The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

CHAPTER XXVII.

When the silence had grown positively awful, Norah broke it.

"Well, I never!" she said, simply, but largely.

Neither did anyone else, evidently. There was no dissentient voice. One could see that they were somewhat embarrassed with each other, by the way in which they avoided each other's eyes. Constantia tried to make a remark, but failed; so did Stronge; and then all at once they became aware that something was the matter with Barry.

He was purple. He was writhing, wriggling, in the most extraordinary way, and then the crisis came. He burst into a roar of laughter.

Long and loud he laughed, with a most indecent disregard for public opinion. He was past caring for that. He flung himself indeed upon the mossy sward as though he could no longer support his limbs, and abandoned himself ecstatically to the mirth that had been consuming him for the last five minutes.

Stronge regarded him with extreme severity for a little while, and then, overcome no doubt by his evil example, gave in, and broke into exuberant laughter likewise. Even the fear of Constantia's wrath was powerless to control him. Norah was not long in following suit. Delighted with a chance of cackling at all times, she saw now a splendid opportunity, not to be neglected, and gave her mirth full swing without a thought for the morrow, and a sister's displeasure.

As for Constantia she stood stern and uncompromising, gazing at her companions with careful contempt. But after a bit her strength, she found was insufficient for her. Had this revelation come a month ago, before the disclosures on the night of that fatal masked ball, all would have been differgut; believing Featherston still true, she would have felt crushed, humiliated, heart-broken. But now!

Now they were all laughing; and she was young, she was Irish, she was pretty. It was but a flesh-wound after all, she had received in her first encounter. In spite of a keen struggle with her severer self, the stern lines about her soft lips relaxed, the gravity left her eyes, and was replaced by a sparkling light that told its own tale. She made one last fight for composure, and then, vanquished, yet with no regret for her defeat, she joined in the general merriment, and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"That's right," said Stronge, with a quick sense of relief as he watched her. Was there a glimmer of hope in that relief?

"Oh, but——" she said, looking up at him. "It is dreadful, is it not? Oh, wo should not be laughing——"

"After il, why not?" said Stronge. "There is an element of comicality somewhere around, and we are all infected by it. There is surely no harm in that."

"Garrett, he is calling you names" said Nora saucily. "He says you are a comical element. It was you who made us laugh, wasn't it?"

"Well, I don't fancy I was the first cause," said Barry. "I was only the useful but insignificant match. Better be laughing than crying any day. Featherston—ough! to do the cryind naughty boy! By Jove, what a swindle!" Here he went off again.

"I wish we hadn't gone up there to-day," said Constantia nervously. "You must confess we behaved rudely, shamefully, to spy upon him through his open windows, to detect him——"

"Drinking whiskey, with that blue ribbon pinned upon his coat! That's what I call mean and shameful," interrupted Norah, with a little sniff.

"Oh, I hope he didn't see us," said Constantia, miserably. She looked so pale and terrified that once again Stronge's heart was contracted by a bitter pang of jealousy.

"To do him justice he doesn't squint, and it would have been impossible otherwise to see us and the bottle at the same time," said Barry, who was determined not to take it seriously. "He gave the preference to the bottle."

"It never occurred to me," said Stronge slowly.

"I did to me," said Barry. "I'm a dull fellow enough, but some instinct stood to me, and told me to mistrust him. This craze for total abstinence was all a plant to get himself into the good graces of Lord Kilrens, who can give him a push in the parliamentary direction next election. Bah! it makes one sick to think of it.

"Come home!" said Constantia suddenly. She looked distressed, and her hands were trembling. A thought had come to her. "If he should happen to walk this way—to meet us. It might happen." She did not say how often of late he had come through the wood this way to call at The Cottage, and how often she had rushed by the back door into the tiny orchard behind the house to give some color to the servant's answer, "Not at home." "Oh, hurry!" she cried, looking appealingly at Stronge. "If I met him now I could not speak to him—I couldn't indeed, and he might guess——"

Her very lips grew pale at the dreadful thought. Barry sprang to his feet, and they all followed Connie's eager footsteps back towards The Cottage. Just where the wood terminated and the open fields began that belonged to her home, she dismissed her companions.

"Don't take things so much to heart," said Stronge, in a low voice, as he took her hand in parting. "Nothing is worth much grief!"

Yet, how he grieved! How he would grieve forever for the love denied him! He put aside his own feelings for the moment, and spoke this worldly sentiment to try to heal her wound. He was considerably perplexed by the strange look with which she answered him.

