take yours. But this is nothing more than guesswork. In any case the scoundrel is dead, and your life is safe; but it was touch-and-go, with you, my friend—touch-and-go."

The unexpected appearance of Karovsky, following so closely on the grim scene just enacted before his eyes, revived in Gerald's mind certain apprehensions that had slumbered almost undisturbed for many months. All his fears took flame at once, as his memory travelled back to that April evening when Karovsky's ill-omened presence first crossed the threshold of Beechle Towers. What if, at some future day, when all the world seemed full of sunshine, he should suddenly appear again with a message of the same dire import!

Gerald's heart seemed compressed as in a vice, as this thought with all its dread significance, forced itself on his mind. "Karovsky," he said, in a dry, hard voice, "now that you are here, there is one question I would fain ask you."

"I think I can guess the purport of it," answered the Russian, with his imperturbable smile. "You need be under no fear, mon ami, that I or any other emissary of the Brotherhood will ever come to you again with evil tidings. The man who was condemned to die is dead, and although he did not meet his fate at your hands, that matters nothing. The sentence has been carried into effect, and such being the case, by the rules of the Supreme Tribunal, you, Gerald Brooke are absolved in full from ever being called upon again."

(The End.)

APRONS IN FAVOR IN LONDON.

Word comes from London that the apron is once more in fashion. There was a time in this country when a woman would not have thought of appearing without her apron on. Then it was a sombre affair of black silk or alpaca, sometimes set off by a few dainty tucks or rows of herring-bone stitching and a little very fine lace. Now the very cheapest aprons are made of the finest white linens and muslins and batistes, and are puffed and frilled with lace and trimmed with ribbons until the old ladies of a hundred years ago would never dream that they were aprons. The finest aprons are made of real lace and are well worth passing down from generation to generation.

An English woman recently ordered an apron that cost $500. It is made of Brussels rose point in an exquisite floral scroll design, and has a border of roses. She didn't get it to wear when doing up the kitchen work, but she dons it when serving afternoon tea or doing a dainty piece of fancy work. Some of the lace aprons have pastoral pictures, in which figures are introduced, and are very quaint looking with their floral borders. Still others are embellished with butterflies, birds, and blossoms.

Men like aprons, so it is pretty safe to say that the fashion of wearing them will soon take hold here. Some of the shops are already importing them, and managers say they will go like hot cakes when chafing-dish time comes round again. Nothing domesticates a woman in appearance like an apron, and a very frivolous girl can sometimes decoy a very clever bachelor with one if she only knows how to wear it, or at least that is what some of the clever bachelors say themselves. There is a great deal in knowing how to wear an apron. The most costly apron ever made was worn by the Duchess of Queensberry in the last century. It was made entirely of point lace and was valued at $3,000.

THE GREAT AUK'S EGGS.

Not So High in Price as They Formerly Were.

Eggs of the great auk appear to be falling in the estimation of collectors of curiosities. One was recently sold for £160, the lowest price brought by this relic of an extinct creature in many years. Only seventy great auk eggs are known to be in existence, and fifty of these are owned in England.

The latest sold is a unique specimen found in Iceland. It was brought from there by the finder, a ship-owner of St. Malo, about 1830, and presented by him to Comte Raoul de Berace. Instead of having the red and black markings usually characteristic of the eggs of the great auk, it has pale green spots deep in the shell, which is dull in color and deeply grained. The egg measures 4 1-2 inches long and is 3 inches in diameter at the larger end. Upon the death of Comte Raoul de Berace it was purchased by Baron d'Hamonville, and ultimately found its way to England.

In some of its journeyings it has received two or three cracks on one side, which may have slightly lessened its value. The sale was made by J. C. Ste[illegible] of King street, Covent Garden, [illegible] the purchaser was M[illegible]

AGRICULTURAL

PROFITABLE CATCH CROPS.

It frequently happens that in the two or more ways of doing a thing, one of them can not only accomplish the desired result, but also effect some other useful purpose at the same time. For example, we are now all willing to admit the advisability of using catch crops as a means of preventing waste of fertilizer and deterioration in mechanical condition. It is practically as easy to grow a legume, say crimson clover or cow peas, for this purpose as it is to grow any other crop. While the clover or peas will answer, perhaps, no better as a catch crop, they will perform the function just as well as any other crop, and at the same time store up nitrogen from the atmosphere as a fertilizer for future crops.

It is not strictly just to claim that the nitrogen storing legume will not cost any more than say oats or rye. Both crimson clover and cow peas are at their best when making a rank growth, and they must be liberally fed with fertilizer minerals to store up nitrogen freely. For example, a fair crop of oats for a catch crop will contain per acre about forty pounds of nitrogen, forty-five pounds of potash, and twenty-two pounds of phosphoric acid. Cow peas used as a catch crop will contain 135 pounds of nitrogen, ninety pounds of potash and thirty pounds of phosphoric acid. Crimson clover will contain, under the same conditions, 212 pounds of nitrogen, 187 pounds of potash and fifty-five pounds of phosphoric acid.

Of course, the potash and phosphoric acid must be supplied in each case. With the oats the nitrogen must also be supplied, but with the cow peas and clover, not more than 10 per cent., of nitrogen need be supplied as fertilizer. Now let us put the matter in plain figures, which, while not absolutely correct, are nevertheless in the right line. The oats catch crop saves, we will suppose, all its nitrogen from going to waste, say forty pounds at 15 cents, equal to a saving of $6 per acre. The potash and phosphoric acid do not go to waste, as the soil will hold them, even light sandy soils. The cow peas save and make 135 pounds of nitrogen at 15 cents, equal to $20.25 per acre, but it will require applications of minerals. Charging for the excess over the quantity the oats contain, at 6 cents per pound—total 63 pounds; equal to $3.18. The net gain of cow peas over the oats is, therefore, ($20.25 minus $3.18) $17.07 less $6, or $11.07 per acre; and it must be remembered that the $3.18 in extra minerals are not expended, but are ready for growing another crop. The same figures for crimson clover show a net gain per acre of $15.30 over the catch crop of oats.

These figures are pratically true, and deserve a farmer's serious attention. Of course, either cow peas or clover cannot be grown without manuring with potash and phosphoric acid, but, as the facts show, it will pay to thus manure them.

The figures in detail are: Oats, per acre, nitrogen, 40 pounds; potash, 45 pounds; phosphoric acid, 22 pounds. Cow peas, per acre nitrogen, 135 pounds; potash, 90 pounds; phosphoric acid, 80 pounds. Crimson clover, per acre, nitrogen, 212 pounds; potash, 187 pounds; phosphoric acid, 55 pounds.

A soil which will grow the oats without manuring would still have to be fertilized as follows: Cow peas, per acre, muriate of potash, 100 pounds; acid phosphate, 150 pounds. Crimson clover, per acre, muriate of potash, 300 pounds; acid phosphate, 250 pounds.

As shown above, the sole gain in nitrogen far more than pays for these minerals, but they cannot be properly charged in that way. Every pound of them is on hand to grow the following crop. All catch crops are profitable, but some are much more profitable than others.

BUILDING A SMALL ICE HOUSE.

An ice house twelve feet square by ten feet deep will be large enough to keep ice sufficient for the use of one family if it is built so as to prevent an undue amount of waste. The manner in which it is best to build one depends very much on circumstances—the kind of material available and its cost. Certain principles must be observed and then there will be no trouble. The walls must be so constructed that there will be no conductors of solid material that will conduct the outside heat to the ice; and they must also be air-tight. The ground must be in such a shape as to prevent water from running or standing under the ice. The space between the ice and the roof, strange as it may seem, will contain warm air. Provision must be made for allowing this air to escape.

