CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Mr. Trelawney is a recluse. His housekeeper's niece, Letty, comes to stay with her.

CHAPTER III.

The years go past so quickly when to-day is like yesterday, and to-morrow is like to-day, and we rise each morning to the renewal of a monotonous life that, except for the variations of the seasons, knows no change—where the same faces always greet us, and the same voices (heard so long that we almost forget how a day will come when they will be heard no more) fall, quiet and unaltered, on our ear.

For three fresh springs the leaves had come out newly on the beech-tree hedge, and Mr. Trelawney still took his daily walk beside it, unchanged in look, or garb, or gait. He was three years older, but you hardly could have told that he was older; the gray had not begun to come yet into his hair; the thin, thoughtful face seemed scarcely to have gained an added line. For these three quiet years, as for many a quiet year before, his life had gone on in its accustomed unbroken, familiar, undisturbed groove.

It was undisturbed still on this pleasant, mild March morning, though the elements of change, unknown to him, had begun at last to stir in it. On this day it happened that he rose feeling an uncomfortable dizziness and shivering. He had not been quite himself the previous evening, and had gone—which was unusual with him—early to bed, but his sleep had been broken and uneasy, and in the morning he came down stairs with a sensation of illness that was new to him; for, though he was not a robust man, he was rarely ailing, and had never lain upon a sick-bed in his life.

Mrs. Markham was full of anxiety. During the next hour or two she came in and out of the room a dozen times, suggesting the trying of one remedy after another, till at last, when he would try none and yet grew no better, she again begged him to send for Mr. Gibson, and this time he yielded. In half an hour the doctor came; and in half an hour more Mr. Trelawney found himself back in his bed—ordered there, and to keep there, for the first time in his life.

It was the middle of March when this illness began, and it was the last week in April before one morning, looking gaunt and white, with his clothes hanging upon him, and his limbs shaking like an old man's, he crossed the threshold of his own room again. The intervening weeks had been a time of long and anxious watching. His illness had been severe enough to require a trained nurse in addition to Mrs. Markham to attend to the sick-room, and for a month these two had watched by turns over him, night and day—sharing between them the labor that, if she had dared, one other in the house would almost have given her life to have taken part in.

From the very first day on which Mr. Trelawney became ill, Letty (after the manner of some feeble foolish women) had sunk into a state not far removed from despair. When her aunt on the first morning told her he was too poorly to be able to eat his breakfast, the power to swallow her own breakfast—which she had been taking at the moment—left her, and when she went to fetch Mr. Gibson she delivered her message to the doctor so breathlessly that he thought she had been running the whole way from the house, and that her master must have had a fit. Timid and fearful, she no sooner took in the fact that Mr. Trelawney was ill than she rushed to the conclusion that he was likely to die. Long before the thought of praying for him had entered anybody else's mind, she had gone on her knees by her bedside, sobbing and crying to God to spare him.

He was in reality dangerously ill, but he was perhaps never quite so near to death as the women of his household thought him. There was no day when the doctor said, even to himself, "He will not get over it," though there were a good many days on which he looked grave and doubtful.

On the worst of these he telegraphed to London, and brought down another physician, and this culminating act—the confession, as it seemed to Mrs. Markham's mind, that Mr. Gibson's skill was baffled and exhausted, and could do no more—seemed both to her and to Letty like the declaration of a sentence of death. The hours between the despatch of the telegram and the arrival of the great man were passed by Letty, at least, in a state of almost utter despair. He would die, was all she could think—he would die, and her heart would break. No words could say what it was to her when the first gleam of hope came back after this.

Mr. Trelawney was a prisoner in his room for six weeks, and then that blessed April day arrived when, with a stick in one hand, and with the other hand leaning on the nurse's shoulder, the thin worn man at last recrossed the threshold of his sick-chamber, and returned to the little world where a few kind people had missed him, and where his absence had made one poor foolish heart almost bleed to death. As the slow, little procession came along the passage, the nurse and Mr. Trelawney in front, Mrs. Markham, laden with shawls and pillows, following, Letty watched it through a half-closed door with eyes that could hardly look for gladness. He was not going to die, but to live! For a glad fortnight past this thought had been with her night and day, like a great fountain of joy—"like the shadow of a rock in a weary land"—the thought with which she had gone to bed at night and risen in the morning—that had been meat and drink and life to her.

