The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

CHAPTER XI.

"Ah!" cried she merrily, "will nothing stop you? Must I then have recourse to force?" As she spoke she took up a huge strawberry, and pressed it with her dainty, slender fingers against his lips. Of course he took it, and of course, too, he laughed, and then the dangerous argument was at an end. But Featherston had sown his seed, and was not discontented. The seed sown was fear, and Mrs. Dundas in due time would reap it, and turn to him for advice in her perplexity, and know herself in his power. Yet, after all, he hardly knew Mrs. Dundas.

They waxed merrier as the minutes flew; Mrs. Blake, who loved tea better than anything in the world, except, perhaps, her husband, had just had another cup, and Donna a little more champagne.

Never had the Cottage been guilty of so much laughter. It was a regular frolic, and at odd moments Constantia's heart beat rather loudly in her bosom as she thought of what Aunt Bridget would say when she found it out, and thanked her stars so many miles lay between them at the present hour. Barry was in the middle of a rather exciting tale, and he stood up to illustrate it.

"Look," said he, "he held his hand up like this"—arm extended on high with a tumbler at the end of it—"he just took one step forward; everyone knew the last second had arrived; they were breathless with suspense; their blood ran cold, when suddenly the door was flung wide open, and——"

He was quite right. It was flung open, and——

Miss McGillicuddy stood upon the threshold!

There was silence in that parlor for a very considerable minute. Mr. Barry's tale had been illustrated for him far more generously than he either dreamt or desired. When the deadly lull had grown positively insupportable, it was broken in a rather dreadful manner. Mrs. Blake, who was young and delicately alive to the ludicrous, gave way to a wild and perfectly irrepressible burst of laughter.

This destroyed the spell that held them. Mr. Stronge, fearful of Constantia, rose abruptly to his feet and made a movement towards the Gorgon in the doorway. The others stirred more or less. Mrs. Blake, still shaking with laughter, went to the window; Varley and Mr. O'Grady took a step farther—then cleared the sill, and found themselves in the garden.

Constantia, however, though evidently frightened out of her wits, sat still; and Mrs. Dundas seemed entirely undisturbed. She looked at Mrs. McGillicuddy, who was plainly fuming, with a pleased expectancy in her eye, and put an item from a strawberry between her sharp, white teeth, with a sense of thorough enjoyment.

Mr. Stronge, who ought to have received the Victoria Cross, went up to Miss McGillicuddy.

"Dear Miss McGillicuddy, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure," he said. "But I fear you must be very tired. Do sit down and let your niece give you a cup of tea."

"It is beyond my deserts, sir, that you should make me so welcome in my own house," replied Miss McGillicuddy grimly.

She waved him back imperiously, and gazed with a stern glance around her. She looked from one to the other in turn, and marked where Mrs. Blake was standing, with her shoulders still moving convulsively, in the window. She opened her lips as if to speak, and Barry, seeing this, rushed into the breach.

"My dear madam, if you will just consider the long journey, the——" Here he caught her eye, and wavered and quavered, and finally broke down. "Let me get you a glass of tea—that is—er—a cup of cha——Oh—er—a glass of—that is—I mean——" He faltered in a melancholy manner.

"Young man," said Miss McGillicuddy sternly, "when you know what you do mean it will be high time to speak." She regarded him fixedly. "You do the part to perfection," she said; "if you had rehearsed it, it could not be better."

"The part?" stammered he.

"Ay—of a fool," said she.

This was terrible. Barrie, entirely crushed, fell out of the conversation and sank into silence. He had, with much forethought, swallowed his champagne, and now trusted in providence that, in spite of his fatal speech, she would pass over the tumblers; though, as a rule, people do not take their tea out of them.

The discussion had, however, been of some use. It had given George time for action. Being a medical student of Trinity College, Dublin, he was naturally full of resource, and while his aunt was having this light and playful skirmish with Barry, he made his way unobserved, even by her eagle eye, to the sideboard, had secured the champagne bottles, full and empty, had deposited them beneath a sidetable with a napkin flung over them, and now stood before that side table with arms folded calmly on his breast, prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible.

