The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—A lovers' quarrel takes place between Constantia's cousin Donna and Lord Varley. While estranged they marry, Lord Varley a girl of beautiful character, Donna, Mr. Dundas. The old love awakes and Constantia witnesses a tender passage for which she rebukes her cousin. She has three suitors, Stronge, who has proposed and is rejected, Garret Barry and Featherston.

CHAPTER XX.

All suddenly, in the midst of her gladness, a very innocent but overpowering coquetry took possession of Constantia. Stronge had spoken to her in a whisper, and the ruse had been successful. She, too, would disguise her voice; it seemed to her, indeed, a much easier thing, in her present confusion, to speak to Featherston in a fashion thus subdued, than to give her voice to his criticism. She felt, too, an almost childish desire to baffle him for a moment or two, to dally with the happiness that had now surely come to her.

"Sir!" she whispered, drawing back a little, and pretending ignorance.

"It is too late for folly of that sort," he said with ill-suppressed vehemence. "You know me, as well as I know you. And though for an hour you have skilfully avoided me, yet now I have found you, I will be heard, though you have flouted, scorned me," he said, "yet now that I am with you, I forgive you all."

Constantia could not speak. She felt she ought to speak, yet some instinct held her dumb.

"You are silent," cried he, coming closer to her—so close that his very breath lifted the soft hair on her head. "You are silent; you do not condemn my presence; you do not censure my persistent determination to find and speak with you at all hazards—even at the chance of rousing your displeasure. Yet how cruel you can be! I fancied foolishly—without reason, if you will—that sometimes those beautiful eyes of yours gave me encouragement. Was that so? Or am I now to be told that love like mine has come too late—that it is forbidden?"

Constantia made a step forward, and held out her hand to him. He was in grief—in trouble. What did it all mean? How had she hurt him?

"Why should your love be forbidden?" she murmured softly. She was hardly prepared for the change that came over him—for the sudden sense of triumph that brightened his eyes and raised his figure to its fullest height.

"Do you know what such words mean," he cried, "from you to me? Not forbidden—not! You permit me then, to love you? There was more than I dared believe in that little message you sent me to-night."

"A message!" repeated Constantia faintly.

"Do not deny it. I will have no evasions from your lips now. That sweet message, see! it lies upon my heart. It has lain there ever since. That one little word about the black rose upon your shoulder, that was to distinguish you from Constantia, that told me all. It gave me hope; it even suggested to me (forgive me, sweet) that you might be jealous of your cousin."

He still held the little scented billet between his fingers, and a wild longing to possess, to read it, seized on Constantia. It would be so simple, so easy; whoever he believed her to be, it was not Constantia, and by putting forth a hand she could gain it. Yet some honest instinct forbade her the act; with a heart bruised, and bleeding, and insulted, she still remembered "Noblesse oblige."

"I sent you no message," she said, controlling herself bravely.

"Are you afraid of me that you still persist?" exclaimed he eagerly. "Can you not trust me? You think perhaps, that this note will betray you? You do not know me." He did not, however, destroy the note in her presence as another man might have done. "Donna! my beautiful, my beloved one! believe in me."

The girl stood motionless. The blood forsook her face, all her heart died within her. She knew now surely, what some instinct had told her before, that her cousin was the author of this note. She knew, too that Featherston whom she had believed in, as in her faith, was false.

She forgot that she ought to speak, to say something that should wither him as he stood there. She remained deadly silent, because she had forgotten all, but the treachery present to her.

"You do not speak," cried he vehemently. "Have you no word for me? Donna! Donna! Think what anxiety is mine, whilst I—"

"Oh, sir, go!" interrupted she, realizing at this moment through all her sorrow, the wrong done to him in letting him further speak. Go, I entreat you!"

In her agitation she had spoken aloud, and, as her clear, girlish voice, with its musical Irish broadness, reached his ear, so unlike the trainante accents he had expected to hear, he fell back a step or two, aghast, and all his self-possession deserted him, and he stared at her blankly—dumb.

His extreme defeat touched Constantia and made her strong. She laid her hand upon the well year her to steady herself, and slowly withdrew the mask from her face. Her pale, young, pretty face, sad in its pallor, and earnestness, and contempt, looked straight at him, with a beauty he had been a little dead to, in the past.

