d with the finest wheat, and
igh of it, too.

A WOMAN OF TACT.

A woman of tact is one who
at the story to hurt your feelings
essentially bad form, and indi-
derate of the feelings of others.
oman of tact is one who makes her
od morning a pleasant greeting,
r visit a bright spot in the day,
d her good-by a hope that she
y come again. A woman of tact
one who does not gauge people by
eir clothes, or their riches, but
o condemns bad manners. A wo-
n of tact is one who is courteous
der all circumstances and in every
ndition in which she may be plac-
She is the woman who can re-
ve the unwelcome guest with a
ile so bright and a handshake so
rdial that in trying to make the
lcome seem real, it becomes so. A
man of tact is one whose love
humanity is second only in her
s devotion, and whose watch-
rd is unselfishness and action. By
king self last it finally becomes
tural, to have it so.

USES OF GASOLENE.

woolen cloth dampened with gas-
ne will make the dirt disappear as
y magic when used for cleaning
celain sinks, bath tubs or marble
sh bowls.
asolene is also a sovereign reme-
for bugs. It can be literally
red on the mattress, springs and
without injuring the most deli-
carpet, and every bug will dis-
ear.
he daintiest neckwear, which it is
ossible to wash, if left over night
n air-tight vessel of gasolene will
fresh and new when carefully
d.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

ter the ship which had come
New Zealand was tied up at
wharf, Larry O'Brien was told
y his shipmates to call upon
McCarthy and break the news
he death of her husband, which
occurred on shipboard the pre-
ng summer.
ood morning, Mrs. McCarthy!"
he. "Is Denny in?"
Denny?" said the surprised wo-
"My Denny? No, he's not
Is the ship here?"
ure, it is. And Denny's not
home yet? That's quare — un-
something has happened him."
What would happen him?" Mrs.
arthy asked, anxiously.
here's plenty of things can hap-
a man," said Larry, delicately.
might have got hurted, or mo
t have took sick with the fever.
there's one comfort, as Father
nnis said once, and that is that
heals iv'ry grief."
hat do you mean, Mr. O'Brien?"
mane that if anything happen-
Denny, you wouldn't feel as
about it a few months after it
ened as you would right at the
would you?"
suppose not," said Mrs. McCar-
"I mind whin I lost me first
and I thought I'd never get over
But as you say, in a few
hs it was aisier to bear."
en, Mrs. McCarthy, you'll be
to know that it's now four
hs — nearly five — since Denny
Sure, it can't grieve you now
uch as it would if you'd known
the time."

NEEDED INVENTIONS.

ve you an inventive mind? If
you have a fortune in your
—if you only know how to get
t. Here's your chance. Here
irteen things the world needs,
ither one of which it will pay
fortune:
all-papering machine.
uick-acting monkey-wrench.
ail joint without nuts and
crubbing machine.
uspidor that will not spill
upset.
rolley that will not come off
ire.
oil can that will not explode.
uick fire-hose coupling without
threads.
bination ironing-board and
adder.
usic leaf turner.
indow lock and burglar alarm.
envelope that cannot be open-
hout detection.
imple nut lock.

world eats 2,640,000 lbs of
a year.
hough I hate work," mused
im, "der is one job I wouldn't
takin'." "What job is that?"
d Dusty Dan. "Why, colorin'
haum pipes."
ma (to Flossie, who has been
g with a little friend) — "I
ou were very polite, Flossie,
table, and said 'Yes, please,'
o, thank you.'" Flossie —
I didn't say 'No, thank
you afraid to go downstairs
ok for that man who is ran-
the house?" asked Mr. Meek-
ife. "Certainly not. I am
y willing to go and look for
But, Henrietta, I'm afraid
've been making a mistake
all these years. You ought
ve developed my conversa-
powers more. After I had
rglar I won't know what to
him. You'll have to stard
head of the stairs and do th
."
ted humorist had often peti-
the council of the town where
ded to fill up a mud-hole near
use, but without result. One
he heard a spluttering noise
undry ejaculations unfit for
ation, and, going to his door,
nd a respected member of the
Council floundering about in
d-hole. "Good evening, sir; I
d to see you stirring in this
at last," and so saying he
the door and left the poor
lor to extricate himself as
could.