But Miss McGillicuddy, being ignorant of the existence of those bottles, made no advance upon his quarter. Her whole energies were now concentrated upon Mrs. Dundas.

"Donna Dundas," said she, "what have you got in that tumbler?"

Donna looked pensively at her champagne.

"Lemonade," replied she, with great presence of mind, and as a preventive against further investigation she drank what remained in her glass.

"Humph!" said Miss McGillicuddy. She now looked towards the head of the table, where Constantia sat, cold and terrified.

"Constantia," said she, "where did you get those strawberries?"

Constantia grew crimson, and then pale. Mr. Stronge hesitated. To say he sent them would get Constantia into dire disgrace; to refrain from speech placed all the onus on her. Once again, as hope seemed dead, Donna came to the rescue.

"I sent them," she said cheerfully. "Are they not fine? So early in the year, too. I quite pride myself upon them. If I were you I should try some. They would do you all the good in the world. They are—very cooling."

Miss McGillicuddy glared at her, and Donna answered the glare with one of her most charming smiles.

"You look awfully queer," she said sweetly. "Do take my advice, and sit down and have a strawberry or two; Constantia's cream is excellent."

"Where is your husband?" demanded Miss McGillicuddy, with a gasp.

"When last I saw him," responded Donna pleasantly, "he was still in the flesh—still a visitor upon this sordid earth; but that is many hours ago. Where he may be now, is unknown to me."

"Why is he not with you?"

"Ah!" said Donna, "now, what a difficult question is that!—a conundrum almost. So many answers might be given to it; but I suppose one will suffice. I didn't want him."

"You are a wretched woman!" said Miss McGillicuddy slowly, and with conviction.

Mrs. Dundas regarded her, first with curiosity, then with a careful reproach; after that she broke into one of her fits of silent laughter that, as a rule, were so aggravating to the one injured. It set the others off in spite of themselves. Even Constantia, with ruin, as it were, staring her in the face, gave way to long and unseemly mirth.

"Well, I expect now is our time for skedaddling," said Mrs. Dundas, rising with slow grace to her feet, and looking round to where Lord Varley was standing at the open window. He was outside still, but was leaning against the window frame. "I shall walk," she said; "the evening is charming, and through the wood——"

"I am glad you have elected to go through my wood," said Featherston, in a calmly friendly way. "It will give me the opportunity of pointing out to you the special little points of interest on the coast below."

He turned to Constantia and took her hand, and pressed it very gently and murmured something that brought a bright flush to her pretty cheek. Then he went back to Mrs. Dundas.

She had been watching him, and had been rather amused by Constantia's flush. So that was his little game! He would play fast and loose with her and with Constantia. She knew at that moment that she hated Featherston, and she therefore turned and bestowed upon him a bewildering little smile, rich in friendliness.

"Come," she said, and stepped with him towards the window, which as has been said, was almost level with the ground. Lord Varley was holding her parasol, and now handed her her gloves, and turned as if to accompany her. "Are you coming too?" she asked, with a gesture of surprise. "But this is too kind. It is altogether out of your way, Lord Varley, and—well, if you will come, it is kind, very kind. Good-bye, Connie. There could hardly have been a pleasanter afternoon, I think, specially the termination of it.

She stepped through the window, and accompanied by Varley and Featherston, turned a corner, and was gone. Barry had arranged to walk home with Mrs. Blake, and soon they all disappeared. At the very last Stronge had torn himself away.

"I hope she won't be cross to you," he said diffidently to Constantia, as he held her hand at parting. He was alluding, of course, to Miss McGillicuddy, and he really looked miserably apprehensive of the worst.

Constantia laughed.

"She will not murder me," she said. "You need not look like that. If—if you would like to be assured of that fact you can come and see for yourself to-morrow whether I am or am not in the land of the living."

