IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

"Heaven forbid!" cried the fond father sharply, a shudder of repulsion shaking him from head to foot.

"Suppose," Miriam went on, as if she had not noticed the exclamation, "that some man should win her love—her pure heart as Richard Heatherton won mine—for I was as pure and as well beloved by my parents as Gertrude is to-day. Suppose this man should have a friend who should assist him in deceiving her, as I was deceived, and her future happiness should be wrecked, as mine was wrecked, and she should be obliged to go through the world a heart-broken and deserted woman, burdened with a nameless babe to face a future of poverty alone——"

"For the love of Heaven cease! I cannot bear another word," Mr. Langmaid cried with lips that were absolutely colorless, an expression of keenest agony in his eyes at the thought of his darling ever suffering such a possible fate as his companion had portrayed. "You have been deeply wronged I admit," he continued, recovering himself after a moment; "I know that Heatherton planned to do a dastardly thing—I know that I did wrong in allowing him to draw me into it, and I have wished—many, many times—that I could meet you again, to ask you to pardon me for even appearing to sanction his act, and to explain how I happened to be a party to it. But I was young, wild and heedless, I thought only of fun and frolic at that time—never dreaming of his real intention; I, too, Mrs. Wallingford was deceived by him."

"You deceived!" repeated Miriam, in surprise. "In what way?"

"Sit down and let me tell you the whole story of that night's doings," Mr. Langmaid said, as he rolled forward an easy chair for his companion, and asked her to be seated; then taking another opposite her, he resumed:

On that night, when you became the victim of a great wrong, and only about ten minutes before we started, on what I supposed to be a frolic, Heatherton came to my room—you of course know that we were in the same class at college—and said that he and Mathews were going out into the country a couple of miles to the house of a farmer, where we should find two pretty girls all by themselves and ready for a frolic. The farmer and his wife had gone to New York to attend some anniversary meetings connected with the denomination to which they belonged. He said they—he, Matthews and the girls—had planned to have a mock marriage, to be followed by a wedding supper and a jolly good time generally. Everything was to be carried out in first-class style; Miss Wallingford—the farmer's daughter—was to act as bride; her friend, Miss Arnold, as the bridesmaid; Mathews as the best man; and, he added, 'we want you to go along as company for the parson, who is a friend of Mathews and has promised to do the thing up in shape.'

"I readily assented, believing that it was understood by all to be an out-and-out frolic, and that everything was just as Heatherton had represented; and when he added that he had provided a large hamper of good things, champagne included, the temptation was one not to be resisted.

"You know what followed—how, a few minutes after our arrival at your home, you appeared in your simple, but beautiful bridal robes, leaning on Heatherton's arm, and accompanied by Mathews and Miss Arnold. You know, too, how impressive Harris made the ceremony. I shall never forget how I was suddenly shocked into my manhood and better nature by the solemnity with which he conducted that service; he awed me, for of course I believed that it was all mockery. I realized, for the time, how we were daring the wrath of Providence, by making light of such sacred things, and I resolved that I would never lend myself to anything of the kind again.

"But these impressions wore off somewhat, when, later, we gathered around the temptingly spread table and gave ourselves up to feasting and hilarity. Everything was carried out to perfection; you made a charming bride—Heatherton was, apparently, the happiest of grooms—Harris a model of a parson; and no one, save those directly concerned in the affair, would have dreamed of such a thing as a mock marriage—"

"A mock marriage!" repeated Miriam Wallingford in an agonized tone; "it was the most sacred of ceremonies to me. I had not a suspicion, for months afterward, but that everything had been conducted in good faith—all the holiest feelings of my soul were stirred within me, as I breathed those vows which made me, as I believed, Richard Heatherton's wife. Oh! how could you have lent yourself to such a sacrilege?—and you believed that it was nothing more than a jest to me?"