AN UNSOUGHT WEALTH;

Or The Mystery of a Brother's Legacy.

CHAPTER XI.

The hall was filled with a dense and suffocating smoke, which penetrated into every nook and cranny, as though the place was on fire. But there were no signs of flame. And in the intense silence which followed the cessation of that remarkable noise which had proceeded from the stage the smoke began to disappear. Nobody seemed to notice where it went, but it did go, and by degrees the air was as clear again as though it had not been.

And as the smoke passed away, the people were revealed, in the clear brilliance of the electric light, all standing up, and with white, frightened faces turned towards the stage. Something very curious seemed to have happened there. The table and two of the chairs were overturned, and on the third chair sat—if such an attitude can be spoken of as sitting—Mr. Samuel Hookham. He had every appearance of having been engaged in some desperate struggle. His coat was torn all down the back, one of the sleeves seemed to be attached only by a few loose threads to the shoulder, his shirt was ripped open at the neck, his waistcoat was unbuttoned, and there was a great scratch all down one side of his face. He lay, rather than sat, on his chair, which was balanced on its two hind legs. His head, with the blood streaming from the open wound—or scratch — on his right cheek, rested on his chest, and his arms dangled loosely at his sides. On the whole, he did not present at all a creditable picture.

But his was not the only singular figure to be seen upon that little stage, which, for once in a way, might truly claim to have been the scene of an entertainment of mystery and imagination, a scene which had lost none of its piquancy through having been an unrehearsed effect. There was a figure there, the figure of a man, which appealed even more strongly to the imagination than Mr. Hookham's, it lay so very still—right in the center, full length upon the carpet, with his face turned towards the ground. It was the figure of Mr. Percy Leicester.

Still in silence the people continued to stare. Why did he not get up? And why did he lie on his face there, so very still? In the front stood Colonel Dewsnap, staring down upon his friend. At the back was Madame Nurvetchky, her fists clenched so tightly that one fancied that her finger nails must be piercing the flesh of her hands. On the right stood her husband, his tall, lean figure drawn straight up, peering through his sleepy-looking, half-closed eyelids at the man who lay upon the ground.

Suddenly a voice rang out, and so intense and strained had the silence become that the people started at the sound of it.

"Mr. Leicester!" It was Willy Banton. It is possible that he would have allowed that he had had what he called his "five bobs' worth" by now — his "five bobs' worth" and perhaps a trifle over. No answer. He called again, "Mr. Leicester!"

Still silence. Then M. Nurvetchky made a move.

"Mr. Leicester!"

He stooped over the recumbent figure. Then the Colonel came to his side. Kneeling down, he touched his friend on the arm.

"Leicester!" Then, as the people watched him, scarcely seeming to breathe, he turned him over on his back. "My God! he's dead!"

The words came from him with unconscious profanity—in the army there are still gentlemen who swear, and he was one of them.

"Are you sure that he is dead?" asked M. Nurvetchky.

"Quite sure." The hand with which the Colonel smoothed his mustache seemed to tremble. "I know death when I see it. Good God, what an awful thing! To think that his love for hankey-pankey should have brought him to such an end as this!"

Even as he was speaking some one in the audience mounted the gangway and came striding on to the stage. It was the clerical gentleman. He seemed half beside himself with excitement. His voice was rendered hoarse by the force of his emotion.

"There has been murder done. That man has killed him!" He pointed an accusatory finger at Mr. Hookham. "But you have shared in the deed!" He turned on M. Nurvetchky. "And that painted woman!" Then he turned on M. Nurvetchky's wife. "Let the police be sent for! As I live I will see justice done!"

M. Nurvetchky straightened himself very quietly, and looked at him. "Are you a madman, sir?"

"You scoundrel, to dare to ask me such a question, with your victim's soul still fluttering at the gates of God! Is there a man here who, having witnessed such a deed, can refuse to call on the avenger of blood?"