"A mistake like this," she said, "is not to be remedied. Words would be wasted on it. I regret that it was my misfortune to lead you so far astray, but—I was innocent of intention!" She looked at him with a keen anxiety. "You must know that," she said.

She had given him, unconsciously, time to recover. To find himself mistaken in the object of his devotion, to know that ears unwanted had listened to his sentimental ravings, this in itself was enough to unsettle for the instant the reason of any ordinary man; but that it should be Constantia who had been the recipient of his love-confidences, poured forth for another, was a vile aggravation of the horror that such a situation was bound to hold. He writhed beneath it, but during the pause that ensued upon recovery—and the time it took Constantia to form and give voice to her protest—he pulled himself together in a measure, and now tried to throw a jaunty air into his speech.

"Not so much a mistake, as a good joke," he said, acting the hypocrite, it must be confessed, with but a poor countenance. "What! Did you think I did not know? That I could not see the difference between you and your cousin? Could you not guess? You were always a little wanting in the finer shades of humor, my dear Connie, but yet I believed you would have seen through my absurd protestations of affection for Mrs. Dundas. (Pray do not betray me to her. She would never forgive me!) A being with a soul sprightly as yours should have read through any disguise, through any——"

"Had you been able to read through mine," said Constantia coldly, "this scene would not have been."

"Do you not still catch it?" began he, with a daring assumption of laughing surprise. But she stayed him with a glance.

"Oh, cease this deception!" she said quickly. "It is unworthy of—what I once thought you! No! Not another word. If you would do me one last favor—go!"

She spoke with vigor, though in a low voice. He recognized the power of it, and turned abruptly away. The shadows caught and hid him, and with a sigh of passionate relief, she sank once again upon the stone seat of the parapet.

CHAPTER XXI.

She did not exculpate the hero in the sorry affair, and blacken beyond all recognition the siren who had led him from safe harbors into the maelstrom of a love that could only end in destruction. If she condemned Donna, she scorned him; and there was no place in all her mind that held so much as one of the old kindly feelings he used to inspire.

By degrees her thoughts traveled back to her first entry to-night into this ill-omened house, and after a while she recalled her meeting with Stronge.

How was it he had not been deceived? She could not mistake his manner, at all events. He had known her, and, besides, she had let him hear her voice; what instinct had forbidden her to speak to—to that other—save in a whisper? She was glad in her soul, however, that she obeyed it, and that so the truth was laid bare to her.

Yes; it was strange that Mr. Stronge had known her; he had not recognized her, but the other had. A little glow of gratitude towards him, that, had he but known it, would have raised him into the seventh heaven, awoke within her heart for Andrew Stronge. He had known through her disguise. Though she had not known him; he could not be deceived.

Some words—a line—ran through her brain:

"Oh! lovers' eyes are sharp to see."

Was he, then, the true lover—had Featherston never loved her at all? His eyes, in truth, had not been "sharp to see"; he had proved himself utterly base and false—false to the heart's core!

"How was it? Has he gone? Was he making very violent love to you? One can imagine it," cried a gay voice at her elbow—a voice consumed with laughter. "Did he comport himself properly. Did he do it nicely? I hope for once in his life the starch was out of him."

Constantia started convulsively. She turned slowly around, and saw Donna's eyes gleaming at her mischievously through her mask. She seemed shamelessly unabashed. Constantia, with her own face uncovered, regarded her with a wonder that should have scorned her, had she been possessed of feeling. The girl was almost too angry to speak. The heat of indignation had dried the tears on her cheeks, and she stood erect before her adversary, with her head well up, though every limb was trembling.

"No," she said slowly. "It was to you, it seems, to you—a married woman—he uttered vows of love, he addressed words that could be regarded as 'insulting—to you!'"

"My good Connie, recollect yourself," entreated Mrs. Dundas airily. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth for me. It was to you those flowery vows were proffered, to you those insulting words were said. Oh, fie! Oh, Connie, who would have believed it of you! Oh, well, really now, you know, the line should be drawn somewhere."