"Yes—and yet——"

"It does not seem possible that you could have looked into my face and judged me so lost to a sense of all that was high and holy," Miriam interrupted, with quivering lips. "Oh! it was a terrible deception! Do not attempt to excuse it," she went on wildly, as he opened his lips to speak again, "but listen while I tell you how I was led into the wretched trap. I first met Richard Heatherton at a fashionable party, given by an aunt who lived in New Haven, and who thought it might please her brother's unsophisticated daughter to see something of the ways of high life in the city. I was a simple country girl, but I had been tenderly reared, well educated, although I had never been much in society. Mr. Heatherton appeared to be attracted toward me from the moment of our introduction, showed me considerable attention at that time, and upon various occasions afterward, while I gave him my whole heart at the very outset.

"We met frequently, during the next few weeks, and it was not long before he confessed his love for me and asked me if I would be his wife. I believed him to be sincere, and readily gave him my promise to marry him. He wanted to be married at once and secretly; for he could not claim me openly, he said, until after his twenty-fifth birthday, when he expected to come into possession of a large amount of money, which some relative and his father had promised to settle upon him, if he did himself honor in college.

"At first I would not listen to such a proposition; I said wait until you are free to claim me publicly, then I will gladly be your wife. But he was very persistent; he would give me no peace; and every time we met he pleaded with me to go away with him and be married.

"At last I yielded to a certain extent. I told him firmly that I would never consent to an elopement—that if I was ever married it must be in my father's house, and everything conducted in a respectable and legal manner. This made him angry at first, at what he termed my lack of faith in him, but finally, upon being told of my parents' proposed visit to New York, he planned the wedding you have described, and I consented that the marriage should be kept secret, until after his graduation and accession to the fortune he expected, when, he promised, he would own me before his family and the world.

"He played his game well—so well that it is not strange that I never suspected but that that ceremony was legal—or that I was not his lawful wife. I had always despised anything like deception or double-dealing, and it wore upon me, mentally and physically, to think how I had deceived my father and mother, whose lives were bound up in me. But I idolized my husband—as I believed Richard Heatherton to be—and so I cheerfully sacrificed myself to him. I told myself that his college course would soon be completed, he would soon attain his twenty-fifth birthday, then all would be well, and my parents would forgive me, when they realized how happy I should be in my new relations.

"Richard Heatherton finished his college course—he passed his twenty-fifth birthday, and I confidently expected that he would at once acknowledge me and give me my rightful position. I spoke of it several times, but he put me off with various excuses; But I had pride and spirit, and I insisted upon being owned as his wife. He tried to intimidate me with angry words and reproaches, but I was firm; I told him he must voluntarily do right by me or I would summon the witnesses to our marriage and compel him to it.

"Then he told me that I was no wife—that I had simply been his toy—his plaything, to help pass away some of the tedious hours of his college career.

"Can you conceive what such a statement meant to me? No; no man can ever understand how the sensitive soul of a woman is rent and bruised and crushed when she learns how she has been duped and tricked into pouring out all the tenderest and most sacred affections of her nature, only to have them trampled upon and mocked at, while she is spurned as a thing too vile to be tolerated by the man who has ruined her.

"It all came like a thunderbolt to me. At first I could not—I would not believe it; but when he mocked at my misery, then I knew it must be true. I raved and he only laughed at me. Then I fell upon my knees and pleaded with him—pleaded for my life, my happiness, my honor. I told him of the little one who would ere long come to claim his love and the heritage of his name, but his nature was adamantine—his heart a stone—his God, himself. When I was assured of this and the uselessness of my entreaties I rose up, without another word of entreaty, and left him, vowing that I would never look on his face again.

"I left my home, my parents, all that was dear and pleasant to me, and went away and hid myself until my baby came to me and my strength returned; then I took up the burden of my life, with what courage I could, and tried to face the world single-handed and alone, but with a broken heart and every particle of hope utterly crushed out of my nature."

CHAPTER IX.

Pen cannot protray the anguish that was written upon the face of that beautiful woman; the despair that shone from her eyes, that wailed through the tense tones of her naturally sweet voice; and William Langmaid felt both humiliated and condemned, as he looked upon her and listened to her, and realized that he had helped to doom her to the fate that she had described.

He had joined that "frolic"—or what he had at the time supposed to be merely a frolic—in a spirit of mischief and simply for the sake of having a "good-time."