If one is located where sawdust is plentiful an ice house of the size mentioned can be built very cheaply. From 1,200 to 1,500 feet of timber is sufficient, and 2x4 studding two feet apart and boarded up with a single thickness of boards with a battened board roof is about all that is necessary. The ice should be cut in cakes all of the same size and of such a size that when they are packed in there will be a space of eighteen inches on all sides next to the walls. This space should be filled with sawdust as the ice is put in. There should be some sawdust or straw put on the ground under the ice. The ground, of course, is frozen hard at the time. About six or eight inches of sawdust should be put on top of the ice. A large space in each of the gable ends should be left open for ventilation over the top of the ice. Now bank up with earth around the outside so that water cannot get under and the ice will keep with but little waste. Basswood or other soft wood sawdust is best. Where sawdust cannot be obtained cheaply this is my plan. There must be at least one dead air space in the walls, and this must be continuous, and there must be no continuous solid conductor of heat, such as timber, to conduct the heat from the outside air to the ice. Use boards or planks twelve inches wide for sills and plates. For studding use 2x6. They should be placed two feet apart. Each alternate one should be flush with the inside of the sill and plate and the others with the outside. It will be seen that this will make an absolutely hollow wall entirely around the building, corners and all, from sill to plate. Now it [illegible] be sided up both inside and out, [illegible] to make it perfectly air-tight, by [illegible] of tar paper and good lumber. [illegible] sh hay sh[illegible] on top [illegible] house [illegible] ling is [illegible] way will [illegible] d we [illegible] just [illegible]

[illegible] ed the [illegible] ell protect [illegible] they handle [illegible] expert man- [illegible] Reporter

Suffered from Infancy.

THE WAND OF MERCY WAVED OVER MRS. THOS. GREEN.

From Her Childhood She Suffered from Heart Troubles—Doctors Said Nothing Could Be Done for Her, and that Her Death at Any Moment Would Not Surprise Them.

From the Herald, Stratford.

"Of the making of books there is no end," it has been said, and the same claim might be set up in respect of the making of testimonials in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Wonderful as are some of the statements published in the newspapers as to the cures effected in all parts of the country, fresh evidence proves the half has not yet been told. Were it not for a false sense of delicacy which a great many people entertain in regard to such matters the columns of the press would be literally teeming with grateful acknowledgments of benefit derived from and permanent cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is quite within the mark to say that there is no other medicine offered the public that can at all compare with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and there is not a corner in this wide Dominion in which their virtues have not been proved. A cure which recently came to the knowledge of a representative of the Herald is deserving of being widely known. It is an instance of heart trouble that baffled the skill of a number of physicians, some of whom positively refused to treat the patient on the ground that it was no use. The subject of the affliction referred to is the wife of a highly respected and well-to-do farmer in the township of Logan, near the village of Dublin. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Green are firm believers in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and for very good reasons. Mrs. Green had suffered everything but death from a weak heart, the trouble having afflicted her since early childhood. On several occasions she has been so low that it was not thought possible for her to recover. Her greatest trouble often arose from exhaustion or a sudden start, and at such times her heart seemed to cease its throbbing and the breathing was fitful and labored. Doctor's medicine seemed to have no effect whatever. She was advised by one physician that all that could be done was to keep her strength up, and it was with a view to strengthening her system, and with no hope that her heart would be benefitted, that she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She had not been taking them long, however, where there was an unmistakable relief from the trouble that had made her whole life miserable. During the past summer she has used Pink Pills freely, and has enjoyed better health than for many years before, and has been able not only to do her household work, but also many of the out door chores that fall to the lot of a farmer's wife. The different physicians who have treated her have frequently told her husband that they would not be surprised to hear of her death at any moment, but she is to-day a strong woman, enjoying better health than she has done for years. Both Mrs. Green and her husband feel grateful for the great benefit she has received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and spare no words in sounding their praises to everyone who enquires what has wrought such a wonderful change in Mrs. Green's health and spirits.

In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

Bears have been so thick around Idaho that it has been said there was a bear for every bushel.

From Horton, Kan., a man went to the Klondike, leaving behind him his bride of six months.

For stealing a dozen potatoes a Virginia negro was sentenced to one year in the Portsmouth jail.

In Larue county, Ky., it is said that Charles Williams has grown a bunch of white blackberries.