They could not take Mr. Trelawney to his study, for that room was on the ground floor, and he was too weak to go downstairs; but they had converted another bedroom on the same landing as his own into a temporary sitting-room, and here they established him, propped in an easy-chair, with the open window near him, and with flowers that Letty's loving hands had gathered on a table at his side.

He sat for a long time in a half-dreamy idleness, too weak as yet almost to enjoy his return to life, but still glad, in a kind of faint way, to see the outer world again—contented to feel that death had passed by him. It had troubled him while his illness had been at its worst, to think that he might die and leave his book unfinished; he had wanted to recover, that he might return to it, and get at least a portion of his life's labor completed, so that (even if he should die after that) something at least might be given to the world; but now the thought of his book pressed very little upon him. He should return to it presently, he hoped—but meantime the hold it had had of him seemed to have got loosened; the power both of thought and of longing had become weak.

He had been sitting doing nothing for a good while, when Mrs. Markham came back into the room.

"Are you getting tired, sir ?" she asked him. "You've not been able to make much of your reading, I am afraid."

"Well, no, not much. My eyes are too weak, I find," he answered.

"Ah ! you mustn't try them, sir. And we mustn't have you stay up too long either."

"No, no—I won't stay too long."

"You wouldn't let me bring you a nice beat-up egg, sir ?"

"No—I couldn't take anything more just now."

And then there was a little pause, till he said suddenly—

"Is Letty in the house, Mrs. Markham ?"

"Yes, sir, she's downstairs."

"I think I should like to see her for a moment."

"She'd be very happy to see you, sir."

"Well, ask her to come up and speak to me. It was she who put these flowers here, was it not ?"

"Yes, sir—she did most things about the room. She was very pleased to get it ready for you."

"She is a good, kind girl. I should like to thank her."

"Then I'll tell her, sir, and she'll come at once."

And two or three minutes afterwards a gentle little knock came to the door, and in answer to Mr. Trelawney's "Come in," Letty appeared, with timid eyes, and cheeks from which excitement and agitation had chased every drop of blood.

"Come in," Mr. Trelawney repeated kindly. "How do you do, Letty? I told your aunt that I should like to see you. But why are you so pale ?"—in a tone of surprise. "Are you quite well."

"Oh ! yes, sir."

The low answer came shyly and nervously, and the next moment more than all the color that had gone from it came rushing back into her face.

"I—I'm so glad to see you better, sir," she said, in a quivering voice.

"Thank you, Letty, I believe you are. I hear it is you who got this room ready for me so nicely. And you put these flowers here too, did you ? It is all as nice as possible. But—why, Letty—Letty !" he suddenly exclaimed, in a changed tone, for all at once, to his dismay, Letty's apron had gone up to her eyes, and he heard the sound of a smothered sob.

He looked at her in distress; the sight of a woman crying disturbed and embarrassed him inexpressibly, and all the more so when he knew—as in this case he could not help knowing—that he was the cause of her tears. I am afraid that, for a few moments, he was ungrateful enough to wish that he had left Letty peacefully in the kitchen.

But the girl, though overcome for a minute, was too much ashamed of her emotion not to use all her strength to check it.

"You must not cry, Letty; there is nothing in the world to cry about," Mr. Trelawney had just said, in almost an annoyed tone, when she dropped her apron again, and timidly lifted a deprecating pair of blue eyes to his face.

"Oh no, I know there isn't, sir; it's—it's only that I'm so glad," she tried to say.

"But you should not cry because you are glad. It would have been time enough to do that if I had died, you know. Not that I should have expected you to do it even then," he added quickly.

