The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The servant told him she was in the rose garden, and O'Grady turned slowly towards the walk that led to it. His step was tardy, and almost hesitating. It seemed to him a very long time since last his eyes rested on her, and he frankly acknowledged to himself that he dreaded the first glance.

He went through one of the many quaint openings in the old yew hedge, and presently found himself in a very wilderness of perfumed rose-leaves. They lay here and there, nay everywhere; they made a carpet of the grass beneath. Just freshly fallen, dying, dead; in all stages bearing on the last sad end, they lay. They struck him with a peculiar melancholy; as they were, crushed, withered, dead, so were her hopes of happiness.

He wondered if she quite knew of the full extent of Varley's inconstancy. And if so, how was she taking it? He had not seen her for ten interminable days in which he had schooled himself in vain, and fancied he was persuading himself to leave her forever, and return to his old wandering life. But this wild, sad passion that had grown so swiftly into a perfect life, had conquered him, and brought him once more to her feet.

Yet he shrank from meeting her. A touch of cowardice rendered his step slow, as he drew near the spot to which he had been directed, and where he hoped, yet feared to see her.

He went very leisurely, admonishing himself as to how he should speak to her; yet at the last he came upon her so suddenly, that he started visibly in spite of his determination to be singularly self-possessed, and forgot all he had arranged to say.

She was sitting in a low garden-chair. Dressed in a simple white gown, and with her hat lying on the sward beside her. She was knitting some pretty, gaudy bit of fancy work in a listless, uninterested fashion, and the sun shone gayly on the steel needles, sending tiny glints of light upwards, as they flashed to and fro. He remembered that when last he saw her thus occupied she was making a pair of wee blue silken socks, and the remembrance cost him a pang for her.

She was looking very pale, very ill he thought; and her hands were thin to emaciation. Such lovely little hands! but too transparent, too delicately traced with blue veins. She looked tired to death too, and as a woman might who had bidden an eternal farewell to joy of any kind.

She glanced up quickly as he approached, and, as she saw him a strange warm flush dyed her face. It went as it came, so suddenly, that one might almost doubt its having been. But O'Grady did not doubt; and a sense of happiness extravagantly keen thrilled him through and through. Oh, that he could keep her.....that he dared!.....If she were far away from all this misery, how would it be with her?.....And to have that sweet life wasted.....

His thoughts ran so riot, that he scarcely heard her first words. She greeted him in her pretty, gentle way, and told him she was glad to see him. He had been quite a stranger lately. He would stay now, and let her give him his tea?

He dropped into a chair a little distance from her, and fell into what he supposed was ordinary conversation, though he could never afterwards recall a word of it. He knew that he was watching her, and noting each change in her face since they last met. There was no vaguest expectation, as there was no bliss, in his devotion. To him "love was a barren sea, bitter and deep." He might see her—he dared not touch her. He should never be more to her than he was to-day, unless—unless.....

Presently tea was brought to them and laid upon a gypsy-table. As she poured it out, he once again noticed the white languor of the hands as they moved wearily amongst the gaudy Crown Derby cups and saucers, and the quaint old silver that had been new a hundred years ago; and, as he noticed, a deadly fear grew about his heart.

"You are not well," he said at last, feeling he could no longer refrain from speaking of the one thing that possessed him. She looked at him with a faint smile.

"Why do you think that?" she said. "Believe me, I am only too well. There is nothing the matter with me."

"Nothing! Do you sleep? Do you eat?"

"Let me tell you something," she said, "I have made a discovery! I have found out that it is possible to live without either of these so-called necessaries."

"And for long? Have you discovered that, too? Do you think it is so easy to deceive one?" said he, with ill-subdued vehemence. "No, you are not well, say what you may."

"How I wish I could think that!" returned she softly. "To know that my days were indeed numbered! No; there is no such comfort—" She broke off abruptly. "The heat makes me pale," she went on again, putting her hands to her wan cheeks. "In the winter I shall be myself again."