Hail broke forty panes of glass in the Sandown, N. H., meeting house windows in one afternoon storm.

The oldest house in Union, Me., built in 1802 and occupied always by the same family, has just been torn down.

Plus Payne, a negro of Bardstown, Ky., has exhibited six tomatoes grown by him which together weighed fourteen pounds.

Wayne county and Butler county, Neb., creameries are making each 2,000 pounds of butter a day, and the county people are happy.

Swarms of grasshoppers, looking like streaks of silver in the air, have passed in a northeasterly direction over Wilbur, Wash., lately.

Allen Heusted, 71 years old, of Grand Blanc, Mich., has taken to the bicycle with a vim, and the other day rode thirty miles to make a visit.

A yellow dog derailed a hand car near Reno, Kan., and the car went over a twenty-foot embankment, injuring three men. The dog, after the accident, just got up and barked.

Mrs. C. Reyes, 83 years old and crippled, cultivates a garden by her own labor at St. Augustine, Fla., and one day she picked from it a 36-pound watermelon and eighty pumpkins.

A $1,200 farm in Tennessee has been paid for wholly in hen's eggs, the installments being remitted daily, sometimes at the rate of three chets a dozen for the eggs, delivered in four-dozen lots.

After a barn had been set afire by lightning at Chambersburg, Pa., Willinson Leisher, 12 years old, entered it and cut loose three of his father's seven horses and led them safely out.

Grasshoppers of Jackson county, Mich., have undergone a change of appetite, and have been eating the binding twine from the bundles of wheat, causing farm hands the extra labor of rebinding.

Mrs. Sam Hamm of Kingsville, Ky., stepped on a rattlesnake, which bit her knee, and Mr. Sam Hamm killed the snake, which measured fourteen inches in girth, and had ten rattles besides the button.

Dr. C. P. Carver, of St. Augustine, Fla., is experimenting for the extraction of the sweet matter from watermelons, and it is said that he derives from the melon pulp a syrup equal to that of the maple tree.

There is a low but distinct growl in Laconia, N. H., over the fact that the city pays $450 a year in car fares for students at the high school. "As well as sends hacks for those who don't live on a car line," cries one local paper.

Mrs. Minnie Pendleton of Ottawa, Kan., through correspondence with the Pension Bureau at Washington, has established communication with her father, now a rich farmer of Oregon, who left his old home for the war when his daughter was 4 years old.

While mosquitoes have come with the wet weather in the cities of the North, rats have multiplied in New Orleans. The city swarms with them. They "scamper over the sidewalks, assail families at dinner, and even run along telegraph wires," says a newspaper.

Muskegon, Mich., is a celery-shipping depot, and the people there have turned their attention to another commodity which they can dispose of at a good profit in Eastern markets. This is turtle. From North Muskegon there were shipped one day recently several hundred pounds of turtles to Philadelphia.

Tennessee is up near the head of the snake column this year with the record of Jesse Shoun, who killed on Cross Mountain, near Bristol, a rattlesnake measuring three inches across the head five feet in length, and six inches in diameter. It had thirty-two rattles besides the button.

Northampton county, Va., for its report on the advent of prosperity sends word that whereas last year the county folk raised and shipped 284,000 barrels of potatoes, they have received several times as much money for the shipments as they got for last year's crop.

Along with the signs of prosperity from other sections comes the report from Carthage, Mo., that lead deposits of sufficient richness have been found there to give employment to quite a number of men. Then, too, according to estimates made at Carthage, early apples alone will bring in $10,000 to the farmers of that section.

ADAMS' GINGER BEER.

RECIPE.

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

Dissolve the water 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.

A GENERAL BREAK.

Mrs. Hoyle—What was all that noise at your house this morning?

Mrs. Doyle—The servant broke some of the china and then my husband broke one of the commandments.

DREADFULLY NERVOUS.