"Oh ! sir," she exclaimed.

"I used to hear about you sometimes when I was ill. You are still going on so nicely with Miss Watson, your aunt tells me ?"

"Yes, sir, pretty well."

"You must let me hear what you have been doing some day soon. I am very glad to have seen you again. Now, as I am rather too tired to talk, I won't keep you any longer."

"Thank you, sir."

She made a little courtesy, and went towards the door; then all at once she stopped and turned back.

"Sir," she said, flushing again, and with a great effort, "is there nothing I can do for you ?"

"Well, I am afraid not," he replied.

"My aunt said—I don't know if I might take the liberty, sir"—half breathless—"but aunt said I was to ask if I might read the paper to you."

"Oh !" Mr. Trelawney made the ejaculation rather dubiously; he laid his hand hesitatingly on the papers at his side. "Well, I don't know; I did not think of that," he said, after a moment's silence. And then he glanced up at the girl's face, and there was something in its wistful, pleading look that touched him. "Suppose you do read to me for a quarter of an hour," he said suddenly. "Look here, you may try this article; I sat down, Letty, sit down," he exclaimed quickly; for in her humility, after he had given her the paper, she showed no intention of taking a chair.

So she sat down and began to read. He had expected her performance to be a very poor and bungling one, but to his surprise it was not; she read in a low, sweet voice, accurately and intelligently.

"That is very good—very good indeed," he said courteously, when she had finished the article he had pointed out. "You read very nicely indeed; I had no idea you did it so well. I will give you one other thing to read now, and then I dare-say that will be enough for to-day."

So she read for a few minutes more, and then rose up.

"Thank you very much, Letty," he merely said, as she laid down the paper. He was tired, and did not care to listen any more. "I think when you go downstairs you had better send Mrs. Ross to me," he said, and he laid his head wearily back on his pillow; and she went gently away, feeling that she had been very happy, but yet feeling, too, a little chilled at the last. If he had but said that she might come back—if he had but told her that he would let her read to him again another day ? But he had been too weak and tired to say anything about the future, and she went away with a certain sense of disappointment.

Yet this half hour had been to her one of inexpressible sweetness—a little half hour to stand out from all her previous life.

"Letty, child, why are you so flushed ?" Mrs. Markham asked her wonderingly, when she came downstairs, and the girl could only answer nervously—

"I was reading the paper to Mr. Trelawney, and—I suppose—I got a little frightened"—a reply at which the two other women looked amused.

"Did you think he'd bite you, Letty ?" Mrs. Ross asked, laughing, and the other put her hand on the girl's hair.

"I didn't think you'd have been such a little goose, or I wouldn't have told you to say a word about it to him. I'm sure he's always as kind to you, Letty, as he can be."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Letty, earnestly. "And I was so glad to read to him, aunt; it wasn't that—it was only that it was so afraid of not doing it right."

"And indeed, sir, you made her very proud and happy," said the housekeeper presently to Mr. Trelawney. "And she feels it was a great honor, though she's too timid to say so. She's very timid, sir, is Letty, and can't express her feelings but there's nobody in the world would be readier to serve you, sir, than she would."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Apply This Test to the Nerves

If You Have These Symptoms Your Nerves Are Weak and Exhausted—You Can Get Well by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Nervous diseases are little understood. They have long been enshrouded in more or less mystery by the medical profession. Many who are fast falling victims of nervous prostration, paralysis or locomotor ataxia think that they are merely not very well, and will soon be around again—so insidious is the approach of nervous diseases and nervous collapse.

Study these symptoms. They are for your guidance. You may not have them all, but if you have any of them your nervous system is not up to the mark, and a little extra expenditure of nerve force may bring the dreadful downfall.

Intolerance of motion, noise and light; twitching of the muscles of the face and eyelids; fatiguing sleep, sudden startings and jerkings of the limbs; dizziness and flashes of light before the eyes; irritability and restlessness in every part of the body; headache, indigestion, feelings of weariness and depression, and loss of interest in the affairs of life.

So long as the daily expenditure of nerve force is greater than the daily income, physical bankruptcy is certain to result sooner or later. Nerve force must be increased, and this can best be accomplished by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because it contains in concentrated form the very elements of nature which go directly to form nervous energy. Nervous diseases do not right themselves. They come on gradually as nerve force becomes exhausted, and can only be cured when the nerve force is restored.

No treatment for nervous diseases has ever received such universal endorsement by both physicians and people as has Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

In the press of Canada you will find hundreds of earnest letters telling of the wonderful benefits derived from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50c a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

FEVER'S VICTIMS.

THE AFTER EFFECTS OFTEN WORSE THAN THE DISEASE ITSELF.

A Sufferer From the After Effects of Typhoid Tells of His Deplorable Condition—Appeared to be in a Rapid Decline.

The after effects of some troubles, such as fevers, la grippe, etc., are frequently more serious in their results than the original illness, and the patient is left an almost physical wreck. In such cases as these what is needed is a tonic medicine, to enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves, and put the system right. Mr. L. Barnhardt, a prosperous young farmer living near Welland, Ont., offers proof of the truth of these statements. Mr. Barnhardt says :—"Some years ago while living in the United States, I was attacked by typhoid fever, the after effects of which proved more disastrous to my constitution than the fever itself, and for months I was an almost total wreck. I had no appetite, was haggard and emaciated, and apparently bloodless. I had violent and distressing headaches, and my whole appearance was suggestive of a rapid decline. I tried no less than three doctors, but they failed to benefit me. At this juncture a friend of mine mentioned my case to another physician, and he suggested that I should take a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took this advice and found it most satisfactory. Almost from the outset the pills helped me, and I continued their use until I had taken about a dozen boxes, when I felt myself fully restored to my former health, and my weight increased to 165 pounds. I have enjoyed the best of health ever since, and I will always give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the praise they so richly deserve."

These pills are a certain cure for the after effects of fever, la grippe and pneumonia. They make new, rich, red blood and strengthen the nerves from first dose to last; and in this way they cure such troubles as anaemia, neuralgia, rheumatism, heart weakness, kidney and liver ailments, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, etc. They also cure the troubles and ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery, and bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Other alleged tonic pills are mere imitations of this great medicine, and the buyer should see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent postpaid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I think she and you are both far too good to me, and trouble yourselves far too much about me," Mr. Trelawney answered quickly.

This illness of his seemed both to have touched his own heart and the hearts of the people round him; his relation to his servants had become closer on account of these weeks; the rather cold and formal connection of former years had got for the moment warmed and strengthened. However he might formerly have felt to them, for the present, at least these women round him had become to him like friends.

"Letty reads so nicely that I shall ask for her help again," he said kindly. "I daresay in a week or so my own eyes will be good for something; but tell Letty I shall be very glad till then if she will come sometimes and lend me hers for half an hour."

So that message was delivered to Letty, and the happiness it gave her kept her awake through half the night.

(To Be Continued).

THE LAND OF TIPS.

Switzerland Has the Lead, and No Other Country is a Good Second.

"As to the tip system abroad," says a gentleman who has travelled all over Europe, "it isn't so bad outside of Switzerland. There every outsider is expected to come down with a tip to everybody connected with the hotel, and sometimes to the town officials as well. I was passed along the lines as a soft mark, and at Chamouni, when I got ready to leave the territory, a last grab was made at me. I had feed the chambermaid, the waiter, the porter, the boot-black, the cook, the omnibus driver, the mail carrier and all the bell-boys when the landlord approached and intimated that he had been left out in the cold.

"But I was your guest.' I protested.

"'That is true,' he replied, 'but, if you will remember, I received you with three distinct bows, where only one is required by custom. It is two bows extra, monsieur.'

"I paid 10 cents apiece for the extra bows, and was stopped by a little old man who introduced himself as the coroner of the canton.

"'But where do you come in?' I asked.

"'Had monsieur met with a fatal fall on the mountain, I should have held the inquest,' he replied.

"I gave him a franc for not holding an inquest on me, and his clerk then stepped forward and said:

"'And had there been an inquest I should have had the pleasure of writing to monsieur's relatives that he was dead.'

"I handed him the same amount for his loss of pleasure," continued the tourist, "and then asked if there was anybody else in Chamouni who had a claim on me.

"'The police have not arrested you,' suggested the landlord.

"'All right—here's a tip for them. Anyone else?'

"'My nightwatchman did not let the hotel take fire.'

"'All right, again.'

"'And my wife, monsieur.'

"'Well, what of your wife?'

"'She has presented me with a son during your stay in my house.

"'And what have I got to do with that?'

"'Why monsieur, is it not worth a little fee that she did not present me with two sons at the same time?'

"I thought it was and left a franc for her, and then, as they could think of nothing else, I went down and tipped all the railway officials and finally got out of the country."

Married constables of the London police force receive 40 pounds of coal a week all the year round.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP

Two washings entail less cost for the same result than one washing with impure soap.

REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration, or any injurious chemicals.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR 23

WHAT IS A MILE ?

It's Length Varies in Different Countries.

English-speaking countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet, and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,080 feet, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; the Scotch mile of 5,929 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet, four various miles every one of which is said to be still in use.

The German mile of to-day is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile. The Dutch have a mile of 19,295 feet, the Danes one of 24,875 feet, and the Prussians one of 24,856 feet; and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five of ours, for theirs is 27,459 feet long, and ours is but 5,280 feet.

The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours, the Roman mile is shorter, and the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 450 feet longer. The Swedish mile is 22,023 feet long, and the Vienna post mile is 25,037 feet in length.

Besides this list of twelve different miles, there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer, which is rather less than two-thirds of a mile. The Brazilians have a milia that is one and one-fourth times as long as our mile; the Neapolitan miglio is about the same length; the Japanese ri is almost four and one-half times as long as our mile; the Russian verst five-eighths as long. The Persian standard is a farsakh, about four miles long, which is not far from the supposed length of the parasang, so familiar to every schoolboy who has read Xenophon's "Anabasis." The distance indicated by the league also varies in different countries.

The Publisher of the Best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would be competitors and imitations.

CURED OF PILFERING.

A man stepped into a grocer's shop to make a few purchases. Whilst the apprentice was weighing the goods the customer could not resist the temptation of treating himself to a piece of sugar which was lying on the counter.

The apprentice observed the action, and soon afterwards, with startled mien, called aloud into the shop: "What has become of that lump of arsenic that was lying here ?"

The poor fellow felt hot and cold, and in his terror confessed the deed.

"You are a dead man !" said the pert apprentice. "But I have here an antidote. Quick ! take as much of it as you can swallow." And he filled a tumbler full of salt and water.

The poor fellow eagerly drank off the abominable stuff to save his life, if possible. He then rushed out in order to secure a second antidote from the neighboring pump.

He has never been known to pilfer sugar since that day.

IMPROMPTU SOLO.

In one of the large Irish towns, a few days ago, a disastrous fire broke out in a tenement house, and soon threatened to destroy the entire building. Efforts to get out the furniture, etc., were only moderately successful, and some of the tenants were in a frantic state.

One young girl rushed up to the captain of the Fire Brigade, who was working hard with his men to prevent the fire spreading, and cried:

"Surely you can save my piano; it's on the ground floor ?"

The ground floor being completely gutted, the captain knew nothing could be done; but to console the fair damsel he smiled and said:

"Don't you fear, missy, the piano is all right; sure the hose is playin' on it !"

OSHAWA MIRACLE IS EXPLAINED

How a Remarkable Case of Paralysis Was Cured.

THE MOST INTERESTING MAN IN CANADA.

Joseph Brown Attracts Attention of Physicians, Scientists and Sick People.

JOSEPH BROWN.

From the Mail and Empire.