His language, if his meaning, was a little confused, was sufficiently violent. Indeed, he seemed exceedingly ill at ease.

"I—I think I saw the old gentleman attacking him. Indeed, I—I'm sure I did. As a matter of fact, I'm prepared to take my oath that I did, in any place, at any time," said the rubicund gentleman.

"There is at least one man who dares to speak out and do the right. Is there but one? Oh, my friends, look upon this man, whom we all saw, but a moment back instinct with the breath of life, and who now lies branded with the brand of Cain." In his excitement the clerical gentleman misplaced "the brand of Cain," but that was but an oversight. "There is the livid mark about his neck where the life was torn from him by murderous hands. And there is the man who did the deed," — pointing to Mr. Hookham, who seemed gradually waking to the fact that he was being pointed at. "You see how his victim fought for his life — the blood upon his cheeks —his clothes torn all to fragments! And here are his accomplices!" — turning on M. and Madame Nurvetchky — "the conjurer and his painted wife! But every moment wasted is an added crime. Why are the police not here?"

"Do I understand you seriously to assert that I, or any person here, has had a hand in this man's death?"

As he put this question M. Nurvetchky's air of sleepiness and of boredom seemed temporarily to have disappeared.

"Do not speak to me, you villain! A minister of the Word can hold no converse with such as you. Send for the police!"

But the clerical gentleman was not to have his own way entirely—and a very interesting way it promised to be—with every prospect of the interest increasing as he went on. The Colonel interposed with some asperity—

"I think you must be of a sanguine temperament, sir, and see double. I was on the stage, sir, and I saw nothing of any crime."

"You say that? And was not this dead man your friend?"

"Well, sir, and what the devil has that to do with it if he was?"

"You swear! With your grey hairs! In the presence of the dead? Oh, you are all the same! Send for the police!"

This summary method of putting him out of court did not exactly please the Colonel — perhaps the allusion to his grey hairs, for there was not a younger man of sixty-three in town, touched him, too. He looked as though he was about to use some very strong language indeed. But Madame Nurvetchky took him by the hand.

"The man is mad," she said. "But do not let us contend in the presence of the dead."

The lady's opinion of the clerical gentleman's madness was not shared by the audience, or not by all of them, at any rate. The rubicund gentleman in particular was very clear upon the point.

"I was not upon the stage, and I saw a crime, as I am prepared to depose on oath in any court in England."

And there were cries of "Send for the police!" some of them very ugly cries. But ugly or not, they were necessary, since it appeared that somebody had sent for the police already. For presently two members of the force appeared, followed at short intervals by others, so that soon it seemed as though all the people in the hall had been taken into custody. The two first comers went stamping on to the stage with the orthodox policeman's stamp, as though they were shod with lead.

"What is the matter here?" inquired policeman No. 1.

"Matter! Crime! Black crime! Murder is the matter here."

The policeman did not seem to be so much impressed with the clerical gentleman's melodramatic manner as he ought to have been. Policeman No. 2 knelt down by the recumbent figure on the stage.

"He is dead. How came he by his death?" he asked.

"That man killed him!"

The clerical gentleman pointed out to Mr. Hookham. Mr. Hookham, apparently fairly roused at last, staggered to his feet.

"It is false! It is a lie!" he gasped.

"And this man and woman were his accomplices," continued the clerical gentleman, turning to M. and Madame Nurvetchky, heedless of Mr. Hookham's denial.

"That also is false," said M. Nurvetchky quietly.

"It is not false; it is the truth — I am prepared to swear to it in any court in England."

This from the rubicund gentleman in the auditorium.

"You hear? There is one witness's testimony. If it is necessary you should insist upon the testimony of every person here."

"Do you charge this man with murder?"

The policeman pointed to Mr. Hookham.

"I do."

"And this man and woman, too?" The policeman pointed to M. Nurvetchky and his wife.

"I charge that man and woman with being his accomplices."

At this point an inspector, who had been standing at the door observing the scene, unnoticed by those upon the stage, came up the gangway.