Gents:—I was dreadfully nervous, and for relief took your Karl's Clover Root Tea. It quieted my nerves and strengthened my whole Nervous System. I was troubled with Constipation, Kidney and Bowel trouble. Your Tea soon cleansed my system so thoroughly that I rapidly regained health and strength. Mrs. S. A. Sweet, Hartford, Conn. Sold by all druggists.

BISCUITS.

You should have heard Smith cracking up his wife's biscuits this morning.

I believe I did hear him. I thought at the time he was chopping wood.

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

When we read we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we cannot bear a provoking word.—Hannah More.

If Horses Could Talk.....

what a hum there would be on the streets about the wonderful way in which

Quickheal!

cures Scratches, Galls and Sores. Every man who owns a horse should try it.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. Price 50c per tin.

Manufactured by The Quickcure Co. (Limited).

Quickheal, for Horses and Cattle made by the Quickcure Co., (Limited) Quebec.

Is a new departure in treating all cases of Inflammation, pain or soreness; Healing Scratches or Grease heel, Speedy Cuts, saddle or harness Galls, Cuts, Wounds, and suppurating Sores; curing them in a marvellous manner.

Prominent Veterinary Surgeons, Horse Owners and Livery Stable Keepers testify that it cures all the above troubles more quickly than any other preparation known to them, and its power over inflammation, is such that if it is used when symptoms first appear, it prevents in many cases Spavin, Curb, Ring Bone, Founder, etc., all of which are ushered in by inflammation. Price 50c. per tin.

"Quickheal" cures saddle sores, and harness galls on my horses more quickly than anything else. It is the best thing I ever used. Signed,

T. Savard,
Livery and Boarding Stables,
65 Richelieu St., Quebec.

"Quickheal" cured a deep suppurating wound on the stifle joint of my mare, caused by a shaft running into her. Dr. Couture, V. S., used this remedy after all other things failed, and in two days she was so improved as to be out of danger.

It is really grand stuff.

Signed. Wm. McLimont,
W. McLimont & Son,
Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants,
Quebec.

I used "Quickheal" on "Dexter" record 2.29 1-4, for speedy cuts, split heels, and although I continued to drive him in the snow and slush last March, one single application healed him, after all other remedies I knew of, failed to cure.

It is a grand thing for horses.

Signed. Matt Swift,
St. Louis St., Quebec.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflammed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

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

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

THEY WERE ALL OVER.

And then pa says you have such a trouble to meet your creditors.

Pardon me, your worthy parent has been misinformed; my trouble is to avoid meeting them.

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.

CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

Mrs. Hoolihan—Oi say, Mrs. Johnson, have you seen Annie's new baby? It's a peach.

Aunty J.—No; but I reckon they's mighty thankful 'tain't a pair.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant laxative. Regulates the bowels, purifies the blood. Clears the complexion. Easy to make and pleasant to take. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

ASSUMED A DISGUISE.

Reporter—You didn't catch the thief?

Sheriff—No. He changed his name 10 miles back and threw me off the track.

W. P. C. 882.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND "SALADA" Ceylon Tea LEAD PACKETS ONLY 25c, 40c, 50c & 60c.

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Patent Soda Water Bottles—9 oz.

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William St. Toronto.

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A boarding school for boys, founded in 1865. Spacious and handsome new buildings, furnished with all modern appliances for the comfort and health of the pupils. Next term begins Wednesday, Sept. 15th. For a copy of the calendar, etc., apply to the

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Girls who use SAPOLIO are QUICKLY MARRIED

SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted woodwork it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your store-keeper does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

DRAWING THE LINE.

No, said the young woman with the standing collar and the lawn tie. I cannot [illegible] the dictates of my heart. I cannot marry him.

Why not? inquired her confidante.

The difference in our positions is too great.

Love should be capable of any sacrifice.

I suppose so. But I cannot forget my position pays me $25 a week [illegible] he only gets $12.

[illegible] sugar house at Oak- [illegible] La., are puzzled to account [illegible] explosions that have occurred there when some hand has tried to e[illegible] the vacuum pan through a manhole with a lighted lantern. The explosions have been similar to explosions of fire damp, and they have blown out portions of the roof.