This, Stronge thought, was a marvellously kind permission, and he went away as happy a man as there was in Ireland then.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a glorious night, as special as though it had been ordered with the supper and the band. Nature must have been in sympathy with Andrew Stronge when it accorded him such a moon for his entertainment.

It was quite a brilliant affair (the ball, not the moon, thought it was brilliant too). Nearly all the country was present—the blankets having been forgiven for some time—and Mrs. Dundas, who wasn't in any way careful as to what she said, declared those who comprised it to be "the ugliest lot she had seen for quite a century or two."

Her own party mustered pretty strong. Her house just now, as she had hinted to Constantia would be the case, was filled with guests to overflowing. All this was rather a trial to Mr. Dundas, who was of a somewhat reserved and silent disposition; but as it pleased Donna, of course there was nothing to be said. He worshipped his lovely wife with an adoring passion, that was all the more intense because of its quietude, and the stern, calm nature of the man who felt it. He welcomed his guests with a kindly courtesy, and kissed his wife in a tenderly reassuring fashion when she hinted to him later on that "they were a dreadful bore to him, poor things."

There was a Sir Luke and Lady Golightly. An Hon. Bella Blair, who didn't seem to have anybody belonging to her—certainly nobody who had any concern for her behavior. There were several unmarried men, an Italian prince, who was obeedy and miserably infatuated about his hostess.

This was terrible to the quiet country-side, which was only accustomed to legitimate flirtation, and was very often severe on that. They spoke of Mrs. Dundas and her Italian prince with bated breath; but Donna heard it all one way or another, and plucked much enjoyment out of the whispering, and encouraged it, indeed, by a dexterous word let drop irrelevantly here and there. It was of use to her, this small gossip. Did it not draw off the eyes of the watching many from the constant attention of Lord Varley?

She was careful enough to let them see that she cared nothing for the silly passion of this Roman noble, and as she was rich and outwardly respectable, the world, even in that primitive spot, had shrewdness enough to know that it was their better part not to condemn her. Her house was full of young men, all apparently moneyed, and the mothers round there had many girls to marry.

After a bit, too, they condoned even card-parties that were incessant at Ballymore, and for some time quite scandalised the neighborhood. They were not so bad, of course, as the fact of a married woman having a lover, but they were bad enough, and matrons with sons qualled before them. But, after all, the interests of the daughters were paramount, and possible marriages lay in the entertainments at Ballymore, where the strange young men from the other side of the water congregated. If there were cards, there was also dancing, and an extreme and liberal hospitality; and the younger members of the austere county families declaring in favor of Donna, the elders gave way, and the possible iniquity was wisely pushed into the background, and consigned to silence.

This decision was helped by the discovery that play of a mild sort was, of late, largely patronized at Araglin. Indeed, it had become a rather distinct feature in the amusements there since—well, since the arrival of Mrs. Dundas in the neighborhood. And if dear Lady Varley, who was quite all that anyone should be, made no objection—why——!

Mild play. That was insisted upon. It was that in both houses, or else the boys and girls could not go. Sixpenny points, or so, at that good old Tory game, whist! They never went into the "or so," which perhaps was fortunate for the junior members.

Everything at present, therefore, went on velvet; and Mrs. Dundas entered Andrew Stronge's ball-room to-night, a silent ovation was accorded her—by the men. She looked superbly lovely in a bright, sparkling style—animation being a chief charm of hers, and one that lifted her high above the usual run of faultless beauties. She was extraordinarily full of life, and every movement, gesture, or glance betrayed it. To find a woman capable of being amused is much. To find one who can amuse is more. Mrs. Dundas to most men was amusing.

She was dressed in black lace—a rich, soft, clinging gown, that rendered her already perfect complexion even more dazzlingly fair. "Le noir est flatteur pour les blondes." It made Mrs. Dundas like a bit of living marble, so purely white she shone, so exquisite were the long, shapely naked arms as they fell, now one, now the other, against her sides, upon the black delicate lace of her gown.