"You are my prisoner." He spoke to Mr. Hookham. "And you, sir, and madame, too." This to M. and Madame Nurvetchky. "If you will give me your word that you will go quietly to the station, I will see that you are treated with all possible courtesy."

M. Nurvetchky slipped his wife's arm through his. He faced the inspector with a smile.

"For my wife and for myself, I give you my word that we will go as quietly as you please. The man is a madman. His charge is a preposterous one."

"As to that I know nothing. I can only hope, for your own sake, that what you say is true. What is that you've picked up there?"

The question was addressed to Mr. Hookham.

"My diamond."

"Give it to me."

Mr. Hookham gave it to him, with something almost approaching a grin something almost approaching a grim smile about his lips.

"It was that which killed that man, not I."

"This?" The inspector looked at the diamond, then at Mr. Hookham, then at the diamond again.

Colonel Dewsnap advanced with his card case in his hand.

"My name is Colonel Dewsnap; there is my card, Inspector. The dead man, Mr. Percy Leicester, was my friend. But though he was my friend, I believe what Mr. Hookham says is true — that diamond killed him, not the hand of any living man."

The inspector, with the diamond in one hand and the card in the other, looked the Colonel steadily in the face.

"I don't understand you. The diamond killed the man? How did it do that?"

"It is some cursed magic stone, endowed with all the powers of hell."

The inspector smiled.

"I see. It's like that? Well, Colonel Dewsnap, you will have an opportunity to say what you you have to say elsewhere."

Then Mr. Schwabe advanced.

"Inspector, here is my card. My name is Schwabe. I am a diamond merchant. I can endorse what Colonel Dewsnap has said—it was the diamond killed the man."

"But I don't understand you. How do you allege that it did that?"

"It strangled him."

"Strangled him? — this stone?"

"I am not actually prepared to swear that it strangled him."

"No, I should imagine you were not."

"But by whatever means that man met his death, it was through the agency of that stone."

"Well, gentlemen, you will be afforded an opportunity to give your evidence elsewhere. In the meantime, I must see that the prisoners are removed."

The inspector turned to give instructions to the constables. As he was engaged in doing so Mr. Hookham spoke to him.

"I think you had better give me that diamond."

"I think differently. It will be quite safe with me."

"It is for your own sake I make the suggestion, not mine."

"I am obliged by your solicitude, but I can take care of myself. I have no fear of its strangling me."

But no sooner were the words out of his mouth than he gave vent to an ejaculation which was very like an oath, sprang right off his feet, raised his arm, and flung the diamond with violence to the ground.

"Who did that?" he demanded, not by any means in an official tone of voice.

An innocent constable, who stood just behind him, meeting the full fury of his eye, took the question as being specially addressed to him.

"Did what, sir? — Never moved a finger, sir!"

The inspector stretched out his arm in front of him and stared at the open palm — stared as though he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Well — I'm ——" he was certainly going to say "damned," but his sense of official propriety came to his rescue in the very nick of time, and he said "hanged" instead.

Seeing the inspector continuing to gaze so intently at his hand, one or two of the constable crowded round him, and even Colonel Dewsnap and Mr. Schwabe joined in the stare. It was undoubtedly most annoying. There, in letters an inch in length — the inspector had a good broad hand — was branded, right in the center of the palm, with exasperating distinctness, the one word—

"Fool!"

Mr. Schwabe, when he saw it, smiled; but the inspector did not seem at all to be in a humorous frame of mind.

"Burned you, has it? You should have acted on Mr. Hookham's suggestion, and made him responsible for the safe custody of the stone. I wouldn't touch it for a thousand pounds."

"But it must have been red hot."

"That's no nothing, my good sir. If you care to try a few more experiments with the stone you will soon come to understand how it killed that man. He tried experiments with it, till he tried one too many."

Mr. Schwabe pointed at the figure, which lay in significant silence at their feet. The inspector turned to Mr. Hookham.

"Pick up that thing!"

Mr. Hookham picked up the "thing" — by which term the still irate inspector alluded to the diamond.

"Is it still hot?"

"It is quite cool to me. But perhaps you would like to feel it for yourself?"