Constantia made a vehement gesture. "Say what you like," she said, "it will be without grace or godliness."

"You are angry," suggested Donna mildly, and apparently with surprise. "Quelle bête! And with me who have perhaps done you the best turn you will ever get. Ingratitude dwells with silly girls like you. Have I not, then, opened your eyes?"

"To what?" coldly.

"To the fact that Mr. Stronge, if a trifle depressing, is worth a million of the most fascinating hypocrites alive; and of such last, if I mistake not, is our smooth friend Featherston. It is scarcely worth while trying to arrange matters for you, you are so remarkably dense. Why, you absurd child, can't you see that it was by my will and pleasure he was betrayed into thinking the domino with the Maltese cross mine. He gave me an unwelcome hint once, and such debts I always repay fourfold."

"You wish me to understand you are revengeful," said Constantia. "That is a valuable knowledge! It shows me what to expect from you in the future."

"Let us prorogue Parliament," said Donna lightly. "To speak to you in your present mood would be to own myself as foolish as you. You are bent on vilifying me in your own mind, so that argument would be useless. Yet I persist in saying I am without fault in the affair."

"Does treachery, then, not count? Treachery, not only to your guests, but to one of your own blood; your kinswoman. Was it nothing to clothe me like yourself that I might be pained, humiliated? To press upon me gifts that should help to my undoing? Is your soul so dead within you that you cannot comprehend the shame I feel? Have you no feeling? No! Stand back from me. Do not touch me." Her Irish blood was now aflame, and her tall, supple, young figure, drawn to its fullest height, shook with the intensity of her emotion. "Traitress!" she said between her teeth, "I would not have treated a dog as you have treated me."

She raised her right arm with an imperious gesture as if to forbid Donna's approach, and still holding it uplifted, turned away and walked quickly towards the house.

Donna looked after her.

"She is a little savage now," she said half aloud, "but she will be a superb woman. She can have the world at her feet if she will, but she will spoil her chances, and all her good times, by her absurd morality!"

She, too, left the moonlit parapet and stepped lightly towards the near shubbery. Again the amused smile curved her lips, her eyes shone gayly; she saw some one who had evidently been waiting for her during her interview with Constantia, and she waved her hand to him. As she drew closer he came to meet her. It was Lord Varley.

(To Be Continued).

If You Have Asthma

Bronchitis, or a Severe Cold on the Chest and Lungs, Doctors Will Point You to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as the Most Effective Treatment.

For every class of disease there is one medicine which stands pre-eminent as being superior to all others. In the case of Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung ailments the recognized treatment is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Doctors do not hesitate to say that when the patient becomes flushed and exasperated in his struggle for breath, wheezes loudly and experiences intense agony in his chest and lungs there is no preparation available that will give such prompt and thorough relief as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville, Ont., says:—"I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the Asthma very bad; could get nothing to do me any good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, as he had tried it, and it proved successful. I tried it and it cured me. I am thankful to-day to say I am a well woman through the use of this remedy. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is so well known in the homes of Canada that it seems unnecessary to add further comment, but a word of warning may be needed. There are other preparations of linseed and turpentine, imitations of Dr. Chase's. Be sure the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on the bottle you buy. Twenty-five cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60c. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"My poor man, why do you drink?"
"Tryin' drown m' troubles."
"Well, but do you succeed?"
"No. All m' troubles are expert swimmers."

WOMAN'S SHIRT WAIST.

The tucked shirt waist is, and will continue to be a pronounced favorite.

The very pretty model given is made of pale blue challie with strips of white and is of just the correct weight for cool days, but Saxony and French flannels, silk cashmere, albatross and all soft waist materials are appropriate. The original is made over the fitted lining that closes at the centre front, but heavy materials can be made unlined if preferred.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size 3¾ yards of material 21 inches wide, 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, 3 yards 32 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide will be required.

HEADS WORLD'S PAY ROLL.

President Schwab, of the Steel Trust, Biggest Railroad Man.