The women grew spiteful about her red hair, and strove diligently to think it hideous; but none of them honestly succeeded. They sneered at it to any men who chanced at the moment to be near them, and their tempers were not improved when partners returned the sneer either with a glance of blank amazement or else a studied survey of the polished floor at their feet—and silence. It was impossible to decry her! She looked the very incarnation of youth and beauty—a very vision of loveliness, though perhaps of a rather unholy order. With all her vivacity, she was, too, very distinguished-looking, and had all the air and carriage of one well born, which of course came naturally to her, her birth being unimpeachable.

Just now she was standing in a recess, talking to Featherston. She was, as usual, animated; and Featherston, who was grave as a rule, was laughing.

"How full of life Mrs. Dundas seems!" said Lady Varley, glancing at O'Grady, who happened to be beside her. "It is a wonderful charm. When I see her, I envy her always more than any woman I know. She seems ever so entirely happy."

O'Grady regarded her keenly. Why should there be envy? Did she guess? Was this an allusion to Mrs. Dundas's charm for—. He checked his suspicion with a sense of heavy self contempt as he gazed at the pure, calm face near him.

"To be always happy is to be without feeling," he said. "Mrs. Dundas, I should say, is so far fortunate; yet I think she misses a good deal. Ah! there goes someone of an exactly different mind."

He was indicating Constantia, who had come into the fuller light, and now stood for a moment looking at Mrs. Dundas, who was still talking in a gay, vivacious way to Featherston. The girl was dressed in a simple white gown, that hung in straight folds upon her, and that somehow suited her, in spite of its lack of fashionable frills and furbelows. A little color crept into her face as she saw Featherston's undoubted enjoyment of her friend's conversation, and as she turned to pass on with her partner, who was Barry, the smile she gave to Lady Varley was slightly forced.

"You mean Constantia," said Lady Varley, answering O'Grady's last remark as the girl went by them. She had grown very friendly with O'Grady of late; and indeed the distinguished Irish traveller was quite a favorite at Araglin. Lord Varley insisting upon his going there as often as was possible. "Yes, she is different. She is one in a thousand. I think, of all the women I know, I like her best. I have sometimes thought——"

"Well," said he, "what have you thought?"

"May I speak? You will not be angry? You have always been so kind to me that now I want to be kind to you. And Constantia too has been kind. Why should I not be quite you both? And it would be well, I think, it seems to me."

"Yes—but what?" asked he, with some faint sense of amusement, not understanding her.

"That you should marry her! That she should love you! Ah! yes, that would be easy. There is no other one to whom I would so readily give her, and I think—I know you would be quite, quite happy!"

She regarded him with her gentle eyes, and did not in the least understand why he shrank beneath her earnest gaze, and turned from her, and pretended such a sudden interest in a plant near him.

"You are not angry? You think perhaps, I have interfered——"

"No. Oh, no! It is not that, it is only that I shall never marry," replied he quickly.

"But——"

"And besides," he was laughing now, though his face was a little pale, "if I were to dare to think of Miss McGillicuddy, what do you think would be my end? How should I escape the vengeance of those already in the field? Is it my death you are seeking? Think of Barry's mighty fist, of our host's superior weight."

"Ah, I see," said she, regarding him with gentle sympathy, "there is some one else, somewhere. I am sorry I spoke to you; but you will pardon that, and—and I hope it will be well with you some day."

O'Grady's brows contracted.

"You don't know what you are saying," he exclaimed, rather brusquely.

(To Be Continued.)

WOMAN'S BLOUSE.
32 to 40 Bust.

Shallow round yokes are very generally becoming, and are among the latest designs shown. The model illustrated is made of sky blue louisine silk, with the yoke of cream lace, over white trimming of black and blue cording, which is attached beneath the edges of the tucks and finishes the round neck and buttons of turquoise matrix.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size 3¼ yards of material 21 inches wide, 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, 2¼ yards 32 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with ⅝ yards of all-over lace for yoke and collar and 6¼ yards of cording to trim as illustrated.