As he said, he had never once imagined or suspected, until it was too late to avert the evil results, that the affair had been anything but a mock marriage in the sight of everyone, arranged just for a joke, and to give an occasion for merry-making.

"And have you never seen Richard Heatherton since?" he asked, when Miriam paused in her recital.

"Never. Why should I wish to see a man who had wilfully crushed me—who had deliberately ruined my life?"

"Have you never heard from him?—did he never write to you, or offer to provide for you in your trouble?"

"Never; I should have returned his letter unopened, if he had written to me; I would have scorned any aid he might have offered me," was the spirited response. "But I took good care that he and all who had ever known me should never find me,or learn anything about me. I blotted myself out of existence, as far as any connection with my old life and friends was concerned."

"Your father and mother——" began Mr. Largmaid, sorrowfully.

"Are both dead," she interposed, with a sharp ring of pain in her tones and with white lips. "My father had a shock of paralysis the week following my flight and lived but a few days. My mother survived him and the shame of her only daughter less than three months!"

"And Miss Arnold?"

"Is married; but I have never seen her since I left home. Mr. Mathews I met by chance on the street in New York one day about a year later. He recognized me and looked appalled, evidently at my changed appearance. He acted as if desirous to speak to me, but I waved him off and passed on. Your mock clergyman——"

"Oh, Mrs.——"

"You need not try to offer anything in extenuation of his share in that affair," the injured woman interrupted, passionately; "you reckless men ruined my life between you—you were instrumental in blighting the future of as noble a boy as ever lived, and there can be no excuse for any of you. I have done the best I could for my darling—for he has been my one gleam of comfort amid all my misery, and in spite of my shame and sorrow that I have doomed him to a nameless existence. Oh, why will girls be so foolish as to allow men to persuade them to deceive their parents, who are their best friends! Trouble is always sure to follow, and a man who will try to make a girl marry him secretly is not worthy of her love or confidence, and will certainly bring her to grief; if he is not honorable enough and does not love her enough to seek the consent of her relatives, and wed her publicly, he is not deserving—he will never make her a faithful husband.

"While Ned was a baby, I hired a nurse to take care of him while I taught in one of the public schools of New York city, as long as I was able, which was some six years, and we lived very comfortably until my health suddenly gave out. Then, of course, I was obliged to resign my position, and poverty began to pinch us with its gaunt and cruel fingers. I had saved something, for I had deceived a fair salary, but this was soon swallowed up by doctors' bills and medicines; then I tried to do dressmaking, but, never having learned to fit after any approved method, I could not get work enough to support us, so I had to come down to shop-work, that device of greedy capitalists which saps the life and courage of so many thousands of helpless and unfortunate women every year—and finally drifted to Boston, where I had heard that the pittance paid for such work was not quite so meagre. But poor living and hard work, together with an ever present anxiety regarding my boy's future, were fast wearing me out, when Heaven sent me a kind friend, who brought us both here to the seashore, where I have been rapidly regaining my health and strength.

"But, aside from my child; I care nothing for life," Miriam Wallingford continued, with exceeding bitterness, "all my own hopes were consumed to ashes more than thirteen years ago; and yet I want to live until Ned's principles are well grounded, until he can get a fair education and a good start in life; then I shall be glad to lay my burden down if the all-wise Father is willing.

"Now let me go," she said, rising, "I do not know why I have told you all this, unless the sight of one who participated in the ruin of my happiness has served to unlock the secret chambers of my heart to let you read the sequel to your night of 'frolic.' Ah!" she cried in a voice that stung her listener to the soul, "why is the world so cruel and unjust? Why are men allowed to go scot free when they sin so boldly and are so indifferent to consequences? Why does the world tolerate the wrecking of the lives of pure, innocent girls, and then receive their betrayers, with smiles and favor, upon the topmost wave of society, while their victims are spurned as too vile to cumber the earth? They should be branded with the mark of Cain," she continued, passionately, "for they are worse than murderers. You four college chums were no better; and yet to-day you all doubtless have wealth and influence and occupy high positions in society, while I—your victim"——

"Hush, oh pray cease these reproaches," Mr. Langmaid interposed, with visible emotion, for he was conscience-smitten at the woman's wild despair, while her sad story had aroused the keenest remorse over his share in the ruin of her life and hopes. "Do not judge me too harshly, but listen while I tell you something."