"In the winter you will be in heaven if this goes on," said he bitterly. "You should leave this place. It is madness your remaining here! It—the air does not suit you; and the life altogether is killing you." Then he forgot himself a little in the cruel fear that was consuming him. "Why should you consent to look on?" he said in a low tone, and with a heavy frown.

She paled. For a moment she looked as though she were about to drive him from her presence; but then the light died from her eyes; and a forlorn expression grew upon her face, as though she had said to herself: "It is no use." She clasped her hands tightly and compelled herself to look at him.

"I know what you mean," she said speaking quickly and with uncertain breath. "Why should I pretend ignorance of what," biting her lips sharply, "the whole regards as a tale that is told? Besides," with a touch of passion, "I am tired of pretending!" Then all at once her sudden vehemence died from her. Her voice sank. "Nevertheless," she said, with a touch of that simple dignity that ever sat so sweetly on her, "I would not have you speak to me of—of anything that hurts me. When you are gone I shall like to think of you as one altogether set apart from all but pleasant memories."

"You speak of my going. What do you know of that?"

"I think you will go. By degrees all things slip from me. You are a friend, I feel, I know; so you, too, will fade out of my life. I hope," she said with a strange smile, "that it will be a short one; but I am afraid—I am afraid not!"

"Do not talk like that," he said roughly. He got up abruptly, and pushed his chair from him, and began to walk with rapid steps up and down the velvety grass. It was growing towards evening, and as he moved, his tall, gaunt figure cast a gigantic shadow that fell across her feet.

"Do not talk like that," he said roughly. He got up abruptly, and pushed his chair from him, and began to walk with rapid steps up and down the velvety grass. It was growing towards evening, and as he moved, his tall, gaunt figure cast a gigantic shadow that fell across her feet.

"You grow morbid sitting here day after day," he said presently; "you want change. Entire change of scene, as well as of—people."

"Would change of scene kill thought?"

"I hope so, I believe so." He came up close to where she sat, and stood looking down at her. It struck her that he was singularly colorless and that there was something unusual in his glance.

"No," she said, "there can be no chance for me while life clings to me," replied she very gently. There was a determined ignoring of his meaning that roused him, and drove him farther on his vain quest.

"Think," he said, "think of the life here, and of that other. What binds you to this place. And all that I have told you of, lies at your feet if you would only stoop to pick them up."

"To stoop!" The words were so low as to be almost a whisper. They were, however, clear, and they struck a chill to his heart. Involuntarily he looked at her, but if she had felt any emotion, anger, reproach, or surprise on uttering them, it was all past. "I hope you will gain that Arcadia of which you speak," she said with a calm smile. "For myself I shall remain here." She held out to him her slender hand. She had fathomed his thought—he told himself—but she had, too, estimated the depth of his temptation, and so forgiven him. He felt as if he could have fallen at her feet and kissed the hem of her garment. How had he dared to say such a thing to her, his sweet saint? What grace was hers, to be enabled thus speedily to forgive! And no harsh word, no single reproach, no punishment, save what lay in the compelling of him to receive that gentle smile.

The cooing of the woodquests in the groves below grew louder. The peacocks strutted gayly up and down upon the stone terrace, where the shadows lay long.

"You see I prophesied truly," she said at last. "I told you you would shortly go—to this Arcadia of yours, I trust, I hope."

"A vain hope. You can abandon it as soon as you will." He spoke sadly, but the passion was gone from his moody eyes, and he was again calm. He stooped and pressed his lips respectfully to her hand.

"You go, nevertheless?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And soon?"

"Decide that too," he said bitterly. "If you bid me go now, this moment, I shall obey you."

"What have I to do with it?" she said coldly. She rose to her feet, as if to bid him farewell.

"Shall I answer you?" demanded he, with a stormy look in his eyes. She caught it full, and all at once her strength forsook her.

"No, no!" she cried faintly.

"Forgive me," said he quickly. "And—farewell." He took her hand and held it between both his own. "Farewell forever!" he said brokenly, and in another moment he had crossed the plateau and was gone.

He was gone!—she knew that, in a dull sort of a way—gone forever, and at her own bidding! But everything she seemed to have, escaped her. She could not recall a word he had said, and the vain struggle to remember only distressed her the more.

Daylight faded as she still sat on there, motionless. But she scarcely noticed that, until the vague chill that falls even into a summer's night oppressed and sent a shiver through her. She rose then heavily, and went in-doors, and up to her own rooms, and told her woman she would not dine below that night. All the week she had shrunk from that solitary dinner, compelling herself to undergo it, and endure the scrutiny of the men, who doubtless knew only too well where their master was at that hour. But to-night she felt she had passed her utmost limit, and that she could bear no more.

In her darkened room she paced up and down, now swiftly as thought overcame her, now with languid footsteps. Her maid had drawn the curtains, but she had forbidden her to light the lamps, and in the soft dusk of the summer night she dozed her weird alone.

There was a very passion of despair at her heart, an awful sense of loneliness that threatened to rise and destroy her. She struggled against it with all her might, but it was hard to fight. She would not even permit herself to put her last grief into a bodily presence; but the vague shadow that would not be suppressed was almost too strong for her.

And what was there left her, that she should fight so fiercely? In all her life, what thing sweet was there, to which she might honestly cling? She was standing upon a desolate shore, where everything that should make life bearable was unknown. It was a barren spot she had been cast upon, bereft of all things desirable.

Her child was in heaven; her husband betrayed her. Nothing remained. Nothing? In the darkness O'Grady's face rose before her—gaunt, earnest, impassioned. For a while she succumbed to the vision, and let her memory dwell upon it; but after a while she rose angrily to her feet, and cast it from her. She made a haughty gesture with her hand, descriptive of deep self-contempt, and, going over to the nearest window, pulled the curtains apart, as though action of some sort was indispensable to her.

A flood of early moonlight rushed into the room. It seemed to come straight from heaven, the heaven where her child dwelt. It encompassed her, and seemed to her, in her unstrung state, to have been sent by the little one as a sign, a token that she was remembered there by her.

To be Continued.

PEEVISH CHILDREN.

Make the Mother's Life One of Care and Worry—How to Keep Baby Healthy and Happy.

Indigestion is one of the most common diseases of infancy, and it is also one of the most serious, for unless it is controlled, the constitution will be weakened, other diseases will find easy lodgment, and the child's whole future will be imperilled. At the first sign of indigestion, or any trouble of the stomach or bowels, Baby's Own Tablets should be administered. They act with promptness and perfect safety in strengthening the stomach and removing the offending material. Mrs. W. C. Tefft, Markham, says:—"Up to the time my baby was a month old, he was a perfectly healthy child. Then his stomach began to trouble him. He looked pinched and starved; his tongue was coated and his breath offensive. He vomited curdled milk, and was also constipated. After taking his food he would scream with pain, and although he seemed always hungry, his food did him no good. He was so restless and sleepless that I was almost worn out. Medicine seemed to do him no good until we gave him Baby's Own Tablets. I gave him the Tablets and they helped him almost immediately, but in a very short time he began to gain in weight, and is now rosy and healthy. Baby's Own Tablets cured my baby when nothing else helped him, and I would not be without them in the house."

This is the only medicine for little ones that gives an absolute guarantee of purity. Milton L. Hersey, M.A., Sc., (McGill) one of the best known analysts in America, says:—"I have made a careful chemical analysis of Baby's Own Tablets. My analysis has proved that the Tablets contain absolutely no opiate or narcotic; that they can be given with perfect safety to the youngest infant; and that they are a safe and effective medicine for the troubles they are indicated to relieve and cure."

Such an endorsement, from so high an authority, stamps Baby's Own Tablets as the safest, the surest and the most reliable medicine for the ills of children.

Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages. They reduce fever, cure colic, prevent and cure indigestion and constipation, check diarrhoea, sweeten the stomach, allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, and promote sound, healthy sleep. Guaranteed to contain no opiate. Crushed to a powder or dissolved in water, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents a box, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LIVER TROUBLES.

LIFE FULL OF MISERY TO SUFFERERS FROM THIS TROUBLE.

Its Symptoms made manifest by a Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Bad Taste in the Mouth and Pains Extending to the Shoulders.

(From the Brockville Recorder).

Sufferers from liver troubles find life one of almost constant misery, growing worse and worse unless prompt means for the proper remedy be taken to restore the organ to its natural condition. Mrs. Joseph Leclaire, of Brockville, was such a sufferer, but has been happily relieved and her trouble by the only medicine known to thoroughly restore this important organ to its normal condition, once disease has fastened upon it. To a reporter, Mrs. Leclaire willingly gave her story for publication. She said:—"For a long time I suffered severely from complications of the liver and dyspepsia. I would awake in the morning with pains under my shoulders and in my stomach. My tongue was heavily coated, and I had a horrible taste in my mouth. I was constipated, and at times my head would ache so badly that I could scarcely let it rest on the pillow. There was such a burning sensation in my stomach at times that it felt as though there was a coal of fire in it. The pain was especially severe after eating, and for months my life was one of misery. A friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I did so. After using the first box there was a material improvement, and in the course of a few weeks longer I felt that I was completely cured. My tongue was cleared, the bad taste left my mouth, the pains disappeared, and I am as well as ever I was. Before taking the pills I suffered from bronchitis at times, but it has never since troubled me. I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone who suffers as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restore health and strength by making new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening every organ in the body. They do not act merely upon the symptoms, as ordinary medicines do, but go directly to the root of the trouble. In this way they cure such diseases as liver and kidney troubles, rheumatism, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, heart troubles, sick headaches, anæmia, and the irregularities that make the lives of so many women one of constant misery. Do not be persuaded to take any substitute; see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt, the pills will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In 1835 Indian elephants sold for £50. Now it is impossible to buy a good working elephant under £700.

In towns most deaths occur between noon and six in the evening. In the country the most fatal hours are six a. m. to noon. The fewest deaths, both in town and country, occur between six in the evening and midnight.

A father, fearing an earthquake in the region of his home, sent his two boys to a distant friend until the peril should be over. A few weeks after the father received this letter from his friend:—"Please take your boys home and send down the earthquake."

Distress of Sleepless Nights

Is Too Well Known to Hosts of Nerve-Exhausted Men and Women---The Fatal Error of Using Opiates.

Cured by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

To lie awake night after night, the brain on fire with nervous excitement and thoughts flashing before the mind in never-ending variety, is the common experience of persons whose nerves are weak and exhausted. During such nights nerve force is consumed at a tremendous rate.

Instead of being restored and reinvigorated for another day's wear and tear the body is further weakened and exhausted and the mind is unbalanced by this terrible waste of energy which the lamp of life is rapidly burning out.

It is in this despairing condition that many men and women attempt to drug and deaden the nerves by the use of opiates. This is a fatal step which hastens nerve decay.

Surely it is wiser to build up and completely restore the nerves by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, a treatment which gets right down to the foundation of the difficulty and effects permanent results by revitalizing the wasted nerve cells.

Sleeplessness is only one of the many distressing symptoms which entirely disappear with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a positive cure for weakness of nerves and body, and is specific for woman's ills because they almost invariably arise from exhausted nerves. 50 cts. a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A BAD ADMISSION.

Judge—Your face seems strangely familiar to me?
Prisoner—Well, your honor, two years ago I gave your daughter singing lessons.
Judge—Ten years.

About the ....House

LAYER CAKES.

Fig Paste for Cakes.—One pound figs, ½ large cup sugar and ½ cup water. Chop the figs, and then cook with the sugar and water until thick as paste.

Raisin Filling for Layer Cakes.—One teacup coffee sugar and 3 tablespoonfuls water boiled five minutes. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and pour the boiling syrup over it. Seed and chop ½ lb. raisins and beat all together till cold.

Layer Cream Cake—Six eggs, 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream tartar and 1 teaspoon soda. Bake 20 minutes with a quick fire and when cold cut it in two. Then spread on the cream, made after the following recipe: Two eggs, 1 cup sugar and ½ cup cornstarch. Beat these ingredients well, and pour into 1 pt. boiling milk; flavor with the grated rind and juice of a lemon, or 1 teaspoon extract of lemon. Half of the above quantity makes a nice cake for a small family.

Orange Cake—Bake a simple sponge cake in a round, deep pan, and when cold cut it with a sharp knife into four layers. Peel and slice 6 or 8 oranges, and put a layer of oranges on the first layer of cake and cover them with sugar, then add another layer of cake, then oranges and sugar till they are all used up. Make a soft icing, and just let it brown in the oven.

Chocolate Layer Cake—The whites of 3 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 large tablespoon butter, 3 cups flour and 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder. Bake half of the batter in two pans, and to the remaining half add ½ cup grated chocolate and bake. When done, pile up the layers alternately, light and dark, and spread chocolate icing between.

Coconut Cake—The whites of 6 eggs, 2 cups powdered sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon lemon essence. Bake this as a loaf cake and the next day cut off the upper and lower crusts, trim the brown of the sides, and slice it in four layers. Grate 2 cocoanuts and put in the icing. Spread each layer, the top and sides, with plenty of icing. When cut, it will be perfectly white all through and a very handsome cake.

Fig Cake—The whites of 6 eggs, 2 cups sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 cup milk, ½ cup cornstarch, 2 cups flour and 3 teaspoons baking powder. Take one-third of the batter, and add 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon allspice or cloves and 1 doz. figs cut in small pieces. Bake in layers, two white and one dark one, and spread them with the following icing: The whites of 3 eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, 2 teacups granulated sugar and 4 tablespoons water. Boil the sugar and water together five minutes, then pour it on the whites and beat till cold. One-half pound blanched almonds pounded to a paste is an addition.

THE TORPENTINE WOULDN'T WORK.

THE PITIFUL EXPERIMENTS OF A YOUNG MAN TO CURE HIMSELF OF RHEUMATISM.

Liniments, Oils, and Everything Failed to Relieve His Sufferings. —He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills, And They Cured Him.

Boissevain, Man., Jan. 27.—(Special)—Five years ago, Mr. C. S. Holden, of this place, then quite a young man and a farmer's son, was almost a cripple with Rheumatism. His own account of his experience is very interesting. He says:

"For about a year and a half I had a dull pain in my right shoulder. It grew much worse in cold weather, and in winter was so bad that I could scarcely use my arm at all. When I went to bed I would have to take my left hand and hold my right shoulder to turn over. The pain was nearly unbearable. Words cannot express it. I often said if I had to endure such pain all my life I would rather have no arm.

"I was almost a cripple and could not help complaining very bitterly. Everybody had something to tell me to do. One said, 'Rub on Spirits of Turpentine.' I did so, but only grew worse. Besides this I tried every other liniment and oil I could hear of or get, but all to no purpose. Nothing seemed to give me the slightest relief. I was growing very downhearted as it looked as if I was never going to find anything to cure my dreadful pain.

"Now it happened that we had some of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house—we always keep them—and having tried everything else, my father suggested that I take some. I commenced, and when I had taken three doses I felt some better, and I kept on till in a few days the pain was all gone.

"This is five years ago, and I have not had the slightest pain or ache since."

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.

SOME BEAN RECIPES.

Brown Soup—For one meal a brown soup may be made. For this, take what beans you may have on hand, measure and pour into the stewpan. Add four times their amount in water. Season to suit the taste. Then when the stock is boiling briskly, stir in a thickening made from one heaping tablespoonful browned flour to each pint of stock, stirred up in a little cold water. Cook for a few moments and serve as hot as can be eaten.