GERMANY'S OCEAN TRAFFIC.

In Human Freight Compared With That of Great Britain.

As for the serious loss of the Atlantic express travel, a few words will explain why this was inevitable, keeping in view Britain's environment. The British steamship lines sailing between Liverpool and New York convey passengers to and from Britain only, with her 41,000,000 of people. The German lines sailing from Bremen and Hamburg to New York draw first from the whole of northern Europe, then touch at Southampton and draw part of the British travel, and, not content with this augmentation, crossing to Cherbourg, they draw from Paris and all southern Europe. Thus three fine streams of travel feed their enormous fast ships; the 300,000,000 of Europe are tributary to them; and homeward from America to Germany they draw all who wish to visit or have business with any of these millions, for the homeward ships touch also at Cherbourg, Southampton or Plymouth, and land passengers. Against this the British lines have only tributary to them 41,500,000 of people who desire passage to New York, and returning from America to Britain only those Americans who desire to visit the 41,500,000 for pleasure or business. It goes without saying that the German lines must inevitably lean in large, fast steamers. But no pessimism here, because British shipowners are neither unenterprising nor inefficient; they only show their good sense by recognizing the situation, and will bring more of the profit of Atlantic travel for Britain than if they attempted the impossible.

WHY HE LOOKS HAGGARD.

Who is that sad, disconsolate-looking fellow?

He is a man who has made a study of rules of health.

Whose rules of health?

Everybody's rules of health. That's the trouble with him. He's been trying to live up to them.

What does he do?

Everything that he is told to do, and when he isn't doing anything else, he worries because the rules are so confusing.

And is it undermining his health?

Of course. It would undermine anyone's health.

What are some of the rules?

Well, here are two of them: Eat only a light breakfast, and Breakfast should be the best meal of the day.

What are some of the others?

Walk or walk two miles before breakfast, and Never attempt to do anything on an empty stomach.

Any more?

Take a cold bath the first thing in the morning, and Remember the shock to the system of suddenly encountering heat or cold is very injurious.

Anything else?

Never use a pillow, and The most refreshing sleep is that when the head is elevated.

Is that all?

Oh, dear, no. There are hundreds of other rules. For instance: Do not get in the habit of sleeping in the daytime, and Always take a nap in the afternoon; Eat only at meal-times, and Eat whenever you are hungry; Eat no meat, and If you would be strong eat plenty of fresh meat; Get up at five o'clock every morning, and Sleep until thoroughly rested, no matter how late it is.

I'm not surprised that he looks haggard and ill.

Neither is anyone else who knows what he is trying to do.

THINK IT OVER.

Before you undertake a scheme,
Just think it over.
It doesn't pay to sit and dream—
It isn't wise to be too rash,
It never pays to be too flash.
Sometimes it costs in actual cash,
So think it over.

If you are going to propose,
Just think it over.
It's hard to hold back, goodness knows—
But think it over.
You may have funds enough for two,
But seven or eight may come to you,
And if they should, what would you do?
So think it over.

Just think it over.
In fact, whatever comes along,
That is the burden of this song—
Just think it over.
Don't be afraid you'll miss the train
By sitting down to work your brain.
The chances are that you will gain—
So think it over.

THE USUAL THING.

Briggs—I suppose now that you've got back from your vacation you will take a good long rest.

Griggs—That's the worst of it. I spent so much money that I've got to work harder than ever.

AN INDIFFERENCE CENTRE.

Percy—I don't see how you keep so blamed cheerful and contented.

Guy—Easy enough; I don't waste time or vitality thinking about the people who have more of this world's favor's than I have.

FOR LOVE.

He—I understood she married him for his money.

She—No, it was for love.

He—Love, indeed?

She—Of course. Love of his money

THE BITER GETS BITTEN.

DUPES WHO GET THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN.

How the Dentist Got Even With a Young Man—TheGreen Goods Game.