"Mind, I hold you responsible for the safe custody of that stone, if it is a stone!" — here the inspector positively snarled — "and shall require you to produce it for purposes of evidence in this case whenever required."

Mr. Hookham said nothing; but he slipped the diamond into his waistcoat pocket.

(To Be Continued).

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

680,000 acres of Lincolnshire, England, is land reclaimed from the sea.

Any first-class jeweler can supply stepping stones to matrimony.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

KINDNESS IN STOCK RAISING.

A quick tempered man is never a successful stockman, and no more is a fidgety, nervous man. No one can handle stock and get the best out of them who is not in the confidence of the animals. There is not an animal on the farm that is not worth a greater cash value if its owner can be on terms to be always given a welcome whenever he may go near it. Timid, frightened, nervous creatures are rarely profitable to keep. They are invariably poor although they may consume more feed than it will require to keep a gentle and contented animal. Man is not the only animal that worry consumes, says B. P. Wagner.

We read much about the value of kind treatment to the dairy cow. This is well understood, and it is one of the rules set down to be followed by the employees of every successful dairyman: The rule is just as important with the farmer with only three or four milch cows. He cannot get the best results from a cow she is capable of giving if he must drive her into the corner of the yard, tie her to a fence and pound her into submission with the milk stool before every milking. If the cow is excitable and nervous, it is certainly a poor way to gain her confidence by yelling, swearing at and pounding her. Yet this is the way many farmers break their cows. If she has been treated kindly by her owner from the day of her birth, and has learned to expect only kindness from him, she will readily acquiesce to his wishes, and the breaking process be an easy job. But from her calfhood she may have had every reason to fear her owner. He taught her the process of gulping milk instead of taking it.

AS NATURE INTENDED.

She was dragged away from her mother by no gentle hand, and allowed to bawl for half a day to get hungry. Then a bucket of warm milk was brought to her, which nearly made her forget the "dreadful being" who brought it. But she quickly forgot the milk when the "being" caught her by the ears and jammed her head into the milk, up to her eyes and held it there till she choked, strangled and struggled loose. She got no milk, however, that feed, but before her "patient and considerate" owner went away she got sundry kicks and blows. Of course, she grew up a runt. Anything but runty, scrubby stock would seem out of place on this man's farm.

It would be next to an impossibility for him to raise horses. A colt under his care would be ruined before it was old enough for breaking. If not then, it most certainly would, should he attempt to break it. Of course, he has horses, but they are of the old, worn-out type. The new animals he buys may be in good condition, but he soon takes that out of them. An intelligent animal soon learns his driver's ways and knows what is expected of him; but this man's horses, when he happens to be out of sorts, are jerked, yelled at and beaten until the spirit is out of them and they become but old plugs. Such teams cannot accomplish half the work well-eared for and kindly treated horses will do.

The man whose hogs receive nothing but kicks and blows will never succeed in the swine raising business. The man who is not on the best of terms with his sows will lose many litters of pigs, if not the sows themselves, that he might have saved had the animals not been afraid of him. And if she distrusts him it will bring out all the viciousness of her nature whenever he comes near to feed or care for her, and in her trampling and worrying some of the little fellows will be sure to get hurt. Sows with pigs too young to get out of the way should be kept as quiet as possible. This can never be if she fears or distrusts her attendants.

A sheep will never do well unless kindly treated. They are the most timid of farm animals and will suffer most if attended by one whom they

FEAR OR DISTRUST.

In fact, so important is the necessity of being on friendly terms with the flock that any farmer who is not, and whose temper is such that he cannot get on friendly terms with them, had better sell out. He will never succeed in sheep raising. If, as all flock owners know, it is of importance to keep dogs and such worrying and scaring animals away from the flock, how much more so it is that the one they must look to for care and protection should not be an object of fear and annoyance to them. The dog on the farm can be an intolerable nuisance or the most valued assistant of the farmer, and trained with patience it depends upon the farmer himself which it shall be. A cur should not be kept on any farm, but if a young dog is taken by the farmer and trained with patience and kindness, it will become of inestimable worth. It is better by far to shoot a dog than ill-treat him.