President Schwab's salary from the Steel Trust, as compared with some others, usually considered generous, appears like this:—

President C. M. Schwab	$225,000
Viceroy of Ireland	100,000
Jean de Reszke, tenor	100,000
President of New York Life	100,000
President Mutual Life	100,000
President Equitable Life	100,000
President Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust	75,000
Archdeacon of Canterbury	75,000
Viceroy of India	72,000
President Callaway, of American Locomotive Co.	60,000
Governor-General of Canada	50,000
President of the United States	50,000
President Cassatt, of Pennsylvania Railroad	50,000
Archbishop of York	50,000
Lord High Chancellor of England	50,000
Lord Chief Justice of England	40,000

Dibbs (facetiously): "This is a picture of my wife's first husband." Dobbs: "Great snakes! What a brainless idiot! But I didn't know your wife was married before she met you." Dibbs: "She wasn't. That is a picture of myself at the age of twenty."

LIFE A BURDEN.

THE CONDITION OF MR. GARDINER, SMITH'S FALLS.

He Spent Miserable Days and Sleepless Nights—Hands, Feet and Limbs Stiff and Swollen.

From the Record, Smith's Falls, Ont.:—

"There is wonderful talk about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, why don't you try them?"

These words were addressed to Mr. Andrew Gardiner, of Smith's Falls, by a friend when he was in the depths of despondency regarding his physical condition. For three years he had suffered so much that life had become a burden to him and oftentimes he says, he almost wished that he might die. Then he spent miserable days and sleepless nights, now he is enjoying life. Then his feet, hands and limbs were stiff and swollen and he was tormented with a constant stinging, creepy sensation in his body which gave him no rest day or night; now he is as supple as ever he was, with the stiffness, the swelling and the creepy sensation all gone. He attributes it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink pills.

Mr. Gardiner is a man of about 65 years, an old and highly respected resident of Smith's Falls. Having heard a good deal of talk about the improvement effected in his health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they sent a reporter to ascertain the exact truth and Mr. Gardiner told him substantially what is related above. He said that he tried a number of doctors' medicines and got as there were in the country—but got no relief. He was given to understand that the trouble was caused by bad circulation of the blood, but nothing did him any good. He could not wear boots his feet were so swollen, and when he tried to walk his legs felt like sticks. Finally he was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. He took six boxes, he said, but did not see that he was much better. He determined to quit taking them but was persuaded to continue them for a little while longer. When he had taken ten boxes he was greatly improved and when he had taken twelve boxes he was so well that he did not need any more. It is several months since he has taken them and he has had no return of the trouble. When the reporter saw him he was wearing his ordinary boots, and he said he could get into and out of a buggy as well as any man of his years in the country.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities, and make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by dealers in medicine, or can be had, post paid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE ACTOR SCORED.

Some years ago an actor now famous made his first appearance on the stage in a town where the theatre-goers were accustomed to make their disapproval felt when an entertainer did not succeed in pleasing them.

He was young and nervous, and failed dismally in the part he was endeavoring to present, and soon found himself the target for an assortment of missiles.

When the uproar was at its height one of his disgusted auditors flung a cabbage-head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the foot-lights.

He raised his hand to command silence, and when his tormentors paused to hear what he had to say, exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage head:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess that I did not expect that anyone in the audience would lose his head over it."

He was allowed to proceed without further molestation.

"If you are a bad boy," said the father, "you will turn papa's hair grey from sorrow. What a naughty boy you must have been," remarked the son, gazing at his grandma's whitened locks.

MISSES SAILOR WAIST.
12 to 16 Years.

The shirt waist with sailor collar and shield of contrasting color is, and will be, a favorite for young girls, both for school and afternoon wear. For the school the materials chosen are cheviot, linen, madras, flannel, cashmere and the like; for the more fancy waists silk of simple sorts, embroidered and plain cashmere in light colors. The model shown is suited to both uses and all the fabrics mentioned, but in the original it is of moire louisine silk, showing lines and dots of blue on white, with trimming of blue velvet ribbon, and shield, tie and cuffs of white banded with blue.

To cut this waist for a girl of fourteen years of age, 3½ yards of material 21 inches wide, 2½ yards 27 inches wide, 2¼ yards 32 inches wide, or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide will be required, with ¼ yard for shield, stock collar, tie and cuffs, and one piece of velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated.

CANADA AT PARIS.