"As I have already said," continued Mr. Langmaid, "I was shocked by the reckless trifling with such sacred things on that memorable evening. But I was even more shocked and dismayed when a few weeks later Mathews confided to me the bold thing which he had dared to do at that time. If you remember he was the gayest of us all—the life of the party that night; but his gayety was all assumed to cover up a nervousness which he found it almost impossible to control. He was a wild, harum-scarum fellow, but he had the kindest heart in the world and never willfully caused any one a pang. Heatherton deceived us all, regarding his real intentions, for he represented to us that he was simply going out to your home for a frolic and that it was so understood by you and your friend. Mathews alone suspected that he was 'pulling the wool over our eyes;' that he also intended to deceive you and make you believe that he was going to make you his legal wife—that you were giving yourself to him in good faith, when in reality he was planning to make you his dupe and ruin your life."

"Just how Mathews became assured of this I did not know for some time after, as I will explain later, but he knew that you loved the man, that you had believed yourself his promised wife for a long time; he knew also that Heatherton would never marry any girl who did not occupy a social position equal to his own. He did not dare to charge him with his suspicions, for he felt that if he was determined to ruin you he would accomplish eventually his purpose, if he did not that night. He could not bring himself to reveal his suspicions to you, for he could not prove them, and he knew you had the utmost faith in your lover; so he resolved upon a bold stroke, and, instead of curses and reproaches, Miriam Wallingford, you owe Albert Mathews your deepest gratitude, for it was through his innate honor and manliness and his reverence for womanhood that you were that night made a legal wife, instead of being the dupe of an unprincipled man, and the ruined woman you afterwards believed yourself to be."

The astonished woman seemed suddenly turned to stone, by this wonderful declaration, while she stood staring at her companion, a dazed, incredulous expression on her colorless face.

"What can you mean? Oh! do not make a miserable jest of my shame and wretchedness," she at length cried, in a hollow, almost unrecognizable voice.

"I am not jesting—heaven knows that I am too much appalled by what you have told me, to speak lightly or frivolously now. I declare only the simple truth when I say that you were legally married to Richard Heatherton on that never-to-be-forgotten night; that you have every right in the world to bear his name, and to call his son by it," Mr. Langmaid solemnly affirmed.

Joy never kills, but it often paralyzes for the time being.

Miriam Wallingford swayed dizzily for a moment where she stood, then fell back into the chair, from which she had risen a few moments previous, where she fainted away for the second time that day.

"You poor, crushed and heart-broken woman!" cried William Langmaid, as he sprang again for a glass of water and vigorously sprinkled her face.

"What a wretch Heatherton was! What fools and knaves both Mathews and I were to be drawn into participating in any scheme so wicked. We both should have utterly refused to have anything to do with it; and if Mathews had good reason for suspecting the truth, as it seems he had, he should have openly denounced Heatherton, or at least have warned Mr. Wallingford of his intentions."

But the fainting woman quickly recovered; the loss of consciousness had only been momentary, and she soon sat up, eager to learn more regarding the wonderful revelation which Mr. Langmaid had just disclosed, a new hope lighting her wan face and animating her heavy heart.

"Can it be true?" she murmured, with trembling lips, the light of a long-lost joy gleaming in her lovely eyes.

"Every word of it," solemnly affirmed her companion, "as I will prove to you. Perhaps you know that Mathews, Heatherton and I were in the same class and completed our studies at the same time. We were all very busy during the last few weeks of the term, and I, at least, was too much engaged with my work to give a great deal of thought to that 'frolic,' after it was over. I rallied Heatherton upon it once or twice, but he acted so strangely I fancied that he was somewhat ashamed of it, so I never referred to it again. I wondered what made him so moody and so unsocial during the remainder of the term, but thought perhaps he also was studying hard to make up for lost time; but later I understood. Commencement passed, we each took our degree, and Heatherton immediately left New Haven, which surprised me, for he was a member of a number of societies, and I wondered that he did not remain to participate in the annual reunions. I had been at home about a month when one day, Mathews came to see me—we both lived in New York—looking as if he were in deep trouble.