Fattening animals should be always kept as quiet as possible, and in no way frightened or excited. The man who can pass among his animals and be followed about by them, or who is able to go up and pat one of them, will generally be a successful feeder. His kindness to his stock saves feed and adds many dollars to the income from his business as a feeder.

Kindness to animals may not be natural to some men. There is more or less of the tyrant in most men's natures, and unless it is held in check it will show itself with he creatures under his authority. d, like many bad habits, it grows nd develops. But the same may be said of kindness to animals. his habit may be acquired as well, nd it will pay any farmer to culti- te. Unless patience and kindness are given stock, no man has the ght to be master of it.

COOKING FOOD.

Every farmer that wishes to are for his animals in the best ay should have utensils for the hea- ng of water and cooking feed for st- ck. By this we do not mean to say at it will pay to cook all kinds of ed or any one kind for all purposes, ut there are many times and condi- ns when such apparatus can be ed. We cook food for human beings for several reasons. One of these ob- jects is to kill disease germs in he food. Cooking food for animals as a tendency in the same direction. It costs something for fuel but his cost is very largely offset by he benefits derived from conveying at to the animal bodies, and thus- ving the expense of carbonac- ous materials. It is cheaper to pro- ce heat from coal or wood than ma- it out of the tissues of the ani- al body. The comfort of the ani- als in the coldest days of winter as greatly increased by the warmi- g of the drinking water and the coo- ing of part of the food has comme- ial value to us. It has something to do with thriftiness of the ed. The comfort of our farm is i he stock, and this increases the si- bilities of profitable feeding. ne of the great advantages in the ok- ing of feed for stock is in being ble to use for feed some classes of rm products that could not be be so used. Some farmers im- it advisable to cook their potatoes for stock, mixing them with mea- and ground oats. The boiling of at beets for dairy cows precipitate ed bitter principle that sometimes ar fects the milk. Too often the the ment for and against the cooki- g of food for stock has been based on the increased or decreased di- bility of the feed, and it has ke asserted that the increased di- bility does not pay the cost of he ing. To some extent that is of especially with certain classes es feed, but there are other advan- ges to be gained that certainly ke to be advisable to cook some of he feed during a considerable part of the year.

TENDING A YOUNG ORCH

In some localities where the are is too poor to raise these crops ay profit it may be the most eco- ng cal in cultivation to use a disk ed row. Where field crops can be at it is best to plant only such ed as can be cultivated, except the ut pea, which may be drilled is ed harvested without cultivation, for Mr M. Dunlop. ob-

To sow oats, wheat or other he grain in a young orchard and as the same grow to maturity and ve rest the same is to invite di- ls to your trees. They may not ly die, but you will, in nine ous out of ten, have cause to de your action. You have seen ing fect on young clover of the re- of the grain in midsummer, an- ng may be sure the effect is the om in a modified degree on the ith tree. Keep the weeds away on around the trees by pulling or on the hoe, but leave the soil lo- ose. the top and do not scrape the me. soil off, as I have often seen ut leaving a hard surface to dry the what moisture there may be. ng

Cultivation should begin in the spring and continue as late in the summer as the planted crop w- per mit. It will be best, where th- crop is not cross-plowed, to leave ance of four feet on each side of th- row of trees for the later cultivat- or the trees row with a five-too- or other one-horse cultivator. Cul- ther tivation should then be kept row to til August 1.

I am an advocate of ma- rate pruning of the tree, and after- ap- ing the tree as I would have it at planting, I would remove onl- such branches afterward as interfe- or that should be removed for ther good cause. If some branche- grow unduly they may be clipped to keep the tree symmetrical.

Genius consists in making th- other fellow do the work.

THE LOST AERONAUT.

Brother Seeks to Have Him Declared Legally Dead.

On the summer day nearly five years ago when S. A. Andree, the Arctic aeronaut, ascended from the north coast of Spitzbergen at Advent Bay and was soon lost to sight forever, he drew up his will. Three minutes before he stepped into the car and the balloon rose in the air he signed the document.

The will declared that he left all his property to his brother, Capt. Ernest Wilhelm Andree, of the Swedish army. It added that his brother would devote a part of the estate to specific purposes which he had indicated to Capt. Andree by word of mouth. The will was then taken to Sweden and delivered into his brother's hands.

Before the estate of a deceased person can be settled in Sweden it is necessary that his death shall be officially declared and on record in the Government offices. There is an official record with regard to Andree in the Government offices at Stockholm, but it does not declare that he is dead. It says only that he is missing and that his whereabouts are unknown.

Capt. Andree has now applied to the Government to declare the lost explorer dead and thus enable him legally to come into possession of the small property which his brother left to him. In his petition he says that no one now entertains the slightest hope that his brother may be among the living. All experts in Arctic matters, all sailors who frequent Arctic waters, are unanimously of the opinion that there is not the slightest ground for believing that Andree and his comrades escaped death.

It is expected that his petition will be granted and that the death of Andree will be officially declared in the Government offices. Until the present time none of Andree's family nor any Scandinavian Arctic explorers had admitted that he had given up hope that the explorer would yet be found alive. It is probable that for years his relatives have really believed him dead, but they were not willing to admit that the last hope had expired.

Now, however, his own family are openly of the opinion that the world generally has expressed for the last three years. It is not believed that the ill-fated party were alive many days after it rose into the air from Spitzbergen. It is possible even yet that relics may be found, which will give some clue to the exact nature of the disaster that befell the three men and approximately locate the region where it occurred.

WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

Don't lose courage; spirit brave
Carry with you to the grave.

Don't lose time in vain distress;
Work, not worry, brings success.

Don't lose hope; who lets her stray
Goes forlornly all the way.

Don't lose patience, come what will,
Patience ofttimes outruns skill.

Don't lose gladness; every hour
Blooms for you some happy flower.

Though he foiled your dearest plan,
Don't lose faith in God and man.

VOLCANO BENEATH PARIS.

From sulphur mines to volcanos is a natural graduation. A short time ago M. Stanislas Meunier, the great scientist, analyzed the soil thrown up from beneath the Place de la Republique, Paris, where they are piercing the Metropolitan, and had found considerable deposits of sulphur. Now, according to the Figaro, he goes and tells the Academie des Sciences that it is really and truly a building volcano that runs underneath, not only the Place de la Republique, but also the Boulevard St. Martin. The volcano is in a quiescent stage at present; in fact, it is described as inoffensive. It is only the papers that mention Mont Pelee and St. Vincent in the same breath, while the Eclair follows the announcement of the volcano beneath the boulevards with the grateful and comforting intelligence that Vesuvius is in eruption, and is throwing stones.

The Che t Pains of Bronchitis

The dry, tight coug the soreness aggravated by coughing, all disappear with the use of Dr Chase's Syrup o Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the tendency of every cold to develop into bronchitis, consumption or some form of lung trouble. Bronchitis is most dreaded, because it has a tendency to become chronic and return again and again, until the patient becomes worn or fails an easy prey to consumption or pneumonia. Only the most robust constitution can throw off bronchitis. Aged people, children, and all who are in delicate health or have weak lungs have every reason to fear this ailment.

If the cough is dry and hard, if there is pain, soreness or tightness in the chest; if breathing is difficult and causes pain in the chest you have every reason to suppose that you have bronchitis, and should promptly begin the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Cough mixtures that may help an ordinary cold have no effect on bronchitis and asthma, but Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has won its enviable reputation on account of its wonderful success in curing these ailments. It acts more than a mere cough medicine, and acts on the whole system, thoroughly eradicating the disease.

Mr. John Clark, coachman, Port Hope, Ont., states:—"Being exposed to all sorts of weather I frequently catch cold. Last winter I was so bad with a cold that I could not speak above a whisper and had great pains in the chest. At last I feared it would develop into consumption if I did not succeed in getting proper treatment.

"A friend advised me to use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and I began to improve before I had taken half a bottle. One bottle cured my cold, which I believe would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine."

It is necessary for you to be careful when buying Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, for there are many substitutes and imitations offered. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every bottle of the genuine, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.