THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME ON THE S.S. NEPTUNE

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Exactly," answered Templeton; "I see you've caught my idea; now I can't take up this case, and though I'll have to put it into the hands of the authorities, they are sure to make a mess of it, so if you want to unravel this mystery, you must find out the murderer or murderers of Lionel Ventin yourself."

"I see," said Ronald, pulling his mustache, "you want me to find out the divorce case

The Captain nodded triumphantly.

"But Mcgregor is such a common name," objected Ronald; "there may be dozens of co-respondents called Macgregor."

"Very likely, but what about the sex? The co-respondent you look for must be a woman called Elsie Macgregor."

"Yes," cried Ronald, quickly, "and then I'll find out Ventin's real name."

"Of course," answered the Captain, "and once you find out his real name you'll soon find the wife."

"And then?"

Templeton shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, then you'll have to prove the truth of his story to you."

"But if I find out all about her, the stiletto will have to be put in evidence."

"Of course," answered Templeton; "and that you can get from the authorities at Gibraltar, in whose hands I placed it."

"I have a letter of introduction to the son of an old friend of my father," said Ronald; "he is a barrister of the Middle Temple."

"Oh—young?"

"About thirty."

"The very man," replied Templeton, rising, "go and see him and tell him all about it; if he's anxious to make a mark in the world——"

"Which he hasn't done yet," interjected Ronald.

"He'll go in for this case; gad, I wish I could go into it myself; I ought to have been a private detective."

"Wellm" said Ronald, as they went out on to the deck; "I came for a pleasure trip, but it looks as if I shall have to work all the time."

"Yes, but think of the time you will have of it putting this puzzle together," replied Templeton, "it will be most exciting; besides, if you bring this crime home you'll get your reward; if not on earth, at least in heaven."

"I'd rather have it on earth," said Ronald, thinking of Carmela.

CHAPTER VII.

There is no sadder word in the English language than "Farewell." How many quivering lips have said it with breaking hearts and scalding tears—the soldier marching away with flying banners and martial music—the emigrant sitting on deck, seeing the blue hills of the land of his birth fading away in the shadows of the night—the young man going forth into the world, and turning once more to see through tear-dimmed eyes the old house where he was born, and the lovers parting—never to meet again. Yes, it is a sad word, and has caused more tears and heart-aches than any we use. Now that the voyage was coming to an end, those who had been in close companionship for nearly six weeks, knew that they must separate in a short time, and, that the memory of the pleasant company on board the "Neptune" would soon be only a dream of the past. No wonder then, that as the steamer glided up the Thames, everyone was a little melancholy.

The voyage from Gibraltar had been pleasant They had seen the famous Trafalgar Bay, where Nelson won his Waterloo—passed Cape St. Vincent in the night—caught a glimpse of the mouth of the Tagus in the early morning, and steamed safely through the Bay of Biscay, which did not act up to the reputation gained for it by the song, but was calm as a mill-pond.

On arriving at Plymouth, some of the passengers had gone to London by rail, in preference to facing the chance of a collision in the English Channel. It was Ronald's first glimpse of England, and Chester, who was very patriotic, asked him what he thought of it?

"It's the best groomed country I've seen," said Ronald, with a smile, and, indeed, though the epithet was odd, it was very appropriate, for after all the barbaric coloring they had seen at Colombo—the arid rocks of Malta, and Gibraltar, and the sandy shore of Port Said, this wonderfully, vividly green land with fields and well-kept hedges cultivated down to the water's hedge, looked as the Australian said, "well groomed."

They anchored for about two hours at Plymouth, but there was no time to go on shore, so they gazed longingly at the quaint town so famous in English History. The Hoe — the bowling green where Sir Francis Drake played bowls when the Armada was descried "stretching out like a crescent"—and Mount Edgecumbe, which the commander of the great fleet designed for his residence when England was conquered. Ronald stood silent, looking at all this beauty, when a remark of Pat's made him laugh.

"I say," said Pat, mindful of Colombo and Aden, to Chester, who was quite inflated with patriotic pride, "will the people here come off and dive for pennies?"

Chester glared at him viciously, and then stalked away, too indignant to speak, while all around roared at the queerness of the remark."

"Well, I thought they might," explained Pat to his grinning auditors; "the natives did it all at the other places."

"There are no natives here, confound you!" said Chester, who had returned.

"Oh, indade!" replied Pat, innocently, "thin England's inhabited by foreigners."

After this Chester concluded to leave Pat alone.

It was night when they sailed up the Channel, and they could see in the distance, the twinkling lights of Folkestone, Dover, Margate, and all the other well known places, and as it was the last night on board, there was a general jubilation in the smoking-room after the ladies had retired. Songs were sung, toasts were proposed, speeches were made, and when the eleteric light was put out, candles were produced, and the concert kept up far into the night, or rather morning. One gentleman said he could play musical glasses, and broke fifteen tumblers in demonstrating his ability to do so—then they had more liquor, sang "God save the Queen," and went off to bed one by one, and everything was quiet.

And what a curious appearance the deck presented next morning—everyone in his best—no more flannel suits and straw hats, but accurate frock coats and tall hats, while the ladies came out in dresses of the newest fashions. Knots of people were talking together—giving addresses, making appointments, and promising to write, until it was queer to hear the jargon like this:

"You won't forget—the Alhambra you know—best shop in London—lice vells cheaper than——address will always find me—Piccadilly Circus, on ——cheap hotel; just off—Margate's the jolliest—Oh! the devil take the —nicest girl you ever—set foot on shore," and so on until Ronald, who stood by Carmela, could not help laughing. The Marchese was looking after his own things, and as Ronald had his luggage in perfect order, he had Carmela all to himself.

"So this is the Thames," he said, looking at the dull, leaden stream, flowing between the dingy banks.

"The Thames of commerce, not of poetry," she corrected, smiling, "you must come down to Marlow and see the real river."

"May I?" he asked, eagerly, thinking he detected an invitation in her tones.

"Of course you may," she answered, carelessly. "I don't control your movements."

"Not at present, but you might," he replied, hurriedly.

There was an awkward pause, luckily broken by Pat, who came rushing along with his usual impetuosity.

"Ah, Miss Cotoner, an' is that you?" said Pat, dolefully; "the best of friends must part, and we may niver meet again."

"We might," answered Carmela, with a laugh; "the world is small."

"Begad, I wish me heart was," said Ryan, sadly; "It's large enough to hold all the girls on board—you included."

"Much obliged," retorted the young lady, with a bow, not in the least offended, for Pat was a licensed jester; "but I'll not consent to be one of many."

"Ye'd rayther have one honest heart?" asked Pat, looking keenly at her.

She turned his remark off with a laugh.

"Depends upon the owner of the heart," she replied, gaily.

"Ah, begad, thin I'm out of it," said Pat, and ran off, leaving them in exactly the same awkward situation as he found them.

"What are you going to do when you reach London?" asked Carmela, after a pause, during which Ronald kept his eyes on her face.

"Many things," he answered, calmly; "first I am going to set to work to find out who killed my friend Ventin."

"I'm sure I hope you will be successful," she replied, heartily; "but why in London—the crime was committed at Malta?"

"Yes, but the motive for the crime will, I think, be found in London."

"They say a woman killed him."

"I think so, but it is purely theoretical."

"I dare say; for what motive could any woman have for such a crime?"

"Do you think a woman always requires a motive?"

She looked at him in surprise.

"Certainly I do; there can be no cause without an effect."

"In some cases yes," he replied, gravely; "in this case I believe the woman had no motive in committing the crime."

"Then why did she do it?" asked Carmela, looking at him.

"That is what I have to find out," he answered, and so the conversation ended.

It was one o'clock when the steamer got into St. Katherine's Docks, and on the shore crowds of people were waiting to meet their friends. No one, however, came to meet Pat and Ronald, so their mutual sense of loneliness drew them yet closer together.

"Where are you going to stop?" asked Pat, linking his arm in that of the Australian.

"The Tavistock," replied Ronald, "the Australian cricketers generally stop there, so it will feel home-like."

"I'll go there too," said Ryan, promptly, "we'll go to the Alhambra or the Empire to-night, and to-morrow call at the Langham."

"To see whom?"

"Oh, a lot of passengers are going to stop there; Miss Lester among the number," said Pat, with a slight blush.

"Oh, Pat, your heart is lost there," observed Ronald, smiling.

"And what about your own and the girl from Malta?" asked Pat, whereat Master Ronald also blushed, and the two friends went blow, to get their stewards to look after their luggage.

Among those who had come on board was a tall elderly gentleman, very straight and severe-looking, scrupulously dressed, with gold-rimmed spectacles, accompanied by a pretty, vivacious-looking burnette, who was clinging to his arm.