"'Langmaid,' he said, 'I have a confession to make to you.'

"'All right; go ahead,' I said, wondering what I could be.

"'I'm afraid I have got myself into a deuce of a scrape,' he remarked dejectedly.

"'How so?' I inquired.

"'Do you remember that frolic at Farmer Wallingford's last February?'

"'Yes,' I briefly responded, but flushing over the remembrance.

"'I—I suppose you never dreamed that it was anything but a—a farce?' he said, hitching uneasily in his chair.

"'No,' but a great shock went through me at his words.

"'Well, it wasn't a farce—it was dead earnest in every particular.'

"'What do you mean?' I cried, aghast.

"'Just this,' Mathews replied; 'I'll begin at the beginning and tell you all about it. Heatherton had been making love to Miss Wallingford for months—just for the sake of a flirtation and to amuse himself while in New Haven—but she believed him to be honorable and sincere, and gave him her whole heart in return. He proposed a runaway marriage to her, but'—and here is where your story agrees in every particular with Mathews," Mr. Langmaid interposed, "'but she refused, saying that she must be married in her own home, and before witnesses, or not at all.

(To be Continued.)

ASTHMA PERMANENTLY CURED.

For a Number of Years Mrs. Whetham, Mount Forest, Ont., Suffered From Asthma. Doctors Said Nothing Could Help, but Catarrhozone Cured Her After All Else Had Failed.

"For a number of years," writes Mrs. Whetham, "I was a great sufferer from asthma. I tried without avail a great number of remedies and spent a great deal of money on doctors and specialists, but nothing seemed to help me. At times I was so bad that I found it necessary to have the doors and windows open to get my breath, and despaired of ever finding relief. Finally our druggist asked me to try Catarrhozone; all his customers, he said, spoke well of it. I did try it, although I did not expect to receive any benefit from it. In a few days I began to feel a little better and kept on using Catarrhozone, and within a month I was perfectly cured. That was about four months ago, and since then no symptoms of my old trouble have returned. I take pleasure in recommending Catarrhozone as a perfect cure for asthma. It is pleasant and convenient to use."

The success of Catarrhozone Treatment for Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Throat Troubles has been unique. It never fails to cure the most chronic cases, and the method of treatment, that of inhalation of medicated air, is a very pleasant and effective one.

You simply breathe in the medicated air; it does the curing. It spreads to all portions of the lungs, bronchial tubes and nasal passages, where it exerts a direct action on the cause of the disease, killing the germ life and healing up the sore irritated membranes.

Complete outfit, consisting of beautifully polished hard rubber inhaler and sufficient liquid for six weeks' use, $1; extra inhalant 50c per bottle. At druggists or by mail. Twenty-five cent trial size for 10c in stamps. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

Putnam's Corn Extractor cures corns and warts without pain in 24 hours. Try it.

A LARGE FENCE COMPANY.

A Capital of $750,000 to be Invested.

An authorized capital of more than a million dollars is involved in the various companies incorporated last week. The largest is the Dominion Fence Company, with a capital of $750,000. The charter is granted to Hon. John Dryden, Brooklin; Chas. Mills, Hamilton, architect; David Henderson, Acton, merchant; Wm. McGregor, Windsor, manufacturer; Frederick Fenton, Toronto, physician; John Henry Douglas, Warkworth, farmer, and James George Boucher, London, manufacturer. The head offices will be in Toronto. The company will manufacture and trade in iron and wire fences, metallic roofing and siding.

There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughful benevolence in that rarest of gifts—fine breeding.—Bulwer.

THE CAPTURE OF CRONJE.

Canadians Had a Brilliant Part in it.

THE HALIFAX GARRISON NOW.

Montreal report says: W. Richmond Smith, the Star's correspondent in South Africa, cabling of the fight at Paardeberg, says that the Canadians reached there the morning of February 18th, after a forced march of 23 miles during Saturday night from Jacobsdal. The sixth division was in the field and a cavalry brigade was engaging the main body of General Cronje's army. The Canadians advanced to the banks, and jamped into the Modder River, which was four feet deep. