AN UNSOUGHT WEALTH;

Or The Mystery of a Brother's Legacy.

CHAPTER X.

He was a tall man, sparely built, yet possessing a breadth of chest which denoted strength. He carried himself with a slight stoop. His face was clean shaven, and his large brown eyes were fixed deeply in his head. He had a trick of fixing his glance on anything which caugnt his attention, which is found in short-sighted people, though he was not short-sighted, and which made the object stared at wonder if by any possibility this man could blink.

"M. Nurvetchky," — his voice was another peculiarity. He habitually spoke with almost feminine gentleness, and yet so clearly that his words traveled farther than the utterances of more uproarious speakers — "do we understand you to say that what we have just now seen owed nothing to your connivance?"

"Certainly."

"That it is not a trick?"

"If it is a trick we are not the performers. The diamond has acted on its own initiative."

"Will you allow me to come on the stage?"

"With the greatest of pleasure. We shall be glad to have you. So keen an inquirer as yourself cannot fail to arrive at a correct conclusion."

M. Nurvetchky's tone was a little dry. As Mr. Leicester was about to accept this invitation Colonel Dewsnap rose from his seat and caught him by the arm.

"I think if I were you" — he stroked his moustache and paused—"I'd leave this thing alone."

"Colonel, you come with me."

That was Mr. Leicester's answer. The Colonel laughed — a little oddly.

"I don't mind if I do."

One after the other they ascended the steps which led to the little gangway and moved towards the stage. Willy Panton seemed to object to being left behind; he was quite ready to cut a figure on any stage.

"Can't I come, too?"

"I think," said Mr. Leicester, "that perhaps you'd better not."

"Let me out! I ain't going to stay here! I ain't going to have my goose cooked, not for no one."

It was Mr. Truelove in the gallery. M. Nurvetchky addressed the committee of inspection.

"Well, gentlemen, what is it you wish to examine first?"

Mr. Leicester replied—

"Perhaps you will let us examine this table."

The Colonel seemed to think the proceeding superfluous.

"I don't think you will find the secret there."

Apparently satisfied with the result of his proceedings, he advanced to M. Nurvetchky.

"Now, sir, with your permission, I will examine the diamond."

It showed none of the signs of aversion to him which it had evinced to the lady.

"I suppose, M. Nurvetchky, you have no microscope of any kind handy?"

"I have a jeweler's glass."

M. Nurvetchky took one from his pocket and handed it to the speaker. Mr. Leicester fitted it into his eye. With its aid he long and carefully peered into the inner mysteries of the diamond. After he had peered for quite a minute he came to the front of the stage. He spoke to Mr. Schwabe.

"I think you said you were a diamond merchant?"

"I am. Here is my card."

"Thank you. I think, too, you said that you had already examined this diamond. You are sure — you will excuse my putting it in that way—but you are quite sure that this is the one that you examined?"

"I am quite sure."

"May I ask if you have noticed any peculiarity in the formation of the stone?"

"If you mean, has it a flaw, it has none. It is one of the most perfect stones, if not the most perfect stone, I ever saw. It is perfect so far as appearance go."

"May I trouble you to explain what you mean by 'so far as appearances go'?"

"It is a perfect stone. What I mean you will possibly discover for yourself before you have concluded your experiments —if you intend to try any."

As he said this Mr. Schwabe smiled.

"I suppose there is no doubt that it is a diamond?"

"None whatever. As I have said, it would be cheap at twenty thousand pounds if it were possible to buy it."

And Mr. Schwabe smiled again.

"I am obliged to you." Mr. Leicester turned to M. Nurvetchky. "I suppose, M. Nurvetchky, that the wonderful things this stone has done in the hands of others it will be equally ready to do in mine?"

"As to that I cannot inform you. You had better try."

"But how shall I proceed to try?"

"Suppose you address yourself to the owner of the stone? I can only repeat my assurance that I myself know nothing of the matter, either one way or the other."

As Mr. Leicester was turning towards Mr. Hookham Madame Nurvetchky touched him on the arm.