"I don't see her, Bell," said the gentleman, looking inquiringly round.

"Perhaps she's below, papa," said the young lady. "Oh!" with a little scream, "there she is—there she is—Carmela! Carmela!" and with another ejaculation she ran forward to where Miss Cotoner was standing talking to Vassalla.

"My dear Bell," said Carmela, kissing her, "how good of you to come and meet me; how do you do, Sir Mark?" and she gave her hand to the elderly gentleman, who now advanced.

"I am pleased to see you looking so well, my dear Carmela," he said, in cold, measured tones, and then turned an inquiring glance on Vassalla.

"My cousin," said Carmela, introducing him; "this is his first visit to England."

Sir Mark and the Marchese both bowed and murmured something, indistinctly.

"We are stopping at the Langham, Carmela," said Bell, brightly, looking up in Miss Cotoner's face; "papa doesn't like our town house you know, and we're going to stay a fortnight in town! Isn't it jolly?"

"Bell!" reproved her father, "do not use slang, I beg of you."

"I can't help it," said the viviacious Bell, "it was born with me, and—Oh my!" with another little scream, "what a good-looking boy! who is he?"

The quartette turned their heads and saw Ronald, looking handsome and high-bred in his frock coat and tall hat, advancing, evidently with the idea of saying good-by.

"It's Mr. Montelth," said Carmela, paling a little at the thought that she might not see him again. "You are going away?" she asked, aloud, holding out her hand.

"Yes," he answered, gravely. "Mr. Ryan is with me, and I am going to explore the wilds of London."

"Let me introduce you," said Carmala, despite the black looks of Vassalla; "Sir Mark Trevor, Mr. Monteith; Miss Trevor, Mr. Monteith."

The Australian bowed in his usual grave manner, and then said good-by to Carmela.

"I shall see you, I presume, in London?" he said, lingering a little.

To Be Continued.

"LITTLE BOBS" KINDNESS.

During his rapid march from Rietfontein, to Bloemfontein, Lord Roberts noticed the sufferings of the bullocks, as they toiled along with the transport wagons, their backs seamed with the cruel lash of the Kaffir drivers. When the army moved on again from Bloemfontein, the commander-in-chief issued a written order that no Kaffir was to be allowed to flog the oxen; they might urge them on with the pistol-shot reports of their long whips, but no flogging.

ANIMALS WITHOUT FOOD.

A horse will live 25 days without solid food, merely drinking water. A bear will go for six months while a viper can exist 10 months without food. A serpent in confinement has been known to refuse food for 21 months.

WELL, DID HE GET IT?

Mark—I saw that little boy of yours to-day.

Borrougha—Did you? Think he's like me?

Mark—Very much.

Borrougha—Do you really?

Mark—Yes, he asked me for some money.

Intense Heat and Many Deaths.

Dreadful Sufferings Among the Poor and the Weak—Low Vitality Unable to Hold Out Against High Temperature—Death in the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (Pills), the Great Blood and Nerve Builder.

The very old, the very young, and many in middle life, whose health was at a low ebb, met an untimely death in the hot wave which recently swept over this continent.

Is this not an emphatic warning against allowing the system to become run down in the summer time? You say: "I feel so weak and tired," "I have lost all energy and ambition," "I don't sleep well and cannot digest my food properly," "I am losing flesh and have headaches." The fact is you are depressed and debilitated by the summer heat, vitality is running low, and you need something to build you up, to enrich your blood, and to put new life and vigor into your body.

You cannot afford to neglect these danger signals, which tell of a system breaking down. You cannot afford to run the risk of becoming a victim of nervous prostration, paralysis, heart failure or insanity, when a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills) will thoroughly restore you.

By its wonderfully invigorating, strengthening and life-sustaining effects, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills) makes life worth living even in the summer time. It so fills the body with pure, healthy blood and new nerve force as to overcome disease and its depressing symptoms, and fortify the system against the debilitating effects of excessive heat.

Mrs. E. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament street, Toronto, states:—"My daughter was pale, weak, languid and very nervous, her appetite was poor and changeable, she could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung, she could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement.

"As she was growing weaker and weaker I became alarmed and got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for some weeks, and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the color returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment, since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter."

The enormous sale of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills) attests its popularity. People everywhere are loud in praise of this great restorative. Imitators do not dare to reproduce the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, which are on every box of the genuine. Fifty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A WOMAN'S FACE

PLAINLY INDICATES THE CONDITION OF HER HEALTH.