A young man, fairly well dressed, quite recently dropped in at a London West-end dentist's, and when invited into the consulting room, after negligently disposing himself comfortably in the dentist's chair, said he was afraid he had carelessly neglected his teeth for some time, and wanted the dentist to look at them and give such as needed it the best treatment and filling he could.

Upon investigation the dentist found that no fewer than five of them needed filling, and that very badly. He offered to make an appointment.

"Oh! but that would never do," objected the young man. "I shall be leaving town to-morrow for a while, and I want to have them done before I go."

As the case seemed urgent the dentist deferred to the young man's wishes, and set to work immediately. He spent several hours on the job, and filled every one of the teeth with gold. His surprise can be imagined when, having completed the task, on presenting his bill the young man nonchalantly informed him he was afraid he couldn't pay it, as he hadn't any money.

"Do you mean to say," said the dentist, "that you deliberately came here, knowing you had no money, to practise fraud?"

"I'm very sorry," replied the young man in a cheeky fashion, "but I'm awfully short, and as I couldn't stand the pain of my teeth as they were, there was nothing left for me to do but get them filled as best I could. You can prosecute me if you will; but that won't make you any richer, and it might make you poorer by trying to live up to them."

THE DENTIST SCORED.

The dentist contemplated this monumental impudence for some moments in silence while he thought things over; then he said:

"It's easy to see you're a gentleman, and I suppose one day when you have got the money you will come in and pay then; eh?"

"Oh! yes!" replied the young man, eagerly. "I'll do that of course."

"Well, that will be all right," said the dentist; "only if your teeth pained you in the meanwhile you might think differently. I'm afraid I hurried the job a little just now, but if you'll take in the chalk to put caps on, and they will insure the fillings lasting."

The young man readily complied, and then that dentist, one after another, deliberately pulled the fillings out of every one of the teeth and left all the nerves exposed. When this was done and the young man rose from the chair he found out his mistake, for, if the pain had been great before, with the nerves exposed the suffering must have been awful.

"Now you can go," said the dentist severely; and the young man went. It is safe to assume, if he lives through the awful sensation of the exposed nerves trying to hammer his head off, he will hardly ever try to be smart again.

THE "GREEN-GOODS GAME."

In the United States there are regular gangs of swindlers who perpetrate what is known as the "green-goods game." What they do is to lure credulous farmers and general-store keepers of the small towns and villages into one of the large cities, principally New York or Chicago, by the aid of tempting circulars. In these they assure them, in confidence, that they have printed off some absolutely perfect counterfeits of the paper money in general circulation in the States. This money is known as "greenbacks," from its color; hence the term green-goods". The supposed counterfeiters further declare that their notes can positively not be detected from genuine treasury notes, and the victim would do well to become one of their distributing agents. If he will come to the city they make their headquarters, he can inspect the notes for himself, and if satisfied with them he may buy as much as $15,000 worth for $1,000 of legal currency.

When the victim snaps at the bait, and comes to the city to meet the supposed coiners, he wears some prearranged symbol, such as a rosei in his button-hole, and is met at the station by the sharpers. One of these immediately takes him in a roundabout way to some premises that will have been just engaged, where the transaction is to take place. Arrived there he leaves him alone in the room, bare of any furniture but a table and a couple of chairs perhaps, for a few moments, when he retires to a room at the back, or behind a hastily-constructed partition, to fetch the goods.

Presently he returns with a small satchel containing 15,000 dollars worth of real legal currency, in notes of all denominations, which he represents as counterfeits. The prospective purchaser handles these, and comparing them with notes from his pocket finds that he cannot detect the slightest difference. It hardly ever fails that a bargain is then struck, and the victim pays his

1,000 DOLLARS DOWN.

The sharper pockets this, carefully puts the other money back in the bag, and then, arguing that he and his confederates can only allow the purchasers of their notes to dispose of them in their own districts, to insure this, undertakes to escort him back to the station and hand him the bag once he is safely on board his home-bound train.

