CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER VI.

"Well, yes—go to Brighton," Mr. Gibson said to his patient. "I have told you before that you couldn't do better."

And so it was settled that in four or five days Mr. Trelawney should go.

"I could start sooner than that if you liked," he had said, when this time was proposed, but the other answered indifferently that the beginning of the week would be soon enough; so it remained settled thus.

It was Letty's aunt who told her he was going away; he told her nothing. He would speak to her always if he met her anywhere about the house, and always kindly; but sometimes he would only bid her a brief "Good morning," at the most he would never talk more than a minute to her; and many little offices that she had done for him of late he did now for himself, or let them remain undone; the sad hours passed, and the sad days passed, and he never asked for her, nor sought her, nor kept her if she came.

"What have I done?" she began to think piteously, after two or three days had gone. Had she done something to tire him, or to make him angry with her? She began to go about with a wistful sorrowful face that (though she did not know it) went to the hearts of the other two who watched her.

"You'd best not notice her, sir; you can't do anything for her," Mrs. Markham would say to Mr. Trelawney beseechingly. She could not speak to him of what it was that made the girl suffer so, and yet, with a sense of misery that was indescribable, she feared that he knew it. He knew how her child loved him, and he was only her master, who could give nothing back to her.

It had been settled that he should go away early in the week—on the Tuesday morning. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Markham was busy packing his portmanteau; then some carpet bag was found to be wanting, and in the evening she said that she would go to the village and get it.

"You may as well come with me too, Letty," she said, but at this Letty looked up wistfully from some sewing that was in her hand, and in a nervous kind of way asked that she might stay at home; and as she spoke she looked so tired that Mrs. Markham said no more, but left her, and took her walk to the village alone. For, except to show her neighbors that Letty was safe under her own wing, she did not in reality care about having the girl with her, because Letty's sad face, she feared, only made people talk; and as for leaving her at home, even though Mr. Trelawney was there too, she might do that safely enough, she knew, now. So she went away to do her work, not dreaming that any harm could happen in her absence.

But an eager plan had been forming itself for days in poor Letty's disturbed mind. Before Mr. Trelawney went away she must surely try to speak to him once, she had said to herself; she must have offended him (though she could not tell how she had offended him); and it seemed to her that she must ask him what she had done before he went, or she should break her heart. Since the scheme had come into her mind no opportunity had arisen for putting it into execution; but now her aunt would be absent for an hour, and Mr. Trelawney was in his study, and she knew that, if she could gather courage enough to go to him, she might ask him the question that she longed so intensely to ask.

But she must go to him at once, or she should not be able to go to him at all; she knew that too, as for ten minutes after her aunt had gone away she sat with her sick heart beating fast, and her courage dying out of her. More than once she had almost said to herself that she could not do it, before at last, with a passionate despairing feeling that her one chance was passing from her, she summoned all her strength, and rose, and went to the study door.

She knew that Mr. Trelawney was in that room. She knocked, and he told her to come in, and then she turned the handle of the door and entered.

He was sitting at his desk, and he looked up. For a moment or two he did not speak. Then suddenly, "Why Letty, what is the matter?—are you ill?" he exclaimed quickly, as he saw her white face.

She said, "No, sir," almost in a whisper. She had closed the door behind her, and she came timidly forward till she stood near to his writing table. "I—I only wanted to speak to you, sir, for two or three minutes," she said.

"Wait a moment, then, and I shall be ready for you," he answered. His heart had smote him at the sight of her. He began to gather some papers together that were on his desk. "Sit down, Letty," he said. He made a feint of occupying himself for a few seconds to give her time to recover herself (perhaps to give himself breathing time too, that he might think, or try to think, what he should say to her); then he closed his desk, and, turning to her (she had not sat down), "Well, Letty, what is it?" he quietly asked.

She was standing with one hand leaning on his table, looking at him with wide, childish, pathetic eyes, whose wistful pleading even before she spoke cut him to the heart. When he put his question to her she tried to answer it at once, but she made two efforts before her voice came.

"I only wanted to ask you, sir—I don't know what I've done," she said at last, faltering, "but—I'm afraid I've made you angry?"

"Made me angry?" he exclaimed quickly. He would not let her see how her question pained him. He almost tried to laugh. "Why, child, how could you do that?" he said.

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, but what has put it into your head? I have never been angry with you in my life."

"—I thought you must be sir."

"You are entirely mistaken. You were never more mistaken about anything. You must not let yourself be run away with by such fancies."

"But it's all—so—different."

"Do you mean that I have been seeing less of you?—that I have been letting you do less for me since I have been better? Of course, if that is what you have been thinking of, it is true."

"Yes, sir."

The meek, dejected, and assent made it hard for him to go on speaking.

"Well, but I am so much stronger now, that you see I don't need any longer to take up your time. It was very nice to have you to read to me, and to run on my messages, but of course all that belongs to a time that is passing away now. I am sure you understand it, Letty. It is not because I am vexed with you that I ask less from you—never think that for a moment. I am as grateful to you as ever. I have just as much regard for you as ever. You must not think—"

He was going on, adding sentence to sentence laboriously; trying—and feeling that he was trying vainly—to say something to reassure her, when all at once the sad eyes overflowed, and without a sob or a word the silent tears rolled down her cheeks.

At that sight—for it struck him like a blow—his speech suddenly ceased; there were two or three moments' painful silence, and then, in a different tone—

"Letty, you must not cry," he said, hurriedly. "I cannot bear to see you cry. You are vexing yourself about a thing that ought not to vex you. If I have had you less with me, do you think that has not made me sorry too? Do you suppose I have not missed you? There—dry your eyes. You must not go on doing this. I cannot have you do it."

From very pity for her he spoke almost harshly; he rose from his seat, and in his embarrassment put his hand upon her arm, almost as if (or at least so, in her timid sorrow, she interpreted it) he meant to push her from him; and she yielded to the touch, poor thing, and for a moment turned her face to the door, as though she would go away, and then suddenly the flood-gates of her heart burst, and she broke out sobbing like a child.

For more than a minute she stood with her hands covering her face, crying unrestrainedly, in her helpless sorrow and weakness—all the misery that she had tried to hide from him through these weary days laying itself bare before him at last, with a pitiful, wild abandonment. She cried as a girl cries who feels, in her first sorrow, as if the world had ended for her and her heart had broken.

He said her name once in a distressed and agitated voice, and then stood silent. Each sob she gave was like a knife piercing him. He stood still, doing nothing to give her comfort—not knowing what he could dare to do.

When that minute of wild weeping had passed, in her humiliation and wretchedness she would have gone away, and perhaps it would have been well if he had let her go—only how could he be hard enough to do it? As she made a movement towards the door, he put out his hand and touched her a second time.

"Letty, you must not leave me like this—you must not go thinking we are not friends," he said. "We may not see one another again for a good while; but, my child, I shall never forget you. Wherever I go I shall miss you—believe that! I shall always think of you. I shall always be grateful for your affection." He had taken her hand now, and the little lifeless fingers were closed tight in his.

"I cannot bear to go thinking that I leave you unhappy," he said, after another silence. "You ought not to be unhappy, Letty. You must tell me that you will try not to be. I know it is hard to part—it is hard to me as well as to you. Do you think I should not like best to stay here, and let us go on as we have been doing during these last months? But, my child, it cannot be."

He held her hand still; he put his other hand upon her shoulder. "Letty, it cannot be," he said again; and then all at once he left her quivering and sobbing, and with a quick irresistible pity (almost while the words in which he was telling her that they must part were on his lips) he drew her to him. "My poor child—my poor child," he said, half aloud, and the next moment the sad face was on his breast.

He held her close to him, and kissed her; he caressed and soothed her till her tears ceased. Perhaps even while he was caressing her she knew with a heavy heart at how great a price he had bought the momentary pleasure of comforting her, and half wished the act undone; but though he might almost wish it undone, he could not undo it then.

He said to her quietly, after a few minutes.

"Well, Letty, we shall not have to part now, you see;" and when, scarcely daring to think that she understood him, and yet with such absolute faith believing in him and trusting him, she ventured to look the question that she could not ask—"If we want to be together we shall have to marry one another. You see that now—do you not?" he said. And then—"I had thought of this before, Letty. That was why I had resolved to go away—because I had thought it was best perhaps—that we should not marry; but now, if you care for me enough to stay with me, you must be my wife, you know."

"Oh, sir!" she said breathlessly.

"Oh, you cannot mean that!" she said again, next moment, almost in a whisper.

The prospect that he opened to her was (to her poor eyes) so dazzling that she could not receive it.

"You cannot mean it," she repeated, and yet, even while she spoke, with a wild timid tenderness, as if her own words frightened her lest they should be true, she clung to him.

"Do you think I could do anything but mean it?" he asked. "Most certainly I mean it, if it will make you happy. You must tell me if it will do that? Will it, my poor child?"

He made her lift her face to him, and looked into her eyes. After that look he did not ask her again to answer him. With a feeling of curious sadness—a feeling that was half tenderness, and yet, even at that moment, half an almost bitter regret—he read all that her eyes said.

He was very kind and gentle to her. He made her sit down beside him, and talked to her for a little while, soothing her, and saying again those sweetest of all words to her ears—that they should not part.

The poor little lips had begun to curve into faint tremulous smiles before he let her leave him. "I don't know how to believe it," she said softly, once. In her humility, under the burden of her meek and passionate love, she sat beside him with her head drooped down, listening to his voice as she might have listened to some divine music. She scarcely, on her side, spoke a word to him; she was too overwhelmed by the weight of the incredible happiness that had come to her; yearning to give some sign of how she loved him, she could only bend her face down over his hands and kiss them.

He kept her with him for perhaps a quarter of an hour; then all he could think of was that he seemed to have been said, and he kissed the soft young cheek again, and let her leave him.

He sat alone in his study for half an hour after she had gone away. Perhaps he scarcely repented yet of what he had done, for in a way she was surely dear to him; but, as he thought of the life he had imposed upon himself, his heart sank. In the dusk, after a good while had passed, he heard the click of the latch at the garden door, and looking out saw Mrs. Markham coming back to the house. He rose up then, and going to the garden called her.

"I want to speak to you; come here," he said; and when she followed him indoors, and into his study, he shut the door of the room, and "Mrs. Markham," he said, quietly, "we may make new plans for ourselves now, for I have asked Letty to marry me."

(To Be Continued.)

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

A German botanist has discovered that the pretty flower known as the lily of the valley contains a poison of the same kind as digitalis. Not only the flower itself, but also the stem as well, contains an appreciable quantity of prussic acid. Whilst injecting a decoction of lily of the valley into the ear of a guinea pig, he noticed the animal succumbed immediately, with all the symptoms of poisoning by hydrocyanic acid. Chemical analysis of the little plant has disclosed, however, the presence of this poisonous constituent, to which—strange to say—scientists attribute precisely the penetrating perfume of lily of the valley. The attention of the German botanist had been drawn by the fact that one of his gardeners has felt himself seized with dizziness and vomiting, after having raised inadvertently a bunch of lilies of the valley to his mouth, the lips of which were cracked.

NO VERIFICATION NEEDED AT HOME

EVERYBODY IN OSHAWA IS FAMILIAR WITH THIS CASE.

Joe Brown's Wonderful Escape From Death is Now an Old and Oft Told Story to the People of His Own Town.

Oshawa, Ont., March 3.—(Special)—While interest in Joe Brown's case has been revived by the recent publication of the facts in so many papers, Oshawa people are well acquainted with the whole circumstance. Mr. Brown's father-in-law, Mr John Allin whose place of business is right in the centre of the town, has, however, had to answer many questions recently, but as he was very close to Mr. Brown during the whole of his painful experiences in '97 and '98, he finds this an easy matter.

Mr. Allin is quite as enthusiastic as Mr. Brown himself, and never tires telling the story of how Dodd's Kidney Pills conquered disease, and saved Mr. Brown's life. He says:

"We didn't think he would ever live through it, let alone get strong and be able to work, but the pills made him all right and well in a short time, and the best of it all is that the cure has stood the test of time. It must be three and a half years since, and as you know he's strong and hearty to-day and has been ever since Dodd's Kidney Pills sent him back to the shop."

There are many others in town who have recently been reminded of this wonderful cure of a seemingly hopeless case who find no trouble in calling up the facts, and none are slow to give all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

TIME TO BEGIN.

No man should make an excuse for not advertising of the fact that he has never advertised at all. He should go after business just the same as though he had been in the line of business getting all his life. He should push persistently for leadership in the game of business and should be satisfied with nothing he should neglect nothing that would give him advantage in his fight along this line.

WOMAN'S AILMENTS.

SUFFERING WHICH DOCTORS FAIL TO CURE.

Thousands of Women Throughout Canada in a Similar Condition—Words of Hope to Sufferers.

In countless homes throughout Canada, where health and happiness should reign supreme, the peculiar weakness and diseases of women are responsible for an atmosphere of hopelessness and despair. This awful condition is largely due to a misunderstanding of the proper manner in which to effect a cure for female troubles of all kinds. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been more successful in cases of this kind than any other medicine, and they should be in every home, and should be used by every woman who is not perfectly hearty and strong. Mrs. Fred Murphy, a well-known resident of Pubnico Head, N.S., cheerfully bears testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in woman's ailments. Mrs. Murphy says:—"A few years ago my health was completely broken down, my troubles beginning in one of the ailments which so frequently afflict my sex. I was a great sufferer from violent attacks of pain which would seize me in the stomach and around the heart. It is impossible for me to describe the agony of the spasms. Several times the doctor was hastily summoned, my friends thinking me dying. I was wholly unable to perform my household work, and was under medical treatment all through the summer, but without benefit. My appetite left me; my heart would palpitate violently after the least exertion, and I was pale and emaciated. My husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and procured me a supply. After using the pills a couple of weeks, I could feel that they were helping me, and after using seven bottles, I was fully restored to health. From that time until the spring of 1901 I enjoyed the best of health, but at that time I felt run down, and suffered from pains in the back. I at once got some more of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon put me all right, and I am now feeling better than I have done for years. I cannot praise these pills too much, nor can I too strongly urge those who are ailing to test their wonderful health restoring virtues."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right to the root of disease by making new, rich blood, and restoring shattered nerves. In this way they cure such troubles as the functional ailments of women, restore the glow of health to sallow cheeks, cure palpitation of the heart, anaemia, headache, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, rheumatism, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, etc. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on every box. If you do not find them at your dealers they will be mailed postpaid at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FRENCH COPYBOOKS.

Some copybooks which are being issued at the French schools contain pictures which perhaps unfortunately defeat at the hands of the Boers, as the letterpress is written in this vein: "The English army.....is not a national army like that of France. Kidnapping is the sole method of recruiting employed on the other side of the Channel. It is chiefly in London, at Trafalgar-place, that this abominable white slave trade is carried on." It goes on to describe the recruits as "vagabonds, beggars the scum of great cities," allured by promises of gin, "the national English drink," and it concludes with the statement that the English soldiers are a set of drunkards. When such libels are taught in the schools, who can wonder that we are not popular in France?

THE BRITISH AMERICA.

At the sixty-eighth annual meeting of the British America Assurance Company held in the head office at Toronto the other day, a highly satisfactory report was presented. The net profits for last year were $99,500; $65,000 in dividends was distributed at 6 and 7 per cent., and $30,544 carried to the reserve fund which now stands at $612,001. Hon. Geo. A. Cox, the president, said that the net gain in premiums for last year was $127,159, and the reduction in losses $16,124. Reviewing the business of the company for the past eight years, the president showed that during that period the net premiums in Canada had increased from $173,951 to $351,505, an advance of 100 per cent., while the average increase of companies doing business in the same field, according to the Government reports, was only 40 per cent.

DOGS DISGUISED AS BABIES.

The fact that any dog now imported into England is subject to a strict a police supervision for several weeks as if its owner were a Government spy, is causing much concern among the owners of pet dogs on the other side of the Channel. Indeed, so great is the annoyance of the ladies at having to leave behind their treasured pets, that a rumor has lately become current in the French papers to the effect that some of them have succeeded in smuggling their dogs into England disguised as babies.

Protruding Bleeding Piles.

Two Letters from Mr. Walker Explaining the Severity of His Case and the Permanency of His Cure by Using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Some people seem to think that it is too much to claim that Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure every form of piles, but facts go to prove the truth of this claim. These are interesting letters from one who has suffered much and been cured.

In November, 1901, Mr. Sherwood Walker, a fireman on the Canada Atlantic Railway, living at Madawaska, Ont., writes:—"I am a great sufferer from bleeding piles. Sometimes the protruding piles come down, causing much misery and uneasiness, and at other times I am subject to bleeding piles, and they bleed to such an extent as to make me quite weak. If Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure this awful ailment you will have my everlasting gratitude."

On March 1, 1902, we received the following letter from Mr. Walker, which speaks volumes for Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles of the most distressing form. He writes:—"According to my promise, I now take pleasure in writing to you. If you remember, you sent me a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles some three months ago. I used it faithfully, and can say that it proved a Godsend, for it has entirely cured me of bleeding piles.

"I would have written sooner, but I wanted to be able to tell you that it was a permanent cure. This you can use for the benefit of other suffering people. There are several people here who have been cured of very severe cases of protruding piles by using this great ointment."

So far as we know there is no other preparation extant which is so successful in curing piles of the most aggravated kind as Dr. Chase's Ointment. Its soothing, healing powers are marvellous, and its cures thorough and permanent. Sixty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

SUNLIGHT SOAP

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than two ounces of 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. 5

The Federal Life

Assurance Co. of Canada.

The twentieth annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at the head office in Hamilton, Tuesday, the 4th inst. Lieut.-Col. Kerns, vice president, was appointed chairman and David Dexter secretary.

REPORT OF DIRECTORS.

The directors presented their annual report, as follows:

Your directors have the honor to present the report and financial statement of the company for the year which closed on December 31, 1901, duly vouched for by the auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of 1,793 applications for insurance aggregating $2,479,500, of which 1,704 applications, for $2,385,768.50, were accepted; applications for 593,731.50 were rejected or held for further information.

As in previous years, the income of the company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the company have been increased by $178,584.66, and have now reached $1,449,925.58, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policy-holders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to $2,319,925.58, and the liabilities for reserves and all out-standing claims, $1,290,849.94, showing a surplus of $1,029,075.64. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policy holders was $159,075.64.

Policies on 56 lives became claims through death, to the amount of $126,745, of which $5,000 was reinsured in other companies, a rate of mortality considerably under that provided for.

Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, $30,638.70, with annuities, the total payments to policy-holders amounted to $182,925.67.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the company's funds in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded results better than the average results of insurance companies doing business in Canada.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The field officers and agents of the company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful in the company's service.

The assurances carried by the company now amount to $13,058,777.61 upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus, as above shown.

The work of the current year, now well under way, has produced results even better than for the same period last year, leading to the belief that a like advantage may be maintained throughout the year.

DAVID DEXTER, Managing Director
WM. KERNS, Vice-President.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:

Gentlemen: We have made a careful audit of the books of your company for the year ending December 31, 1901, and have certified to their correctness. The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your company, as on December 31, is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted.
H. S. STEPHENS,
J. J. MASON,
Auditors.

Hamilton, March 1, 1902.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1901.

Premium income... ...$	439,504 05
Interest...	57,554 64
Capital stock...	7,715 00
	$ 504,773 69
Paid to policy-holders for death claims, endowments, surrender values and profits... ... ...$	182,925 67
All other payments...	158,310 16
Balance...	163,537 86
	$ 504,773 69
Assets, December 31, 1901:	
Debentures and bonds $	321,172 84
Mortgages...	619,691 65
Loans secured by policy reserves...	235,530 59
Cash in bank and other assets...	273,530 50
	$ 1,449,925 58
Liabilities:	
Reserve fund... ... ...$	1,355,056 31
Death losses awaiting proofs...	20,400 00
Other liabilities... ...	15,393 63
Surplus on policy-holders account ...	159,075 64
	$ 1,449,925 58
Guarantee capital ...$	870,000 00
Total security ... ...$	2,319,925 58
Policies were issued ... ...$	2,385,768 50
Total assurance in force... ... ...$	13,058,777 61

On motion of Lieut.-Col. Kerns, seconded by Mr. Macpherson, the report was adopted.

The medical director presented a statistical report, showing a favorable mortality experience.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting David Dexter was elected president and managing director, Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Mr. Macpherson vice-presidents.

A FEARFUL JOY.

Lord Russell of Killowen, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, was very brusque in manner and to call upon him was sometimes "a fearful joy." A visitor, a Mr. Wilkins, once appeared in Lord Russell's office to ask a favor. The conversation which ensued would be regarded anywhere as sufficient evidence of Lord Russell's eccentricity, to use a mild term.

"How do you do, Sir Charles?" said Wilkins. "I think I had the honor of meeting you with Lord—"

"What do you want?" interrupted Lord Russell.

"Well, Sir Charles, I have endeavored to state in my letter—"

"Yes, I have your letter," said Lord Russell, brusquely, "and you write a very slovenly hand."

"The fact is, Sir Charles, I wrote that letter in a hurry in your waiting-room."

"Not at all, not at all. You had plenty of time to write a legible note. No, you are careless. Go on!"

"Well, a vacancy has occurred in—" began the visitor.

"You are very untidy in your appearance," broke in Sir Charles.

"I was travelling all night. I only—"

"Nonsense!" again interrupted Lord Russell. "You had plenty of time to make yourself tidy. No; you are naturally careless about your appearance. Go on!"

"Well, Sir Charles, this vacancy has occurred in—"

"And you are very fat," interrupted the chief justice, irritably.

"That is hereditary, I am afraid," said the visitor, not a little discomposed by the criticisms of Sir Charles. "My father was very fat—"

"Not at all," said the chief justice. "I knew your father. He wasn't fat. It's laziness."

But Lord Russell helped the man to the position he desired. His bark was often worse than his bite.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

CHILD-LIKE IGNORANCE.

The general illiteracy of the average Russian peasant has one curious result. A writer who has travelled widely in their country notes that the shopkeepers announce their wares by pictures rather than by names. The attention of the customers is sought by paintings of the articles on sale—as of coats and trousers in the clothing stores; bread, butter, cheese and sausages in the line of provisions; knives, forks, and carpenters' tools at the hardware dealers', and so on. Even in the barracks the sentry is taught the proper military motions by a series of pictures. It all seems like dealing with children. There are millions who read no books or newspapers, and write and receive no letters.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

The hardest wood in the world is not ebony, but coco, which is much used for making flutes and other similar musical instruments.

Miss Nipper—"He told her he would give her all he had in the world to make her happy." Miss Swanne—"And what did she do?" Miss Nipper—"She married him and held him strictly to his promise."

PAGE METAL GATES are so low in price no one can afford to use wooden ones. Light, and yet strong enough to support a heavy man on the end while he swings around the circle without causing them to sag. They are neat in appearance, will last a lifetime. Will not sag nor get rickety. They are supplied with hitches which allow them to be opened either way and are self acting. The only good metal gate that is low enough in price for General farm purposes. We also make Farm and Ornamental Poultry Netting, Nails and Staples. The Page Wire Fence Co. Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 1

PIANO FULL OF EXPLOSIVES.

The London Daily Chronicle publishes the following letter from a yeoman in South Africa: You mustn't think that I'm cruel because I go in for smashing things, but you can never trust a Boer. The other day we came to an empty farmhouse shut up; we broke into it and came across a piano with a note attached begging us not to smash it, as it was a present from somebody's mother. I guessed that note was all bunkum, and suggested that we should open the instrument. We did so, and, sure enough, it was full of ammunition. That was good enough for us; we burnt it down, but it did not burn long, for the house blew up.

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.

The weekly mail to our army in South Africa is 204,000 letters.

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 were 6,378 deserters from the British Army in 1900, against 4,107 in 1898.

T-Z (Wise head) has an advantage over other soap powders inasmuch as it also acts as a disinfectant.

The horses considered best for heavy dray work weigh 1,800 pounds each.

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.

It takes 2,800 silkworms to make a pound of silk, and these worms eat 156 pounds of leaves before they spin their cocoons.

Stop 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 cow's hide produces 35 pounds of leather, and that of a horse about 18 pounds.

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Titanium is the hardest metal. It looks like copper but will scratch rock crystal.

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.

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He—"You know you love me better than you do him, even if he has more money." She—"Yes, but I think it better to become engaged to him while you are making a fortune. Think of the lovely presents he will give me!"

It's sad to think how much good money is spent on bad tea despite the fact that Blue Ribbon is in every store.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

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