Beauty Disappears When the Eyes are Dull, the Skin Sallow, and the Wrinkles Begin to Appear—How One Woman Regained Health and Comeliness.

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. They may be too small to notice an hour afterwrds but it is nevertheless as these constant little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. Their effect may be noticed in sick or nervous headaches, fickle appetite, a feeling of constant weariness, pains in the back and loins, or in a sallow complexion, and the coming of wrinkles, which every woman who desires comeliness dreads. To those thus afflicted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy color to the cheeks, brightness to the and certain cure; a restoration of eye, a healthy appetite, and a sense of freedom from weariness.

Among the thousands of Canadian women who have found new health and new strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Francis Poirier, of Valleyfield, Que. Mrs. Poirier was a sufferer for upwards of seven years; she had taken treatment from several doctors, and had used a number of advertised medicines, but with no good results. Mrs. Poirier says:—"Only women who suffer as I did can understand the misery I endured for years. As time went on and the doctors I consulted, and the medicines I used did not help me, I despaired of ever regaining health. There were very few days that I did not sufferer from violent headaches, and the least exertion would make my heart palpitate violently. My stomach seemed disordered, and I almost loathed the food I forced myself to eat, I was very pale, and frequently my limbs would swell so much that I feared that my trouble was developing into dropsy. I had almost constant pains in the back and loins. It was while I was in this sad condition that I read in La Presse of the cure of a woman whose symptoms were much like mine through the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills. I told my husband, and he urged me to try them, and at once got me three boxes. Before I had used them all I felt better, and I got another supply of the pills. At the end of the month I was strong enough to do my household work, and before another month had passed I had entirely recovered my health. I am sorry that I did not learn of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sooner, for I know that they would have saved me several years of sickness and misery, and I feel that I cannot too strongly urge other sick women to use them."

The condition indicated in Mrs. Poirier's case shows that the blood and nerves needed attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted to cure the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Through the use of these pills the blood is enriched, the nerves made strong, and the rich glow of health brought back to pale and sallow cheeks. There would be less suffering if women would give these pills a fair trial. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHY?

How weary the world is growing of rebellions, murder, slaughter, assassination, and all this horrible outbreak among peoples created with the possession of souls, if not with intelligence? What does it all mean? Why in the name of humanity must this epidemic of ungovernable passions continue?

GENTLE HINT.

The husband sourly—You ought to know better how to use money.

The wife, sweetly—Perhaps I could learn, if I had a little more to practice with.

ONE WAY.

Husband—I don't know how much of an allowance to give you next year.

Wife—You know know much you can afford, don't you?

Husband—Why, yes.

Wife—Then give me as much more as you can spare.

Er—I want some sort of a present for a young lady. Sweetheart or sister? Er—why—she hasn't said which she will be yet.

THE FIERCE SERI INDIANS

LIVE ON TIBURON ISLAND IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

Most Untamable of Savages and Most Primitive Inhabitants of the Continent.

The Seri Indians, of Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California have become famous by reason of their extraordinary ferocity and also because they are the most primitive savages in North America, having not yet advanced beyond the civilization of the Stone Age.

One of the most remarkable things about the Seri, is that they seem to keep on growing all their lives. Whether this be in truth the case or not, they continue to increase in stature until after they are forty years old, —certainly a strange phenomenon, from a physiological point of view. They have long been reputed giants, and for this idea there is some ground inasmuch as the men average six feet in height, and the women nearly, if not quite, five feet nine inches. For this reason all of the youngest men and women appear to fall below this mean, while all the older ones are above it.

There are no fat people among the Seri, and in respect to physical vigor they are extraordinary. Of erect yet easy carriage, great breadth and depth of chest, very slender of limb and possessing unusually large feet and hands, they exhibit a bodily activity such as can hardly be equalled by any other people on the face of the earth. The skin of their feet and lower legs is so hard and calloused as to resemble the hide of a horse or camel, so that they are able to run through cactus thickets so thorny as to stop horses and dogs, or over beds of stones so sharp that the very coyote avoids the trail.