The "new agent," as this was previously stipulated, does not demur, and they immediately go out. But, as they do so, unknown to the victim, a change of bags is effected. When safely aboard, just before the train pulls out, the counterfeit bag is handed the victim by the sharper, with the strict injunction that he should not open it until he arrives home. And to this the victim agrees. His surprise and chagrin can be better imagined than described when he does open it, and finds, instead of notes, that it is full of newspaper!

But these sharpers sometimes have the tables turned on them; and generally by former victims.

On one occasion some of them made the[illegible] temporary premises an empty shop near a busy thoroughfare. When the bag containing their money was brought out the intended victim began looking it over, when, suddenly raising his head, he said someone had called from the back room.

"Did they?" said the sharper under whose escort he was. "I didn't hear it. Wait, and I'll be back in a minute."

But the moment he reached the back room where his confederates were, there was a great crash, and the sharper, hurrying into the shop found their bird had smashed the front plate-glass window and fled, carrying their 15,000 dollars with him. They knew better than to pursue, and, as this large sum of money was their "working capital," those particular "green-goods" men went out of business for some time after.

On another occasion the intended victim, on the pretence of looking at the notes in a good light, moved towards the window. This he promptly opened, and threw the bundle to a friend waiting for him in the street below. As murdering him wouldn't bring the money back, the sharpers had to let their outwitter go—taking however, the 1,000 he carries with him first. But the man, who had been swindled once, didn't object to this, and said he would be willing to make the same exchange every day.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont . . . 25c
Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c
Large Liquid and Powder 75c
25c.
HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

ELEVEN YEARS A CLOSE PRISONER.

STORY OF A QUEBEC MAN'S TRIAL AND HIS LONG UNEARNED PUNISHMENT.

His Recent Marvellous Escape by the Aid of Dodd's Kidney Pills—His Gratitude to the Help that Saved Him—Six Boxes Completely Restored Him to Health.

St. Patrice, Lotbiniere, Que., Oct. 14.—(Special.)—A sad story of unjust imprisonment is that told by Phillippe Boissonneault, of this place. His case was worse than that of the ordinary prisoner, for his bonds were those of pain and disease. For eleven years they held him a hopeless victim, chained, tortured, a slave to Kidney Disease.

Who is there in the world that thinks man was intended to suffer, that he merits his fate, that he deserves the afflictions disease put on him? Surely, no one thinks that. We were put here to be happy, to be healthy, and free from pain. Nobody will say that Phillippe Boissoneault of St. Patrice deserved his long punishment, and nobody but will rejoice to learn that through the aid of a wonderful medicine—Dodd's Kidney Pills—he has escaped.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, the remedy that proved such a boon, have made a reputation all over the world in curing of diseases of and arising from the Kidneys. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Women's Disorders, Dropsy, Nervousness and Blood Impurities all come within the scope of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Dodd's Kidney Pills have testimonials for the cure of all of them. Phillippe Boissoneault's case was the common form of Kidney Disease.

"For eleven years I have suffered untold agony with Backache which crippled me as though I were barred and shackled. I dwindled in weight to a mere shadow. I have taken all sorts of remedies, nothing doing me any good. I read in Dodd's Almanac what was recommended for the Kidneys. I decided to try them, and sent for six boxes, though without confidence, but to-day I am completely cured, and thank Dodd's Kidney Pills alone for it."

H.M.S. "Nile" has the thickest armour of any British ship on active service. It is in places 20 inches in thickness.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

The first Christian Science church was organized in 1887, the second in 1891. To-day there are over 600 such churches.

A WAY THEY'VE GOT IN SPAIN.

An Isle of Wight divine went on a yachting cruise to the Mediterranean with a friend of his, who hated putting into ports on the way to his destination. However, after a great deal of persuasion from the Canon, who particularly wanted to get his letters, the yacht was put into Barcelona.

The Canon at once went to the post-office and demanded his letters.

"We cannot give them up till you are identified," was the answer.