"Is that your creed?" she said slowly.

"At least it is a good one," he returned evasively.

He and Barry, having kissed good-night to Norah, turned into a path that led sharply to the right and were soon out of sight. Constantia, with a quick sigh, went on through the wood, hardly heeding the lively Norah's chatter that never for a moment ceased. Towards the end of the path a thick bit of shrubbery grew, and as they entered it, both started as a tall, dark figure stepped out of the rhododendrons, right in front of them.

Constantia shrank back involuntarily, as if frightened, and laid her hand on Norah's arm. That little heroine, however, was not to be daunted. She went straight up to the dark figure and peered into its face.

"Why, it's Kitty!" she said then, in a tone of distinct disappointment; a tone that bordered on disgust; to be so near to the finding of a real bogey, and to have it turn out nothing after all! "What are you doing here, Kitty?" she demanded, with an air of asperity.

A face had emerged from the long black cloak that Irish married women always wear; a face young and pretty. One could see that the cloak had been borrowed. The girl looked past Norah at Constantia, in a timid, uncertain fashion.

"Miss Connie," she said, "could I spake to ye for a moment, if ye plaze?"

The cloak had fallen back altogether now, and betrayed the dove-colored cashmere gown and muslin apron that formed the female livery at Araglin. Constantia saw that it was Kitty Brian, the under-housemaid there, a girl to whom Lady Varley had been specially kind, taking her out of a poverty-stricken cabin to train as a servant. The girl had returned this kindness by a passionate attachment, that grew with every gentle word from her her gentle mistress. "Lady Varley!" exclaimed Constantia anxiously.

"She is not ill? Has anything happened?"

"There is nothing, miss," said the girl, "nothing at all," with a rather forced smile. Her nervousness seemed to grow upon her. "It was only a little thrifle of my own I wanted to-to consult ye about. An I thought if I met ye here in private," with an expressive glance at Norah (who read her, however, like a book) "you might listen to me."

"Certainly," said Constantia, gravely. "Norah, run on to the house, and if Aunt Bridget asks for me, say—say I am coming, and that I shall be in presently."

She darted away like a swallow, leaving Constantia alone with the maid.

"Well," said the former, smiling kindly, "what is it? You have something to say to me?"

"There is bad news, Miss Connie," she said, and then again paused, with a swift glance around her into the thickening gloom. "Oh, if I should be overheard!" she said.

"No one can hear you in this out-of-the-way spot," retdrned Constantia calmly, though her heart was beginning to beat with the expectation of some unknown but surely coming evil. "What is it, Kitty! Speak at once. Something has happened."

"No, no, miss; not yet. But—but what I'm afraid of is that it will happen unless there is some one to prevent it. Miss Connie," in a low, urgent tone, "swear to me you'll not bethray that I was the one to spake of what I'm now goin' to tell ye."

"I swear it," said Constantia, without hesitation. And then quickly, "Lady Varley is in danger—trouble!"

"Ay, miss. 'Twill be sad thr:ouble for her if no one can help. But you, Miss McGillicuddy, you can do something. That's why I came to ye. For two long days and nights," cried the girl, in low but excited tones, "this secret has lain upon my heart, until I told myself I should spake of it or die."

"Speak, then," said Constantia, with a touch of impatience; "what is this terrible thing that threatens your mistress?"

"My lord——" began the girl, and then stopped abruptly as if frightened.

Constantia drew back. She flushed crimson.

"It is impossible that I should listen to complaints of Lord Varley," she said haughtily. "I thought you too respectable a girl for this sort of thing. Do you think your mistress would like to have the petty unpleasantnesses of her household publicly canvassed?"

She moved as though to pass the girl by; but Kitty Brian laid her hand upon her arm and held her firmly.

"Miss Constance, don't go like that. Hear me," she cried, dropping on her knees and catching Constantia's skirts. "You know—don't ye, now miss?—that I would sell my heart's blood for the mistr-ess. 'Tis for my lady that I beg, kere on my knees. I thought you loved her, so I came to you. Oh, miss, if you will not listen who will? What friend has she upon earth when—her own man is false to her?"

The voice was so tragical, so passionately in earnest, the girl's face so white with honest emotion, that Constantia felt her nerve fail her. Oh, if any real misfortune threatened Lady Varley, what should she do? She entertained for her so warm an affection that she stood now almost paralyzed by this sudden baleful light that had been thrown across her path. That Lord Varley had been wild, foolish, culpable, she knew; but that word "false," and the girl's impassioned manner—

"Do you know what you are saying?" she murmured faintly.