"I do not think, my friend, you know what ground it is on which you are venturing. You see this, and this, and this." She touched the scars on her neck and bosom, and her poor burnt hair. "That stone, which is now so cool to you, has done all this, as you saw with your own eyes. And see, it has burnt me here as well." She held out her hand and showed him the mark of a scar. "You absolve us from all blame, you take upon yourself all risk in this that you are about to do?"

"I absolve you from all blame. I must dree my weird, Madame."

"Mr. Hookham, let me present to you Mr. Leicester, a famous gentleman."

It was a curious place for an introduction. Mr. Leicester bowed. Mr. Hookham merely looked at him askance. Mr. Leicester held out the diamond.

"I understand that this diamond, sir, is yours?"

"Yes, sir, it is mine."

"You claim for it magic powers?" Madame Nurvetchky interposed.

"I? I claim for it nothing."

"If you want to produce some manifestations — I think that I may call them so — offer to buy it."

"Take Care!"

The words were boomed through the hall with the tumult of a deafening crash of thunder. And when at last something approaching silence had returned, it was the Colonel's voice that was heard.

"That's the third time of asking. Now look out for ructions."

The Colonel smiled, but he was the only person in the building who seemed inclined to do so.

"Mr. Leicester, don't you think you had better act upon the warning, and take care?"

"Madame Nurvetchky, I have heard that sort of thing done before, though I will do you the justice to admit that I have not heard it done quite so well."

The lady smiled. She favored him with one of her sweeping curtseys.

"Mr. Leicester, the risk is yours."

"As you say, Madame, the risk is mine."

Yesnn ghdgfter asdgftrt erntfgrttttt.

"Yes; and I wonder what percentage an insurance office would want, to take it?"

This was from the Colonel. Mr. Leicester proceeded to address the owner of the stone.

"I understand that if I wish your diamond to do any more of those wonderful things we have already seen, I must offer to buy it. I am afraid that so valuable a stone is beyond the range of my limited means; but, at the same time, I shall be happy — I shall be happy" thus M. Nurvetchky, with ever-increasing dryness, as it seemed.

—he paused — "I shall be happy" — he paused again — "I shall be happy——"

There was a convulsive twitching of the muscles of his face. His lips were tightly closed. Then he raised his hand and flung the diamond from him to the floor.

"I wonder how they managed to do that?"

His voice, as he asked the question, was still gentle and courteous. He stood, with his arm stretched out in front of him, gazing at the open palm. Madame Nurvetchky moved to him.

"Has it burned you? I warned you! It seems resolved to leave a brand on every one that touches it. Oh, your poor hand!"

She bent over Mr. Leicester's hand and smoothed it softly with her own.

"Supposing you show it to the audience," suggested M. Nurvetchky, as sleepy and as bored as before, but drier than ever. "Let them have the satisfaction of seeing that you are really burned."

Mr. Leicester showed his hand to the people.

"It has burned me in the palm."

"Mr. Leicester," observed M. Nurvetchky, "will shortly explain to you how it was done."

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the clerical gentleman at the back, "you will come off the stage. They will work you a mischief if you do not take care."

"Mischief! I hope they'll remember that my name's Truelove if they want to make arrangement for your burial."

From which remark it appeared that Mr. Truelove had not yet retired from the gallery. Mr. Leicester seemed to pay no attention to either speaker. Turning slowly round he advanced to where the diamond had found a resting place upon the carpet.

"As I was saying, Mr. Hookham, I shall be happy" — he stooped to pick up the stone. There was a report as though the stone had gone off pop. It was perhaps the suddenness of the thing which induced him to withdraw his hand. "I shall be happy—" He again advanced his hand. There was another report. Possibly more prepared for these little pleasing carryings-on, he did not flinch, but the stone did. As he was about to grasp it it gave a little spring and was beyond the reach of his hand. "I shall be happy——" Again he made a snatch at it—again there was a report — and again the stone had hopped away.

Suddenly the diamond ceased its remarkable antics. In an instant Mr. Leicester had it in his hand.

"I have it," he said, with quiet triumph. "Now, Mr. Hookham, as I was about to remark, I shall be happy——"

It seemed that he was fated not to declare his happiness. He had got so far when a ring of flame sprang up around him like one of those haloes which we see in old pictures encircling the heads of saints. It in no way touched his body, but it girded him round about as with a belt of flame. He paused to look at it, with a curiosity which might be called excusable.

"I wonder how that's done? he said, in that quiet, contemplative voice of his.

"Perhaps you will be able to offer an explanation as you go on;" Keeping his eyes on the thin circular red line, Mr. Leicester continued addressing Mr. Hookham.

"As I was observing, sir, I shall be happy" — pause, instant appearance of a second bolt of flame, about half-way up his body—"I shall be happy" — another pause, and the third belt appeared, about the region of his knees.

"Let me entreat you, sir," to pause. That old man means to work you mischief."

The clerical gentleman had risen in his seat and was pointing at Mr. Hookham. Mr. Hookham's attitude did seem singular. He was bent almost double, his hands were knitted together in a convulsive clasp, his eyes seemed starting from his head. He would not have made a bad picture of a man engaged in the act of cursing his enemy. His looks seemed to strike Mr. Leicester.

"Would you work me a mischief?" he asked.

The old man stared as though the words had roused him for a fit of intense pre-occupation.

"I? Work you a mischief! I?" The old man looked round the hall with frightened eyes—it gave one quite an uncomfortable feeling to see his face, it was so white, and drawn and haunted. He turned to Mr. Leicester, "Give me that stone!"

"Why?"

"Give me the stone!"

"Not I. The experiments are proceeding admirably. As M. Nurvetchky remarked, if I go on I shall doubtless be able to explain exactly how it's done. As I was observing, Mr. Hookham, I shall be happy——"

The three belts all at once united and became a continuous sheet of flame. Mr. Leicester was standing in a circle of flame some three feet deep — shaped something like a barrel with both the ends knocked out.

"I protest!" cried the clerical gentleman, who had remained erect upon his feet. "I protest against this exhibition going on!"

"Why do you protest?" inquired M. Nurvetchky.

"That old man means mischief!"

The clerical gentleman brought down his hand with a bang on the back of the seat in front of him, with so forcible a bang that the young lady who occupied it sprang up with a little scream.

Leicester, murmured the Colonel, "I think you'd better come away."

"I have warned Mr. Leicester that the risk is his," this from Madame Nurvetchky, with one of those eloquent gestures of hers which were at the same time so full of grace.

Mr. Leicester looked first at the clerical gentleman, then at the Colonel, then at Mr. Hookham, who had again assumed one of his peculiar attitudes, and at the lady—last of all.

"Yes," he said, "the risk is mine." He glanced down at the flame which circled him. "I have been continually interrupted in the observation that I was about to make to you, Mr. Hookham, to the effect that I shall be happy——"

The flame began to gyrate. Slowly at first, then with ever-increasing velocity. As it went whirling round, it threw out sparks, as a gigantic catherine wheel might throw out a great rain of fire.

"Leicester," cried the Colonel, on whom some of the sparks had fallen, "come out of it."

"My dear Dewsnap, you are surely not afraid! Consider how great a portion of my life I have spent in looking for something which might be honestly called remarkable. At last it seems that I have stumbled upon something, by the merest chance — one always stumbles upon the most important discoveries by chance — which may be said to answer that description. You would not have me give up my search just at that moment when I am within measurable distance of success?"

Mr. Leicester's tones were quietly pleasant. But it seemed as though the people were beginning to be restless in their seats.

"As I was observing, Mr. Hookham," continued Mr. Leicester, "I shall be happy——"

A faint, white smoke began to accompany the sparks which were issuing from the revolving sheet of flame — a faint, white smoke of peculiar pungence. It stole from the stage into the hall. It mounted to the gallery. People began to cough. They began to see each other through a haze. The clerical gentleman turned to a lady who accompanied him.

"Hester, come away. That old man means mischief; look at him now!" And indeed Mr. Hookham was staring with a strange intensity at Mr. Leicester and the revolving flame. "At least, we will not stay to see it done."

There were symptoms of something like a panic. Mr. Leicester, who seemed quite at his ease in the curious position he occupied, appealed to their common sense.

"What are you running from? A conjurer's trick? Don't be so foolish. Sit down, and see it out."

The appeal, which was distinctly audible, even in the gathering confusion, had the result of quieting the people, at least for the moment.

"As I was observing, Mr. Hookham, I shall be happy" — the smoke suddenly increased in volume — "I shall be happy" — so dense had the smoke become that it obscured the persons on the stage, but through it issued, audible to every creature in the hall, the clear, well-bred tones of Mr. Leicester's voice — "I shall be happy to buy your diamond."

There was silence, just for an instant. People looked at each other's faces; so much, that is to say, as they could see of them, for the smoke in the hall, as on the stage, began to be thick and suffocating. Then a scream rang out — the scream of a human being. Then there was silence again.

Then a curious noise began. It came from the stage. It was like the yelping of some strange beast. It seemed from the sound, as though some wild animal had appeared upon the stage.

How long it lasted, that uncomfortable visitation from the unseen visitor — if it was a visitation, and there was a visitor — no one in the hall would have been prepared to say. It seemed to those there that it lasted hours. Possibly it only lasted seconds.

Just as speedily as it came, it went away. All was still.

(To Be Continued).

You Cannot Live Without Sleep.

Unless the Nervous Energy Daily Consumed is Made good by Rest and Sleep Physical and Mental Bankruptcy is Inevitable—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Sleep is as necessary to life as is food or water. A single night of wakefulness unnerves most people, and when sleeplessness becomes chronic it soon leads to mental and physical collapse, prostration, paralysis or insanity.

Sleeplessness is an unmistakable symptom of nervous exhaustion. Opiates may give temporary relief, but have a terrible reaction on the nervous system. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures sleeplessness, just as it cures nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, irritability, restlessness and all the other symptoms of nervous exhaustion, by actually increasing the nerve force of the body.

To the nervous and exhausted, who feel that they are losing their grip on life, find it difficult to concentrate their thoughts, and to remember what they read or read to the despondent and discouraged, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food comes, bringing new hopes and ambitions. By noting your weight while using it you can prove that new, firm flesh and muscle are being added to your body. At the same time you will feel the thrill of new, rich blood in your veins, and new vigor and energy in every nerve fibre.

Mr. W. Hawken, of 3 Rodeo Place, and who is employed in Haight's Candy Works, Toronto, Ont., states:

"I was troubled for a long time with very severe headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite, and could not rest or sleep well. The regular use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has greatly improved my appetite. I sleep splendidly, and the headaches are entirely gone. As a matter of fact I feel like a different person, and can recommend this medicine very highly, as I know it has been the means of curing many."

The blood-making, nerve invigorating influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food commends it to all who are weak and exhausted. Gradually and naturally it builds up the system, and, being composed of powerful restoratives, its effects are as certain as the laws of nature. Fifty cents a box; 6 boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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 droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

THE BUREAU DRAWER.

Do Not Close It With Your Knee, Madam.

Danger lurks now in so many quarters that nobody will be surprised to learn that there is a certain peril even in as harmless an institution as a bureau drawer. Unless it is carefully used this institution is capable of causing all kinds of trouble. Listen to the testimony of a physician on the subject.

"Women who get into the habit of closing the bureau drawer by the pressure of the knee," he said, "do not realize the harm that may result from this practice. I have known many serious cases of water on the knee that were caused in this way.

"The force required to shut a drawer in this way is slight, and one scarcely notices the contact of the knee with the drawer. But the knee joint is a delicate structure and a bruise may easily be caused that will lead ultimately to very serious consequences. I have had many patients who from indulging in this habit have brought on illnesses that lasted from one month to six. So my advice to all women is to lean over and shut the drawer. It is better, although it may seem more troublesome at the minute. The leaning over, instead of being a disadvantage, is really an excellent means of exercise, and no way of pressing the drawer is so dangerous as to push it with the knee."

LONDON'S POVERTY.

There are in London 1,000,000 human beings who have to subsist on an annual sum far short of the dietary required to furnish inmates, and 30,000 who are homeless.

Old Dr. Grimshaw (to medical student)—"And now, remember that to a physician humanity is divided into two classes." Student — "And what are they, doctor?" Old Dr. Grimshaw — "The poor man whom he cures and the rich man whom he doctors."

A FEW PERTINENT FACTS

UPON THE CEMENT INDUSTRY OF THIS COUNTRY.

People in the Rural Districts Should Look Into This Matter.

In view of the great number of cement companies being formed which the public, mostly farmers and persons having small savings in the rural districts are being asked to provide the money, anything which throws light upon the subject will be read with interest. We reprint from the Peterborough Examiner the following:—

Much discussion is now going on in the press on the subject of the threatened enormous overproduction of cement in Canada. We notice in a recent issue of The Times a reference of the opinion of Engineer R. on the subject. A few facts relative to this will not, we trust, be without interest to your readers. In the year 1902 the consumption of cement in Canada reached its high point, namely, 1,045,000 barrels. Of this 645,000 were made in Canada and 400,000 barrels imported. Prior to 1902 only three companies were engaged in this manufacture. In the year 1902 no less than nine additional companies got under way. Several of them, however, did little more than get started and supplied only about 100,000 barrels. In the year 1903 we shall have all the nine factories in operation and with greatly increased outputs, and all the five new companies above mentioned. The output will then be 1,660,000 barrels, that is to say over 600,000 barrels more than the total consumption of last year. In view of these facts you will perceive that the warnings contained in the Monetary Times and Mail and Empire as to the danger of overproduction were well timed and should be carefully heeded by the investing public. But when we tell you that in addition to the five new companies so started last year we have ten new companies now being floated in the country which are to have according to the promoters, a combined capacity of 10,200 barrels per day equal to an annual capacity of about 3,500,000 barrels, the folly of putting money into cement enterprizes will be apparent. Here is a list of the ten new companies with their promised output:

	Barrels per day.
The Manitoba Portland Cement Co., of Winnipeg	1,000
The Western Canadian Portland Cement Co.	1,000
The St. Mary's Portland Cement Co.	1,000
The Colonial Portland Cement Co., Wiarton	1,000
The Raven Lake Portland Cemont Co.	1,000
The Blue Lake Portland Cement Co., Brantford	600
The Superior Portland Cement Co.	600
The Kingston Portland Cement Co.	1,000
The Belleville Portland Cement Co.	2,000
The International Portland Cement Co., Hull	1,000

Making a daily product of 10,200 barrels.

It is clear then that whatever money is made in Canada out of the cement industry hereafter, will be made in promoting companies and not in operating them. It is alleged that gentlemen who two years ago floated the Durham Company cleaned up half a million of dollars out of the floatation on a capital of 1,000,000. The same gentlemen are found promoting, in different parts of the country, several new companies on a scale still more ambitious than the Durham Company. For instance the Belleville Portland Cement Co. is to have a capital of two and a half millions of dollars and an output of two thousand barrels per day. Can they be putting any of their own money in them? If the floatation of the Durham company could yield the promoters a half a million of dollars the thought of what there must be in store for the floaters of the Belleville Co. with a capital of two and a half millions, fairly makes one's mouth water. These promoters far surpass Engineer Rush, as dispensers of satisfaction. They gravely assure us that cement can be made in this country and profitably exported to the United States notwithstanding the American duty and notwithstanding the fact that nearly all cement machinery comes from the United States—and is subject to heavy charges for freight and duty and that the cost for burning the cement is all imported from the United States and costs here double what it costs there and that the actual cost of burning cement alone is more than they pretend they can make cement for.

But then let the promoters take courage a sucker is born every minute and the fools are not nearly all dead yet.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Occupation is the best time annihilator.

Some men know just enough to make fools of themselves.

Some societies spend a dollar in an effort to raise a dime for charity.

Taking a tumble and taking a drop are not synonymous, but one often leads to the other.

Children's idea of a father is a man who never pays down on their plates when they want it.

A fool of trouble is stirred up by people who insist on saying things when they have nothing to say.

Next to knowing when to grasp an opportunity the most important thing is to know when to let go of it.

A New York woman is suing her husband for divorce on the ground that he is a fool. He says the mere fact that he married her prevents him from setting up any defense.

CANADA'S GIANT STRIDE

COMMENTS BY ST. JAMES GAZETTE, OF LONDON.

Tells Struggling Crofters to Come to This Land of Opportunities.

A recent issue of the St. James Gazette commenting on an article which appears in the same issue of "The Advance of Canada," Evidence has lately been forthcoming of the extraordinary rapid advance of Canada to prosperity during the past year or two, which reveals the most satisfactory condition of things prevailing in any part of the British Empire at the present time. And its brightest feature is that not only is there no reasonable doubt its continuance, but the prospect of a vast, indeed an almost limitless expansion is opened up. From the reports of the undeveloped possibilities of the country. Such a country as we publish in the Old Country who are struggling with doleful stories, and see around them hopeless scenes, of overcrowded cities, unemployed workers, and struggling industries.

NEEDS NO PITY.

No man in England, especially if he be young, active, and enterprising needs the pity of his fellows, no matter what his circumstances may be; for Canada is holding out the invitation to him to come over to her land and enjoying a climate preferable to that of the mother country, inhabited by people of his own race, and affording the certainty of a comfortable living and the fair possibility of fortune to all who choose to take them. I have reason to bless my friend's persistence, because I felt better before all the pills were gone, and I gladly continued the treatment, and was soon able to be out of bed and take a walk each day. I am now in the best of health, and weigh ten pounds more than I did before I took sick. I feel that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

All diseases which come from poor blood or weak nerves can be driven from the system by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which may be had from any dealer in medicine, or will be sent post paid at 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember that substitutes and medicines said to be "just as good" do not cure.

OUR ONE NEED.

The one need of the country is men and women. Population is streaming into Canada from the United States; and the question for Englishmen to ask themselves is whether they are going to let this magnificent colony be peopled and developed by American citizens and American capital, while we in the Mother Country sit twiddling our thumbs and lamenting our overcrowded conditions and the lack of opening for our sons. Lately we published an account of an enterprising scheme of an Anglo-Canadian clergyman, who is taking some thousand British settlers to the Northwest, thus setting an example that others would do well to follow.

How striking has been the advance of Canada may be gathered from the recently published statistics. The number of homestead entries, for example, increased during 1902 as compared with the previous twelve months from nine thousand odd to upwards of twenty-two thousand, representing some 80,000 people and more than three and a half million of acres. The banks of the Dominion tell the same tale. The clearings of the past year show an increase of $500,000,000, the largest increase in the whole history of the colony, while the volume of business in other channels similarly.

BROKE ALL RECORDS.

That Canada should be becoming the granary of the United Kingdom is wholly satisfactory. So we cannot produce sufficient cereals in these islands for our own support when we learn that our export to the mother country of dairy produce, fruit, bacon and other products which our own farmers, by enterprise and knowledge and with such assistance as the Government could render, might be expected, supply our gratification is less qualified. As we have more than once insisted lately, this is a matter in which England especially has to give ear to the injunction to wake up given us by the Prince of Wales, the light of his colonial experience. But the chief lesson to be learnt from the facts to which we call attention is, we repeat, that our great colony in North America is offering to Englishmen to-day such an opening as has not perhaps been presented as an outlet for the energies of the race since the Elizabethan adventurers first sailed to the western hemisphere.

GOOD FOR WEDDINGS.

The success of the English herring continues to have a remarkable effect on the matrimonial market. On a recent Sunday the banns of no fewer than twenty-three fisher couples were published in Buckie parish church, Banffshire. In the previous Sunday the number was sixteen. At other fishing outlets along the northeast coast of Scotland the success of the fishing continues to result in a large number of weddings.