AN ECHO OF THE GREAT EXPOSITION OF 1900.

Mr. J. G. Jardine, Canada's Commissioner, Tells an Interesting Story of the Splendid Results Obtained by the Use of a Canadian Remedy.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—(Special)—The great World's Exposition held in Paris last year saw very many visitors from all parts of the globe assembled in the gay French capital. Canada was well represented, both as an exhibitor among the nations and as a visitor, many of our best people having attended.

The interests of the Dominion were looked after by a very capable and intelligent company of patriotic Canadians, among whom one of the most conspicuous was Mr. J. G. Jardine, of 305 Crawford street, this city. Mr. Jardine's duties as Commissioner entailed a vast amount of hard work which made great demands on his physical health and strength.

He is authority for the statement that he found Dodd's Kidney Pills, that best known of Canadian medicines, invaluable as a tonic during these trying times. He says, "They relieved backache instantly and tone up the system generally as nothing else seems to do."

While in Paris Mr. Jardine introduced Dodd's Kidney Pills to Mr. Dupuis, the esteemed and popular Secretary of the Canadian Commission, who was feeling under the weather, with the very happiest results to that gentleman.

By healing and stimulating the kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills prove absolutely the very best tonic known to medical science to-day, and both Mr. Jardine and Mr. Dupuis were greatly pleased to find that their own fair country, so distinguished in many other ways, was through this great home remedy earning in Europe a glorious reputation in medical lines.

Very few Canadians are aware of the world wide reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills and many who have been abroad seem surprised at being able to purchase their favorite medicine almost anywhere in the civilized world.

RED RAIN IN ALPS.

It Will Help to Show Glacier Movements.

Last March a curious phenomenon was observed in the eastern Alps. It was called the "blood rain," because above the snow levels there were several falls of a red sleet or snow. The cause of this has not been satisfactorily explained, but good use is now to be made of it. It appears that owing to the fall of this blood rain the layer of snow which accumulated last winter has been defined by a reddish line. This will be used as an aid to the inquiry into the progress of glaciers. Scientific men who are interested in the question have long desired to have a large area of freshly fallen snow colored, in order that it may be possible to ascertain the distance which this layer of a glacier in motion passes over in a year, to observe the deformation and bend which it undergoes and to understand what happens to it in passes, crevasses, ice-falls and the like. What has to be done now during the coming years and decades is to watch at the crevasses and see where the outcrop of the red layer is, and especially in what relation it stands to the blue coloring of the glaciers. One of the most difficult questions in the theory of glaciers will, it is hoped, thus be solved.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont . . . 25c
Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c
Large Liquid and Powder 75c
25c.

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal

FRUIT GROWING UNDER SNOW.

Heaps of Cranberries on Canada's Frozen Barrens.

It is a curious fact in nature that many of her products arrive at preeminence where they have their severest struggle for existence. Just where the season is barely long enough to ripen wheat is where the hard grain which produces the finest flour is grown, for instance. And it is where the summer, untouched by frost, is never more than two months long, in northeastern Canada that the low-bush cranberry is at its very best. The great swamps near the height of land, where thousands of bushels of those acid berries ripen every year, are all unknown to commerce. Quite secluded, far away from roads, nourishing no fauna of any kind, known only to a few hunters and explorers, the socalled economy of nature becomes an empty dream in the face of the immense waste of acres of good fruit, often three or four inches deep, which has been going on for centuries.

The writer has pushed away the snow in midwinter so that he might thrust his hands down to the bed moss, and bring them up laden with fruit, which though frozen was still very acceptable to one travelling light with fat pork and hard-tack biscuit for an unwavering diet. Once in August a sack was filled with fine berries in twenty minutes, and from all appearances thousands more might have been filled without depleting the supply.

One swamp, the most southerly of a prolific chain, was visited this year by an enterprising band of French Canadians, who carried out to where a good canoe route, a few score of bushels, which they peddled about the outskirts of Montreal early in the season for 18 cents a quart—double the price ordinary cranberries usually bring.

Having realized what appeared to them a little fortune, four young men of the party went back to the swamp in September with the intention of picking all the fruit they could and storing it in a shanty they were to build. There they were to await the frosts, when, as soon as the ground and water were frozen, their comrades were to make their way to them with teams, by way of the lakes and streams.