"But I am Canon P., and well known in England, and am on board Captain H.'s yacht," replied the Canon.

"You must be identified by the captain of the yacht," answered the post-office official.

There was nothing for it but to go off to the yacht and bring back the skipper, who satisfactorily identified the Canon.

"Now you must come with me to the British Consul and make a declaration," said the official.

They found the Consul was away from home and would not be back till the following night, so the Canon had to go back to the yacht and wait, much to the disgust of his impatient friend.

The next evening he made the necessary declaration and then got back to the post-office, where he demanded his letters, and was told calmly that there were none.

A LONG SLEEP.

Dr. Soca has reported the case of a young girl of seventeen taken with syncope after a cold "tub" who slept for seven months in the hospital to which she was admitted. When she was roused from sleep she responded drowsily to questions put and fell asleep again. At the end of seven months she died of pneumonia, having slept herself out of life. Sometimes she was fed in her sleep and at other times while they kept her awake.

HOW CARRIER PIGEONS TRAVEL.

The carrier pigeon, when travelling, never feeds. If the distance be long it flies on without stopping to take nutriment, and at last arrives thin, exhausted, and almost dying. If corn be presented to it it refuses to eat, contenting itself with drinking a little water and then sleeping. Two or three hours later it begins to eat with great moderation and sleeps again immediately afterwards.

...Dear Sirs,—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years.

I have used three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT and am completely cured.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the use of your valuable medicine.

Two Rivers. ROBERT ROSS.

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has earned for itself THE GOOD REPUTATION it now has and will always sustain.

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FIVE TONS OF TIME-TABLES.

Some idea of the immense amount of work done in the offices of a railway with a mileage of 10,400 miles may be gathered from the fact that the printed matter issued by one company detailing the changes made in the passenger services for the summer months amounted to over five tons in weight.

1,818 miles of London streets contain water-pipes.

389,651 Britons live on salaries which average £223 a head.

A VANCOUVER LADY

Cured of Asthma After Eight Years of Almost Constant Suffering. She says it is Absolute Freedom From the Disease Seems Like a Dream, Clarke's Kola Compound Cures.

Mrs. J. Wise, Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C., writes:—"I have been a great sufferer from bronchial asthma for the past eight years, many times having to sit up nearly all night. Through the advice of a friend who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound I resolved as a last resort to try it. The first bottle did not relieve me much, but before I had finished the third bottle the attacks ceased altogether, and during the past six months of damp and cold weather have not had a single attack. It seems something like a dream to be free from this worst of all diseases after so many years of suffering. I have since my recovery recommended this remedy to others suffering as I was, and know many others in this city when it has cured. I consider it a marvellous remedy, and would urge any person suffering from this disease to try it."

A free sample bottle will be sent to any person who has asthma. Enclose 6c stamps. Address The Griffiths and Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 Church street, Toronto, Ont.

Clarke's Kola Compound should not be confounded with the other Kola preparations on the market, as this is altogether a different preparation, designated especially for the cure of asthma. All druggists. Price $2 per bottle.

She—You ought to be ashamed of stealing a kiss. He—You are equally guilty. You received the stolen goods.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

A THOROUGHBRED.

She—Is it true, dear, that when you proposed to me you didn't know whether I was worth a penny?

He—Absolutely. But I always was willing to take chances.

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 is inflamed 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 inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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

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Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

We have decided that the baby looks like Uncle Joseph, said the happy mamma. Why, Joseph Harris is as ugly as ugly can be. Yes, but he is worth $50,000.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Old Gotrox—I couldn't listen to it! Why, my daughter would starve! Impecunious Suitor—If I thought you would allow that, sir, I would at once abandon all thought of entering your family.

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WANTED—PARTIES TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Send stamp for particulars. Standard Hose Co., Dept 3, Toronto, Ont.

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Do you think that money is the real test of success? asked the eminent man. I don't know about that, answered the other; but it strikes me that the lack of it is a pretty accurate measurement of failure.

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W P C. 1097

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