"Ay, miss; ye heard, maybe, that Misther Dundas went to London about a week ago?"

"Yes."

"Maybe, though, ye haven't heard that ever since his goin', my lord has been mornin', noon, an' night ay, time at Ballymore wid Mrs. Dundas?"

"If you have only to tell me of Lord Varley's visits to Mrs. Dundas, who is a very old friend of his," began Constantia coldly. "I know——"

"Ah! but that isn't all, miss," said the girl sadly. "This is Tuesday, an' for Thursday they have it all settled to run away." She threw her arms wide, and then suddenly brought her hands together with a loud clap and burst into tears. "Oh, wirra, wirra! an' what will become of my lady thin?" she sobbed frantically.

Constantia was too horrified to have much patience with her wild grief.

"Stop crying," she said imperiously, "and listen to me. Have you proofs? Is there no doubt about all this—disgraceful story?"

"Sorra doubt, miss." The girl was still sobbing, but some indignation came into her tone. "It's all arranged, I tell ye. By starting on Thursday, they'll have a good run before Mr. Dundas has learned the truth. Oh, it will be the ruin entirely of my lady! Such a shame to her, an' before all the world, too! Oh, miss, if you can do anything, do it!"

She drew her breath hard with a kind of sob, as she again turned to the anxious girl.

"And you," she said, looking down on her, "how did you learn all this?"

Kitty fidgeted.

"Why, there's Dinny Murphy up at Ballymore," she said at last.

"I see. I understand. He is your sweetheart—your lover?"

"Why, we do be keepin' company sometimes," said the girl, plucking shyly at her apron. "But faix, I don't think, miss, that there's much in it."

She cast a glance at Constantia out of her eloquent Irish eyes, as she said this, that belied her assertion, and compelled Constantia to believe that there was all the world in it so far as she was concerned.

"May be ye think I should have held my tongue in the matter, I do know. May be 'tis blamin' me ye are for spakin' at all," she said presently, puzzled by Constantia's paised silence. "But fegs, miss, dear, I thought you would hev, so I came to you without sayin' a word to somebody who might give her a hand. An' by luck, miss, it struck me that you were the very one to do her a good turn, Miss Connie," she continued, and took Constantia's hand, and lifted it respectfully, and pressed it to her lips, "do something. Do now! I'm a poor, ignorant girl, an' no one would listen to me, or I'd stand up before Father Jerry himself, an' cry it through the parish as a sin an' a shame, if I thought it would do any good to my lady. Oh, miss! to see the face of her, so sad, an' so lonely, as if all the world was asthray wid her! If even the baby had been left her——"

"Do not think of that, do not go back to it," cried Constantia hurriedly, a pang at her heart. "I will try what I can do, I promise you; and I am glad, Kitty, that you came to me-me only. No one'—she lowered forward impressively, and laid her hand on the girl's shoulder—"no one, remember, must know of this but you and I. Think of Lady Varley!" I think of nothing else, miss," replied the girl sadly.

To be Continued.)

Book Agent—I suppose you don't get much exercise.
Adam Upp—Well, I'm running up and down columns of figures all day, that counts for anything.

EUROPE'S DRINK BILL.

What the Different Nations Pour Down Their Throats.

The consumption of beer in Bavaria during 1899 averaged 54.6 gallons per head; in Great Britain it was 32.7 gallons per head; in Germany, 27.5 gallons; in Belgium, 46.9 gallons, and in France about 6.5 gallons. The figures for wine were: France, 25.4 gallons per head; Great Britain, 0.39 gallons; Portugal, 20 gallons; Spain, 19; Italy, 18. In the case of spirits, France and Germany consumed about two gallons per head and Great Britain one gallon. Denmark showed the highest rate with 3.3 gallons. Great Britain draws about 36 per cent. of its net revenue from the excise tax on spirits—France and Germany something less than 20 per cent. The tax on spirits with 50 per cent of alcohol amounts to about 11s. the gallon in Great Britain. In France, under the new law, it is 8s., and in Germany about 1s 6d. per gallon. An interesting fact brought out is that the amount of the tax apparently has no effect on consumption, which continues to increase almost everywhere.

SPREADING HAPPINESS.