But the early snow, which settled in deeply around their camp on Oct. 13, has prevented the frost from reaching the ground; streams are still open, and the poor fellows have been driven by hunger to abandon their enterprise. They have now reached their homes in desperate condition, half starved and weakened almost to death by their long journeying on foot without shelter at night in the inclement weather lately experienced. It is probable that they will not meddle again with the cranberries of the northeast wilderness.

VERY INTELLECTUAL.

The wife of the business man had been home all day and was anxious for a little news.

"You're down town every day and have a chance to see people and engage in conversations," she said, reproachfully, "while I am shut up here in the house with no chance to meet anybody."

"But I go down town to work he protested.

"Yes, but you can't help seeing somebody you know and exchanging views and getting the benefit of intellectual contact. The benefit may be imperceptible at the moment, but it exists. Now, I dare say you didn't get to your office this morning before you met somebody."

"That's a fact; I met Miss Binks. She must have read about some bargains that she apparently wanted. I don't see what else could have brought her out so early."

"And, of course," she went on, triumphantly, "you paused and exchanged a few words?"

"That's a fact; we did. She said 'Howdy do, Mr. Skiggins?'"

"And was that all?"

"Every word. I met Breefer, the firm's lawyer, just as I was going upstairs."

"And what did he say?"

"He said, 'How are you?' and I said, 'How are you?' to him."

"Are you sure that was all?"

"Quite sure. He was in a hurry to get to the street, and I also was in a hurry. During the day a few insurance agents tried to get at me, but I had given orders that I was not to be disturbed. A man can't work and be sociable at the same time. As I was coming home I met my brother."

"Of course, you stopped to chat?"

"No, we didn't chat. He said, 'Halloa, Frank,' and I said, 'Halloa, Jim,' and that's all there was to it. Honestly, Nell, I must say I think you overestimate the importance of this 'intellectual contact' idea.

Out of 1,614 people treated for hydrophobia in Paris last year, only 4 died.

GERMAN TRADE DEPRESSION

Caused by Mad Speculation in Electrical Shares.

Less than a year ago Germany was celebrating the most prosperous commercial period in the history of the empire. The Berlin Boerse was crowded. Bankers and brokers grew rich, bought fine houses, horses, and yachts, and enlarged their offices. Everyone was buying electric shares, which were accepted as collateral by the best banks as security for loans and cover for investment. The market was electricity crazy. Special electrical departments were added to the leading banks, and everybody was interested in the gilt-edged shares. Incidentally rings of brokers reaped rich harvests by manipulating the market. Electrical companies sprang up on all sides, and it is computed that at one time the value of electric shares was totalled at $116,000,000. The new electrical concerns ordered splendid plants from the United States paying double for speedy delivery. The boom in electricity boomed other trades. Iron and coal went up. Steel went up. Copper, lead, crude gum, cotton, and all things used in electrical fixtures went up, and dealers in them made money. Skilled labor also went up.

Then came the slump. Industrial concerns all over the country began telling the tale of bad trade and diminishing profits.

Now business throughout Germany is practically dead. The Boerse is half deserted and bankers and brokers have little or nothing to do. All over the country workmen are being discharged, just as the winter is upon them.

RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT.

In London art circles a story is being told about a famous French painter and an equally famous French physician.

The painter is a great lover of dogs, and the other day his favorite St. Bernard became sick and speedily grew so weak that his master determined to save his life at any cost, sent for the famous physician, feeling confident that he could cure him. When the physician arrived and learned what was wanted of him he seemed at first literally petrified at the thought that anyone could have the audacity to ask him to prescribe for a dog, but he quickly recovered his composure and examined the animal as carefully as though he were a human patient.

Then he prescribed a medicine, and, taking his hat, was about to go away, when the painter approached and politely asked him what his fee was.

The physician replied, blandly, that he did not care to charge anything for such a trifling service, but, as the painter insisted, he said, quietly—

"Well, if you are determined to remunerate me, I will tell you how you can very easily do me a favor. I have just placed some new railing around my new country villa, and I would be exceedingly obliged to you if you would paint it for me."