One of the strangest things about these savages is that they seem to have no knife sense, as one might call it. In other words, they never think of using a cutting tool under any circumstances. If they capture an animal and kill it they do not cut it into pieces, but prefer to tear it to fragments with their hands and teeth, breaking the larger bones, perhaps, with a stone. They are known to adopt this method with a horse, throwing the brute so as to break its neck, and then setting upon the carcass literally with tooth and nail. A leg of a cow will furnish a family, with food for some days, and when anybody happens to be hungry he takes a chew at it, tearing off the flesh, just as any wild animal might do.

The Seri have always kept themselves aloof from other tribes; they have an hereditary hate and horror of aliens. From their viewpoint the shedding of alien blood is the most virtuous of actions, while the blackest crime they know is the transmission of their own blood into alien channels. They consider it as much a matter of course to kill a stranger as the white man does to destroy a snake. Isolated to an extent unparalleled, they are homeless wanderers, roving from place to place and sleeping wherever exhaustion overtakes them. Carrying their entire stock of personal belongings with them, as well as food and water, they are perpetual fugitives.

They regard the neighbouring territory their own domain, and there they have been in conflict for many years with ranchmen. When they surround and capture horses or kine they never think of mounting the beasts, even when pursued, or of using ropes, but immediately break the neck and knock out the brains of the animal perchance to tear the writhing body into quarters and flee for their lives with the reeking flesh still quivering on their heads and brawny shoulders. Scores of vaqueros agree in the assertion, wholly incredible if it were supported by fewer witnesses, that even when so burdened the robber Seri skim the sand wastes of the desert more rapidly than avenging horsemen can follow them.

The Seri boys go out after jack rabbits in threes and fours and catch them by outrunning them. When a rabbit is started they scatter, one following it slowly while the others set off obliquely in such a manner as to head it off and keep it in zigzag course until it tires. Then they close in, and finally grab the animal by hand, frequently bringing it in alive to prove that it was fairly caught, for among these aborigines it is deemed discreditable to take game animals without giving them a chance for escape or defence. They capture deer also by running, scattering at sight of the quarry, gradually surrounding it, bewildering it by confronting it at all points, and at length closing in and seizing it with their hands.

Don Manuel Encinas, son of the owner of a ranch, was endeoring on one occasion, to induce a Seri man, who was a famous hunter, to do some work for him. There was peace for the time being, and a band of the savages was sojourning temporarily near the ranch. It was a hot afternoon, and the fellow begged release from his task, saying that the spirit of catching a deer had taken hold of him. He was excused on condition that the deer be brought entire to the ranch, and two hours later he was seen driving in a full grown buck. On approaching the dwelling quarters the terrified animal turned this way and that in wild efforts to avoid the human habitation; yet the hunter kept it under control, heading it off at every turn and gradually working it nearer until at a sudden turn he was able to rush upon it and catch it. Throwing it over his shoulders, he ran into the ranch house with the beast still struggling and kicking.

In another instance a Seri caught a horse in a still more expeditious fashion. The animal, which belonged to the ranch, was offered the band on condition that a single one of the Indians should catch it within a fixed distance, about two hundred yards, from the gateway of the corral. The offer was promptly accepted, and to make the test of fleetness a fair one a vaquero was called in to frighten the horse and start him to running around the interior of the corral, while a boy stood by to drop the bars at the proper moment. When the animal had gained its best speed the bars were dropped and it bolted for the open plains. But before the two hundred yard limit was reached the hunter had overtaken it, leaped upon its withers, caught it by the jaw in one hand and the forelock in the other, and thereby thrown it in such a manner as to break its neck.

Early one morning Senor Encinas and some attendants left the ranch for the town at Hermosillo, leaving behind, among others, a seri matron with a sick child nearly a year old. In the evening the child got worse, and the woman, being alarmed about its condition, took the trail of the absentees about dusk in the hope of getting medicine from the Senor. At dawn next morning she was at Molino del Encinas, forty-five miles away, with her child and a peace offering in the form of a jack rabbit, which she had run down and caught in the course of her journey.

The Seri are reputed cannibals. They never cook their food, apparently though they have been known to parboil the hoof of a horse, after the leg had been wrenched off at the hock, until it was sufficiently softened to be knocked off with a stone. Then half a dozen matrons and maidens gather about to gnaw the gelatinous tissue investing the "coffin bone." They possess but a single tool practically and apply it to a wide variety of purposes. It is merely a wave worn pebble and with it they crush bones, sever tendons, grind seeds, rub face paint and bruise woody tissue to aid in breaking sticks for house poles or mesquite roots for harpoons, both being afterward finished by firing. The pebble is discarded when sharp edges are produced by use or fracture. Their houses are mere temporary shelters, and not dwellings in any proper sense. Sometimes they are of stones piled up and roofed with a huge turtle shell.