"I have but one rule that I follow absolutely in this life, and that is to make other people as happy as possible." "Well," the replied, "you ought to be gratified, then, at what I heard a young lady say the other day." "What was that?" "She said that whenever she saw you dancing she had to laugh."

DIDN'T GET ANY DAMAGES.

"A little strategy and resource will often win an apparently hopeless case," says a well-known barrister. "Take, for instance, a compensation action which I was defending on behalf of a certain railway company. At first sight the evidence seemed dead against my clients. The plaintiff came into the court looking weak and feeble, and holding his right arm in a stiff, cramped fashion. He declared that he had not been able to lift it for more than a year; that it was utterly impossible for him to raise it as high as his chin, and all on account of the injury inflicted upon him.

"The jury was against me, so far as I could see. I made up my mind that the alleged victim of the accident was shamming, and that he could lift his arm if he wished to do so. I therefore commenced by saying to him, very sympathetically:—

"'Your arm is extremely painful, is it not?'

"'Yes, sir, it is.'

"'You have talked about it to your physician, your family, and friends, haven't you?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'They all know that you cannot lift it?'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'Were you able to lift it before the accident?'

"'Yes, certainly.'

"'How high could you lift it?' tras my next question.

"Without thinking of the consequences, up went the injured arm, with the answer, 'As high as that,' right above the man's head.

"Of course, the roars of laughter that followed this performance utterly dumfounded the shammer, and he didn't get any damages."

CIRCULAR SKIRT.
22 to 30 Waist.

Skirts that fit snugly at the upper portion but flare freely at the feet are essential to correct style. No model combines the two features more perfectly than the circular one, and none is so well adapted to wide materials. The smart design shown combines the circular upper portion with the circular flounce, and so gains additional flare at the lower portion. As illustrated, it is made of striped cheviot, cut bias, and both skirt and flounce are seamed at the centre with V effect, but the seam can be omitted when preferred, and all dress materials of the wider sorts are appropriate.

The skirt is fitted by means of short hip darts, the fulness at the back being laid in inverted plaits, that meet over and conceal the seam in centre back. The flounce also is circular, and flares with fashionable fulness at sides and back. The original is finished with a band of satin faced cloth, stitched, but the edge of lace trimmed can be laid over the flounce and stitched into place, when a simpler finish is desired.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size 34 yards of material 44, or 3 yards 54 inches wide will be required when skirt and flounce are cut without seam at the front; 5½ yards in either width when cut bias and with seam, but in the latter instance the pieces will be found ample for a waist.

"Was it a love marriage, do you think?" "Certainly. All marriages are love marriages." "Isn't that rather a sweeping statement?" "Not at all. There is love of adventure, you know, love of luxury, love of advertising, and various other kinds of love. There is no need of going into details when one speaks of a love marriage."

Chosen From a Multitude.

The Preference Shown by Thinking People for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine—Record Sales This Season.

Considering the large number of remedies for coughs and colds that are now offered to the public, and in view of the fact that nearly every druggist has a preparation of his own which he makes an effort to substitute for the medicine asked for, it seems truly remarkable that the demand for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should increase by such leaps and bounds.

During October the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exceeded by several hundred bottles the record of any previous month in its history. When it is remembered that this preparation received very little newspaper advertising the evidence seems to be conclusive that it makes its way by sheer force of merit.

Thinking people recognize the harmfulness and danger of using strong drugs which are said to cure a cold in a few hours. They prefer to cling to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which they know beyond a doubt to be a thorough and effective treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, throat irritation, asthma, and even consumption itself.

The combination of Linseed and Turpentine, with half a dozen other ingredients of equal value for treating colds, in such proportions as they are found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has proven to be a perfect protection against such developments as pneumonia, consumption and serious lung troubles. You can with certainty rely on this preparation to afford prompt relief and perfect cure.

Do you suppose that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine would be more than three times that of any similar preparation if it was not the most effective remedy that money can buy? It has stood the test and proven itself worthy of the confidence that is placed in it. People recommend it one to another, and so the good news spreads. Be sure you get the genuine, with Dr. Chase's portrait and signature on the wrapper; 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A REMARKABLE YEAR

THE PECULIAR WEATHER THAT MADE 1816 A PHENOMENON.

No Summer Except What Little Came In December—In New England the Year Was Called "Eighteen Hundred and Starve to Death."

European and American data represent the year as having been phenomenal in almost every particular. In New England the year went by the name of "eighteen hundred and starve to death," and the summer months are known in history as "the cold summer of 1816," so remarkable was the temperature.

The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat, and all nature was clad in a sable hue. Men and women became frightened and imagined that the fire in the sun was being rapidly extinguished and that the world would soon come to an end. Ministers took the phenomenon for the text of their sermons, and pseudo scientific men talked of things they knew not of, while the fanatics took advantage of the occasions to form religious organizations.

The winter of 1815-16 was very cold in Europe, but comparatively mild in this country, and did not in any way indicate the severe weather that soon prevailed. Even the almanacs were silent, and, although the usual indications "about now look out for cold weather" or "this is a good time for snow" were entered in the regular portions of the book devoted to the winter predictions, those used for chronicling the pleasanter months had no such alarming warnings.

January was mild, so much so that for days the people allowed their fires to go out, as artificial heat made the buildings uncomfortably warm. This pleasant weather was broken by a severe cold snap in February, but this low temperature passed in a few days, and a warmer condition similar to the month previous set in. March "came in like a lion, but went out like a lamb." There was nothing unusual in the climatic conditions of the month which differed from those generally found in the windy season. April was the advance guard of this strange freak in temperature. The early days were warm and bright, but as the month drew to a close the cold increased until it ended in ice and snow and a very low temperature. To those who delighted in balmy May days and loved to watch the budding flowers the May of 1816 was a bitter disappointment. True, buds came, but so did the frost, and one night laid all vegetation a blackened waste. Corn was killed, and the fields had to be made ready for another planting, but the people's astonishment was complete when they found ice formed to the thickness of half an inch in the pools. And this "month of roses," was this year a month of ice and desolation. The "oldest inhabitant" was surprised, for never before had the mercury sunk so low in the tube in these latitudes in the last month of spring. Frost, ice and snow were common. Almost every growing thing had taken advantage of a few warm days to develop and was killed, and various kinds of fruit were nearly all destroyed. One day the beautiful snow fell to a depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven inches in Maine and three inches in Massachusetts and central New York. Matters were beginning to be interesting. People were undecided whether to spend the winter in the south or at the seashore and mountains. One day the latter resorts were desirable, and the next would decide in favor of the former, but on the whole the southern clime was preferred.

July was accompanied by frost and ice, and those who celebrated the glorious Fourth "not wisely but too well" found an abundance of ice handy for immediate use the next morning. It was not very thick, not more than one-sixteenth of an inch, but it was ice, and it caused the good people of New England, New York and some sections of Pennsylvania to look grave. That month Indian corn was destroyed in all but the most favored locations, and but a small quantity escaped.

Surely August would put an end to such cold weather, but the farmers as well as hotel proprietors were doomed to disappointment. The midsummer month was if possible more cheerless than the days already passed. Ice formed even thicker than it had done the month before, and corn was so badly frozen that it was cut for fodder, and almost every green plant in this country as well as Europe was frozen. Papers received from England stated that the year 1816 would be remembered by the generation then living as a year in which there was no summer.

What little corn ripened in the unexposed states was worth almost its weight in silver, and farmers were compelled to provide themselves with corn grown in 1815 for the seed they used in the spring of 1817. This seed never cost so much, being difficult to get even at $5 per bushel.

The last month of summer was ushered in bright and warm, and for two weeks the now almost frozen people began to thaw out. It was the mildest weather of the year, and just as the inhabitants got fairly to appreciate it old Boreas and Jack Frost came along and whitened and hardened everything in their path. On the 16th ice formed a quarter of an inch thick, and winter clothing that had been laid away for a few days was again brought forth and wrapped round shivering humanity. By this time the people had given up all hopes of again seeing the flowers bloom or hearing the birds sing and began to prepare for a hard winter.

October kept up the reputation of its predecessors, as there was scarcely a day that the thermometer registered higher than 30 degrees. November was also extremely cold, and sleighing was good the first week of the month; but, strange to relate, December was the mildest and most comfortable month of the entire year, a condition which led many people to believe that the seasons had changed about.

Of course the cold spell sent breadstuffs to an unheard of price, and it was impossible to obtain for table use many of the common vegetables, as they were required for seed. Flour sold in 1817 in the cities for $13 per barrel, and the average price of wheat in England was 97 shillings per quarter.—Boston Globe.

LOTTA'S CIGGEST NIGHT.

Miners of Hamilton, Nev., Threw Their Riches at Her Feet.

Lotta, the actress (in private life Miss Charlotte Crabtree), left the stage at the height of her popularity for reasons never definitely stated.

Her singular influence over rough men was exemplified by an incident that occurred when she was about seventeen. In charge of her mother she was making a tour of the Nevada mining camps. She landed at Hamilton, one of the roughest camps in the territory. An expectant crowd of particularly rough miners was at the tavern to meet her when the stage drove up.

When there alighted from the stage a spare, elderly lady, who was Mrs. Crabtree, and a little girl in short frocks, who was Miss Crabtree, the disappointment was loudly and vociferously expressed. However, any show was better than none, and that evening the miners fairly packed the place where the show was to take place. Two billiard tables had been pushed together to make a stage, a curtain being dropped between for purposes of retirement. At the hour set for the opening there stepped from behind this curtain on to the front billiard table a demure little creature, with skirts reaching to the knees and carrying a banjo slung negligently over her shoulders.

The audience was very cold. In less than half an hour, however, Lotta had every mother's son of them in a state of high wrought enthusiasm. She sang to them, danced for them and told them funny stories with tireless energy, and they encored her again and again. Finally one man in the audience, carried entirely away by enthusiasm, came down to the front with a whoop and, throwing something on the stage, cried out:

"There, you can have my pile."

The example was contagious. In less than a minute every man in the place was scrambling eagerly forward to divest himself of riches in order to lay them at Lotta's feet.

The result of that night's work was the most profitable in the history of Miss Lotta's career on the stage either in Nevada or anywhere else.

I. TEMISCAMINGUE SENDS A STORY.

A STURDY FARMER STRICKEN WITH RHEUMATISM IS CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

This Man Was so Bad That he Was Almost Paralyzed—A Wonderful Case and a Very Happy Cure by This Excellent Remedy.

North Temiscamingue, Que., Jan. 6. (Special).—At the Douglas Farm near here lives Mr. W. H. Johnston who to-day considers himself a very happy man indeed.

The cause of Mr. Johnston's happiness is his somewhat sudden and very remarkable recovery from the most severe case of Rheumatism ever seen in this county.

For a long time he suffered with the Rheumatism which gradually grew worse till it threatened his life. His principle trouble was in his left side, and it was so bad that his neck stiffened so that he could scarcely move it, and was beginning to fear Paralysis. The pain would go away for a time, but return with greater force, and a strange feature of his case was that after the pain would leave any part, it left behind it that prickly "pins and needles" sensation.

He thought that perhaps his smoking tobacco had something to do with it and he gave this up, but received no benefit at all till he used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

This remedy he found to be a complete and absolute cure for his malady, and very soon after commencing its use, the pain began to leave him and now he is strong and well.

That such an extreme case should yield so easily and quickly proves that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Rheumatism.

Locomotives to burn oil in the Pacific States are built with the cab and furnace in front and the smokestack behind. The tender is discarded, and the oil and water are conducted in pipes.

Secretary of War Root has given Hamilton College a brass cannon, weighing 200 pounds, captured in the Philippines.

Under the new administration the building laws of New York will be enforced honestly and fairly. The gain to the dwellers in the tenements will be almost inestimable.

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 25c. All druggists or by mail for the price. Sample for postage 2c.
HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL.

IMPORTANCE OF REST.

Nervous, tired housekeepers or busy workers in any other occupation save time and strength by learning to do the right thing in the right moment and in the easiest and shortest way possible. It may take thought, but thought is one of the best labor saving implements ever discovered by man. Save time and strength by using machines wherever it is possible. Prolong life and health by taking a few moments' rest between duties. Work done in a state of fatigue will probably be poorly done and sometimes must be corrected.

Learn to be calm. All the store of patience incased in one mortal frame will be needed some time for a trying ordeal. Don't waste any of it. Physicians and druggists grow fat on the wrecks of constitutions broken by countless little things. If there is no other argument that will count, for observing these simple rules, consider the wrinkles how they grow and remember that nervous fretting, with its consequent displays of ill temper, is the soil in which these facial disfigurements flourish like the green bay tree.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

All children, girls as well as boys, should be taught self reliance.

Children should be taught to sing simple and sweet songs about the house.

Children should be taught to say "Thank you" as soon as they can speak.

A baby should never be frightened by stories told by an ignorant or thoughtless nurse.

Good literature that is interesting and adaptable to the small minds should be plentifully supplied for the children.