Oshawa, Ont., Feb. 17.—Joseph Brown, whose case was fully reported in The Mail and Empire some days ago, seems to be the most talked-of and written-about man in Canada. He is in receipt daily of many letters from all over the Dominion. Physicians and scientists, as well as sick people, write him, and many and often amusing questions are asked. To all Mr. Brown answers :—"I have given my sworn statement, and it tells my story. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, and that after I had been partially paralyzed and unable to move for over four months, and given up by many doctors."

Many people have been puzzled as to how a kidney medicine can cure paralysis. This is easily understood when it is remembered that the kidney poison, which is the direct result of kidney weakness, is most destructive to all healthy tissues and nerve. Seventy-five per cent. of all nervous diseases, paralysis and brain troubles is directly caused by weak kidneys, allowing violent poisons to escape through the system to decay and destroy.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, by correcting the action of the kidneys, encourage these natural filters of the blood to extract and expel the poisons, thus removing the cause of many of these dangerous ailments, which are not generally spoken of as kidney diseases.

A certain Paris photographer never says to a lady customer, "Now look pleasant, madam, if you please." He knows a formula infinitely better than that. In the most natural manner in the world he remarks, "It is unnecessary to ask madam to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise." Then click goes the camera, and the result is never in doubt.

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 is 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 WAYS OF SOME.

Stubbs—"Scripps tells me he gave you an elegant edition of Shakespeare as a birthday present."

Scripps—"Yes, he did; then he borrowed it and kept it six months."

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.

Mr. Homebird (in great glee)—"Shout with joy, Mary ! Hooray !" Mrs. Homebird—"I think you're going crazy, aren't you ? We've had new cooks before, you know." "Yes, of course; but this one had her pocket picked in the train coming here, and lost both her purse and return ticket."

Edith—"I hear old Mr. Richman deceived Edith dreadfully about his age." Gladys—"Yes, poor girl ! After they were married he confessed that he was only sixty instead of seventy-five."

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.

Office Boy (to his employer)—"I've got a complaint to make, sir; the cashier kicked me. I don't want any cashier to go kicking me, sir." Employer—"Kicked you ! Of course the cashier kicked you. Surely you cannot expect me to attend to every trifling detail of the business like that myself, can you ?"

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.

A curious perquisite of the Danish M.P. is the right to a free Turkish bath anywhere in the kingdom of Denmark.

MANY ADVANTAGES OVER OTHER LINES.

That the New York Central possesses great advantages over other lines cannot be gainsaid, and they are too numerous to enumerate, but a few of the principal features are: the great train service (twelve express trains each way between Buffalo and New York), four tracks and the Grand Central Station the only station in the city of New York.

This is the route of the famous Empire State Express.

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.

There pass through the London Clearing House in six weeks cheques more than equal in amount to all the coin in the world.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

A man between 20 and 30 loses on an average only 5½ days a year from illness. But between 50 and 60 he loses 20 days yearly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

The Standard Oil Trust owns 6,000 miles of pipe for oil-carrying. Through these pipes a million gallons of oil pass every day of the year.

LOW SETTLERS RATES.

During March and April, 1902 the Northern Pacific will sell ONE WAY SECOND CLASS SETTLERS' tickets from eastern terminal points—St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth, and the Superiors—at greatly reduced rates to nearly all points on its main line, branches and connecting lines, west of North Dakota. These tickets to Northern Pacific points will be good for stopover west of Hope, Idaho.

For example the rate to Portland and North Pacific coast common points will be $25. For further detailed information about these rates call upon or write to Wm. G. Mason, D.P.A. Nor. Pac. R'y, 215 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N.Y., or address Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass & Tkt. Agent, Nor. Pac. R'y, St. Paul, Min.

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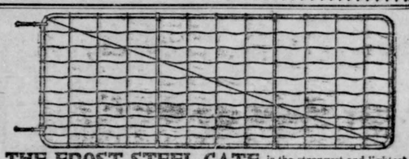

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