MEDICAL BUBBLES.

Doctors have invented a new form of bubble. Neuralgia, sciatica, and inward are known to be affections of the ends of the nerves which lie under the skin of the painful region. It has been discovered that by injecting air under the skin the ends of the nerves are lengthened and the pain relieved. The bubble of air is pressed by the fingers, and used to move about until all parts are relieved. In dislocations, fractures, and bruises the same treatment has given relief.

ONLY A SLIGHT COLD.

It May Lead to Consumption and an Early Grave.

If your blood is poor or watery, each cold or influenza will settle in your lungs, and the slight cough of to-day may turn to the dreaded consumptive's cough of to-morrow. Colds are caused by weak lungs; weak blood is an open invitation for consumption to lay upon the hand of death.

Stop that cough by enriching your blood and strengthening your lungs with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich, red blood. They give resisting power to the lungs. They have saved hundreds from a consumptive's grave. Here is a case in proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure where other medicines fail. Mrs. Kate Henry, Charlottetown, P. E. I., says: "Some months ago I got caught in a rain storm, and my getting was followed by a cold. At first I paid but little attention to it, but as the cold clung to me it finally developed into a hacking cough. I became alarmed and consulted a doctor, who gave me a bottle of medicine. Unfortunately, it did not help me, and I began to grow pale, lost in weight and my appetite completely left me. I was under the care of the doctor, who told me my lungs were affected, and that I was threatened with consumption. The doctor's treatment did not seem to benefit me in the least. I steadily grew weaker, and finally was compelled to remain in bed. At this time a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and even brought me three boxes before I finally consented to take them. I have reason now to bless my friend's persistence, because I felt better before all the pills were gone, and I gladly continued the treatment, and was soon able to be out of bed and take a walk each day. I am now in the best of health, and weigh ten pounds more than I did before I took sick. I feel that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

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"How did it happen that Miss Singleton refused to marry the young clergyman?" "Why, when he proposed to her, she, being a little deaf, thought he was asking her to subscribe to the organ fund. So she told him she had promised her money to some other mission."

In Ireland there are 211,000 widows, as compared with only 88,000 widowers.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

She—"Really, I don't feel like talking. My feet have bothered me a good deal lately." He—"You must be exceedingly nervous?" She—"Nervous?" He—"Yes; otherwise you wouldn't let such little things bother you."

AN ADMIRABLE FOOD

EPPS'S

FOR MAINTAINING ROBUST HEALTH

COCOA

IN COLD CLIMATES.

1-18

"Well, my man," said the tourist to the sexton who was digging a grave, "do people often die here?" "Nay, sir," answered the sexton, "they are like the rest of us, they only die once."

BINDER TALK.

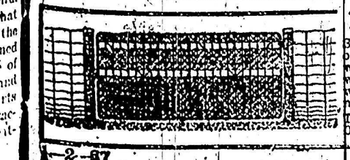
In our last issue we spoke of some important features of binder construction. This subject is of sufficient moment to justify our pursuing it further in the interests of our farming readers.

We spoke of the advantage of the floating elevator as used on the Massey-Harris Binder. We repeat that it is very necessary to successful harvesting in heavy crops.

Another important point is the construction of the Main Frame of the Binder. A railway bridge requires a solid foundation, and a binder requires a strong frame. This is another place where the Massey-Harris Binder undoubtedly excells all its competitors. The frame on the Massey-Harris is splendidly trussed—it will stand all the strain that it is called upon to bear. We believe this is the secret of the success of this machine. If you are buying a binder this year we advise you to carefully look into this feature. You will be well repaid for so doing. And we do not speak without knowledge of the subject.

Remember what we have said about the Massey-Harris.

Backlots—"Are you going to the fancy-dress ball?" Subbubs—"Yes; I'm going as a tramp." Backlots—"Have you got your costume all ready?" Subbubs—"Yes; I'll wear my dress-suit. My wife forgot to put it out of the way of the moths."



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