Thin Soup—This is made by crushing all the beans with a potato masher, straining them, measuring and adding twice or three times the amount of water. If those who are to partake of it do not use vinegar with their beans, milk may be used and make the soup better. Thicken with a small amount of flour and serve with crackers.

Bean Tarts—Fill shells of biscuit dough with the beans and a small amount of their liquor. Cook in a brisk oven until the shell is well done, by which time the beans should be well browned on top. If not, put them on the grate for a few moments. Serve while hot.

Bean Cakes—For bean cakes for breakfast, take a teacup full of boiled beans, drain the liquor from them and mash fine. Strain and add to the pulpy mass three tablespoonfuls buttermilk, one-half teaspoon milk, same amount of salt, and stir well. Add to this two heaping teaspoonfuls wheat or graham flour, and beat up well. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle, and fry on both sides to a delicate brown. Serve hot with salt, butter and pepper.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

A well-known hair specialist, who stands at the head of his profession, has been giving some much-needed advice to his patrons. "Treat your hair as you would a plant," he says, "carefully, tenderly, judiciously. If the plant seems hardy so much the better, and so much better is your chance for keeping it. Hair tendencies are inherited, and one should profit by the examination of her ancestors. For instance if your father grew bald and gray in his early thirties and your mother's hair was brittle and harsh at 40 your efforts to keep your own hair in good condition should be redoubled.

"A certain hair specialist once said that if a woman did not care for her hair before 20 she would have no hair to care for at 40. And there never was a truer saying. From childhood it has been constantly drilled into our ears that the hair, to be kept in a healthy condition, should be brushed with a stiff hair brush for 10 minutes night and morning. This is a most absurd fallacy. It is impossible to lay down rules of that description for woman kind in general. How often and how long hair should be brushed depends altogether on the individual head of hair. You would not think of digging mercilessly into the roots of a tender plant, and if your hair is fine, thin and silky too vigorous treatment with the brush will produce bald spots in short order. On the other hand, a hardy head of hair is made much better for much brushing."

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism

TREATMENT OF PINE FLOORS

Hard-pine floors should be first filled with white shellac—in proportions of two gallons of shellac diluted with one gallon of wood alcohol—and after two coats of shellac there should be one or two of fine heavy varnish. Sweeping with a long handled hair broom is light, quick work, and if a floor used daily be wiped up with a damp cloth once a week it will be clean indeed. If such a floor is rubbed twice a year with paraffine oil it will lengthen the time for redressing. Chestnut stairs should be treated the same, but chestnut is a more porus wood, and it will require more of shellac filling. Kitchen, bathroom and laundry floors are best oiled about once a month. Boiled linseed oil and turpentine, mixed half and half, make an excellent oil for this purpose. Soft-pine floors should be painted, but hard-pine wood never, as the paint will peel off.

COLORS THAT DO NOT FIGHT.

The color of the eyes should determine the choice of the dress and millinery.

A blonde may wear pure white with advantage, but the brunette nearly always looks better in cream-colored fabrics. This ought to be more generally recognized.

Brown eyes and a brown dress go well together.

Blue eyed girls should wear blue as often as possible.

The tan shades are not suitable for slim figures, while black satin intensifies round shoulders.

A small toque is excessively unbecoming above a large, round face.

Dull black is the best choice for a fair-haired woman, while a brunette must order something brilliantly black if she really wishes to look her best.

Tucks and stripes running downward become the Juno type of woman; but the thin, angular beauty should have the stripes and tucks running around her dress and she will be surprised to find how much her appearance will be improved.

RULES FOR DIET.

1. Eat when you are hungry.
2. Drink when you are thirsty.
3. Eat enough, and then stop.
4. Eat what your appetite calls for.
5. Train your appetite and stomach by eating the greatest possible variety. You are not a shirk; why should you let your stomach become one? Many foods are not liked the first time they are tasted, such as oysters; hence, unless you try a thing several times, you do not know whether you like it or not. Hence, never say you dislike a thing till you have eaten it three times.

EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS—FAMOUS FAST TRAIN.

This magnificent train, one of the fastest trains in the world, runs daily except Sunday from New York to Buffalo, a distance of 440 miles in the fast time of eight hours and fifteen minutes.

The time occupied from Buffalo to New York is nine hours, and as it lands its passengers right in the city the advantage over other lines must be admitted. The New York Central has a dozen fine express trains between Buffalo and New York daily. It is the best.

Goodheart—"I've got you down for a couple of tickets. We're getting up a raffle for a poor man of our neighborhood." Joakley—"None for me, thank you! I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I won him."

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of Inflammation.

Yours,
W. A. HUTCHINSON.

Stern Father—"What an unearthly hour that fellow stops till every night, Doris. What does your mother say about it?" Daughter—"She says men haven't altered a bit since she was young, pa."

CALIFORNIA - OREGON EXCURSIONS.

Every day in the year. The Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern Line runs through first-class Pullman and tourist sleeping-cars to points in California and Oregon daily. Personally conducted excursions from Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland, leaving Chicago on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Lowest rates. Shortest time on the road. Finest scenery. Inquire of your nearest ticket agent, or write B. H. Bennett, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

The Falkland Islands have hardly any trees, and are devoted entirely to sheep. Their total area is a little less than that of Wales.

Monkey Brand Soap will clean a house from cellar to roof, but won't wash clothes.

The speed of the "Deutschland," the fastest liner in the world, is 23.36 knots an hour, that of her nearest English competitor, the "Lucania," 21.81 knots.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe

FOOLISH MAN.

"The man who borrows trouble is very foolish," said Dodds.

"That's what he is," rejoined Thornton. "He is compelled to pay such a heavy interest on the loan."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than Two ounces of impure soap.

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. If your grocer cannot supply, write to LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample of Sunlight Soap will be sent you free of cost.

"Oh, Woman, in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

There is one thing that certainly will please you if you can get it, and that is

MONSOON

CEYLON TEA. Lead Packets. All Grocers.

The Frost Wire Fence Lock.

AGENTS WANTED

To Sell Frost Wire Fence.

The strongest fence sold, made entirely from High Carbon Spring Steel wire. No tie wires or kinks to weaken the wire. The cross wires are held in place by the patented FROST LOCK. It never weakens or slips. Exclusive territory given to good men.

THE FROST WIRE FENCE CO. LIMITED
Write for Catalog. WELLAND, ONT.

Oranges, Lemons, Fresh Fish of All Kinds

Labrador Herrings in Half Barrels.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO.

Shipments of Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Honey, Beans, Apples, Potatoes, Solicited.

Austria-Hungary has 1,860,000 Jews—nearly double as many as any other country, except Russia. The United States comes next, with just a little over a million. Russia's Jewish population of 6,000,000 is more than half the entire Jewish race.

At a day school one of the teachers was giving a lesson on "steam" to a class of boys about eight years old. After having talked to them about half an hour, illustrating her lecture with a boiling kettle, she put the question:—"What are the uses of steam?" First Boy—"To make tea, mum!" The teacher smiled, and asked the next. "To burst boilers, mum!"

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.

4,793 million yards of cotton goods are exported from the United Kingdom in the course of a year; but only 200 million yards of wool and 165 million of linen.

For Over Sixty 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 all pain, relieves wind colic, regulates the stomach 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.

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Minard's Liniment is the Best

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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 not only 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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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.

960,000 emigrants leave Europe yearly; 200,000 return from abroad.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer

Inquisitive people sometimes find satisfaction in catechizing little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of those curious persons recently fared. "Halloa, little boy; what is your name?" "Same as dad's" said the boy. "What's your dad's name?" "Same as mine." "I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?" "They don't never call me to breakfast." "Why don't they?" "'Cause I alluz git there fust."

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