COSTLY CLOCK.

Among the exhibits in the Petit Palais des Beaux Art at the Paris Exhibition is a white marble clock for which an offer of $250,000 has just been made. The clock is by Falconet, and is composed of statuettes of three nymphs standing, and is called the "Clock of the Three Graces." They are connected by festoons of flowers, surrounding a broken fluted pillar, which serves as the base of a two-handled vase decorated with festoons of oak leaves. This vase contains the works of the clock, to the dial of which one of the nymphs is pointing with her finger. The owner of the clock is Comte Isaac de Camondo, and an offer of $250,000 was made through M. Jacques Seligmann, the great dealer in curiosities. As the clock is among the objects which Comte de Camondo intends to leave to the Louvre on his death, the offer was declined.

SOMETHING QUITE NEW—

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Same flavor as Japan, only more delicious.

MERRY MOMENTS.

An Infallible Recipe.—What to do to obtain white hands. Nothing.

Her Mother—Don't you find Jack Wheeler rather rough Priscilla?"

Priscilla—Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day.

"You've kissed that young man good-night and let him go, haven't you, Stella?" said a weary voice at the top of the stairway.

There was an awful silence for a moment, and then, in a timid, hesitating voice, the young man in the darkened hall below responded:

No, ma'am, but I think she's going to.

"When," shouted the orator—"when will come that blessed day when every man shall get all he earns?"

"It'll come along about the time," fiercely back-answered the man in the crowd, "who was there for that purpose—" when every man earns all he gets?"

A LOUD-VOICED BIRD.

A story runs that on a certain day two men, one of them very deaf, were walking by the railway. Suddenly an express train rushed by, and as it passed the engine emitted a shriek that seemed to rend the very sky. The hearing man's ears were well nigh split, but the deaf man struck an ecstatic attitude. Then, turning to his suffering friend, he said with a pleasant smile:

"That's the first robin I've heard this spring!"

APPEAL TO THE LAW.

Mrs. D'Avnoo, at front window.—Constable!

Policeman—Yes, ma'am. What's wrong, ma'am?

Mrs. D'Avnoo. Nothing's wrong; but I wish you'd step into the kitchen and tell the cook not to burn the meat, as she did last night. I'm afraid to.

HEART DISEASE

is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never yet made a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubles, and most widely imitated is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

ALREADY COUNTED.

Old Merchant—Before I answer your request for my daughter's hand, permit me to ask what is your yearly income, sir?

Young Officer—All told, it amounts to £800.

Old Merchant—H'm! To that would be added the interest at 4 per cent. on the sum of £20,000 that I intend to give my daughter for her dowry.

Young Officer—Well, the fact is, I have taken the liberty of including that in the calculation just submitted.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy."

Nervoline is a joy also. No remedy in the world equals it. Neuralgia and rheumatism are relieved almost instantly and minor aches and pains are cured by a single application. Nervoline is sure to cure.

REASONABLE.

The Father—Look here, my boy, you told me you would need only $500 for your college term, and now you want $500 more.

The Son—But this is for the things I don't need.

A BLEND of the finest teas obtainable guaranteed to satisfy the most particular tea drinkers.

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA. In Lead Packets 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

You Are Astonished!

If you have noticed the difference in the appearance of a building that needed painting and after it had received a coat of paint, you've been astonished.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS.

Paint does more to increase the value of a property than any other one thing. Makes it look bright and handsome wears well and preserves it as only pure paint can.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Est'd 1842. MONTREAL, Paint Makers.

LOW VALUATION.

He—A penny for your thoughts!

She—It's a bargain, but I'm afraid you will not get full value for your money.

He—Well, here's the penny. Now, what were you thinking of?

She—You.

SUMPTUOUS CHINESE DINNERS.

A Chinese dinner is pleasant only as a reminiscence. For lavish display, abundance of floral decorations originality of customs, and uneatable dishes, a Chinese dinner has no counterpart.

FOR THE YEAR 1900

No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as "just as good" as the great only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

TO SCREW UP COURAGE.

Old Lady—How dare you ask any one for money? You're full of liquor now!

Soiled Sooner—I know it, lady! Yer see, I come o' good people, an' beggin' comes so hard ter ma I gotter take a couple o' bracers 'fore I kin do it!

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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