A child may be made gentle or rough according to the manners and actions of those about him, for his greatest desire is to imitate.

"Weakly" children may be greatly strengthened by a daily salt bath, and if possible sea salt should be obtained for this purpose.

A child should be taught to gargle as early as possible and should never be allowed to be "stubborn" about taking medicine, for disobedience in this respect is not infrequently a risk of life.

Children should be given a light supper of bread and milk at 5 o'clock and put to bed at 6 or a little later until they are five years old. After that time their bedtime may be fixed at 7 for several years.

Every precaution should be taken to keep a child in the best of health. A sickly, peevish baby is a constant care and anxiety, but when healthy and well trained it is easy for the little one to be happy and good.

The Cat and the Kid.

Once upon a time a cat and a kid were traveling in company and stopped in front of a window of a store to admire a miscellaneous display of merchandise.

"Doesn't it make you sad," asked the cat, "to see those kid gloves? Just think, that may be the condition of your skin some day!"

The kid laughed and then answered:

"That's no skin of my family, for it comes from your two enemies, the dog and rat. But see those fiddle strings. Don't they give you a pain in your stomach?"

Now the cat laughed in his turn and then replied:

"The interior department of my family doesn't furnish those any more than your skin goes into the gloves. They come from your cousin, the sheep.

Moral.—Things are not always what they are called.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Last year the markets paid as revenue into New York city treasury $258,000 from rents.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

The expenses of the recent city election of New York, as charged up on the municipal treasury, amount to about $670,000, or $1.08 for every voter.

TAKE NOTICE.

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agent's interviews, from well known people.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO

Detroit has had for four years a charitable institution devoted exclusively to the care of indigent colored women.

"None knew them but to love them,
None named them but to praise."
Longfellow was not thinking of

MONSOON

TEA when he wr te these lines, but they describe this delicious beverage accurately.

$2.25 CASH will buy a box of SWEET SONORA ORANGES, or if you take 5 boxes we will make the price $2.10 per box. (sizes 150 or 176.)

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO.

Consignments of Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Beans, Honey, Apples solicited.

USE EDDY'S TELEGRAPH TELEPHONE PARLOR MATCHES

Every Stick—A Match
Every Match—A "Lighter"

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Two college women of Brookline, Mass., are making a success of a laundry run on strictly scientific and economical principles. The clothes are sun-dried and bleached, and by a series of experiments the foreman has tested all the latest contrivances and processes for bettering the quality of the work.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

At Seattle a combination of Pacific coast lumber manufacturers is being formed, which will control the entire output of the Pacific coast.

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.

The state of Washington has 444 lumber mills, sawing over four million feet per day, turning out 29,000,000 shingles and employing 24,000 men.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Pneumonia at present leads all disease in the number of deaths it causes in the United States. Consumption and heart disease come next.

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, reduces the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels and 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."

The annual report of the Immigration Bureau at Washington shows the total steerage arrivals in the United States in the year to have been 487,918, an increase over the preceding year of 39,346, or about 9 per cent.

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

Nearly 47,000 Bibles have been distributed during the last year among immigrants, sailors, churches, missions and families by the New York Bible Society, according to the 77th annual report just issued.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

Mr. Frederick de Clepert Adams Solway, a septuagenarian, living at Mount Winnsboro, Md., is a descendant on his father's side of the late Lord de Clepert, of Somerset County, England.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

A tombstone was one of the gifts at a recent golden wedding anniversary in Danville, Ky.

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 surface.

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

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

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

Dr. John E. Gilman, of the Hahneman Medical College, Chicago, asserts that in the last year and a half he has treated more than fifty cases of cancer with the Roentgen rays, and has not yet found a case that would not yield to the treatment.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

In Boston children to the number of nearly 9,000 are not properly provided with accommodation in the public schools.

W P. C. 1110

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.
CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.
Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums

YOUNG WOMAN—AGED 21—just came into possession of $4,000—wishes to correspond with honest intelligent man, who would appreciate a good wife. Box 2,538, Toronto, Ont.

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 200 illustrations mailed free. Write us for any thing in Musical Instruments.
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No mother can afford to be without Cileadine. Babies' sores and accidents call for Cileadine.
Large Boxes 25c. Druggists or Cileadine Co., Toronto.

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to the man or woman with a deposit account is the security of the money deposited. If the deposit is with

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its safety is beyond question. A secondary consideration is the rate of interest the depositor receives. This is also very a true one. All information cheerfully and promptly supplied.

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