THE TWO GAITS.

"How can you stand the slow life of a small town?"

"Oh, it's a matter of taste, like driving; some men like to ride so fast they can't see anything—others like to dawdle along and enjoy the view."

Excited Gentleman—"Why don't you interfere to stop that dog-fight?" Boy—"I was just going to, sir; but you can calm your fears now. My dog is on top at last, sir."

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best.

Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont.
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S.
Chas. Whooten, Mulgrave, N. S.
Pierre Landry, senr., Pokemouche, N. B.
Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N. B.

"When you get your groceries, today, said the butcher to his wife, "don't go to that little grocer next door to my shop." "Why not?" she demanded. "Because he sent in yesterday and borrowed an old pair of my scales."

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

Gladys—"Jerrold is telling all around that you are worth your weight in gold." Ethel—"The foolish boy! Who is he telling it to?" Gladys—"His creditors, dear."

YOUR GROCER HANDLES IT

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

and knows that it is reliable, and always invariable in flavor. He will tell you so if you ask him. Lead Packages, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

SWEET ORANGES

A box of sweet Sonora Oranges for $2.50. Special prices in lots of 5 or more boxes. We have 150, 176, 200, 216 and 250 sizes.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

If any Potatoes to sell in car lots quote lowest prices f.o.b.

Stepmother (entering village school with a whip)—"My boy tells me you broke your cane across his back yesterday!"

Schoolmaster (turning pale)—"Well, I—I may have struck harder than I intended, but——"

Stepmother—"I thought I'd make you a present of this whip. You'll find it'll last longer and do him more good!"

In the year 1880 the London clearing house cleared 5,794 millions of pounds. In 1898 this amount had increased to 8,097 millions.

A Well-Known Toronto Traveller Cured of Catarrh After Eight Years' Suffering.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

Mr. R. E. Fleming, the well-known and popular Toronto representative of Messrs. Ewing & Sons, Cork Manufacturers, Montreal, writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from catarrh for several months, the most agreeable type for eight years, which became worse each winter in spite of the hundreds of dollars I spent with catarrh specialists and all my remedies, which only afforded temporary relief. I tried Japanese Catarrh Cure about a year ago, and since completing the treatment have not felt the slightest symptom of my former trouble. A few months ago I recommended it to a friend similarly affected, and he is now completely cured also. I can highly recommend it to any person troubled with this most annoying disease."

Japanese Catarrh Cure relieves cold in the head in one minute, and is absolutely guaranteed to cure any case of catarrh of the nose or throat. Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 c. A free sample will be sent to any person troubled with catarrh. Enclose 3-cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths and Macphersen Co., Limited, 121 Church St., Toronto.

Housekeeper—"Half the things you wash are torn to pieces." Washerwoman—"Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I only charge for them as one piece, mum."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

"Father," said the little boy, "what does 'credulous dupe' mean?" "My son, it means a man who leaves his umbrella at home because the weather prediction is 'fair.'"

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used, except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F.J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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

The prison population of Italy is, compared to population, three times as great as Britain's.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Of 30,193 patents applied for in Great Britain and Ireland in 1896, 13,248 were not allowed.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

In 1850 Great Britain produced 11,800 tons of copper a year. This has now fallen to 1,500 tons a year.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

In 1879 1 person in each 7,503,-105 carried by British railways was killed. In 1896 only 1 in every 196,-667,935.

This is a "free country" still a law that compelled people to try Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea would do a lot of good.

In the last 12 years 22 areas as large as the United Kingdom have been added to our Empire.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

There are in England and Scotland 122,752 premises licensed to sell drink.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

In Ireland only 744 per million of the inhabitants are condemned to punishment in a year, while in Scotland the average is 2,815.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

In the last 27 years the rental value of London land and buildings was increased by £21,000,000, 12 millions of which increase is due to building.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Supposing the whole population of Great Britain stood at equal distances from one another all over the land surface of Great Britain, each would be 85 yards from his next neighbors.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Roses need a soil of clay and loam tight packed about their roots. Orange trees and strawberries like almost precisely similar soils. Palms, on the other hand will not grow well in clay but must have sand and loam.

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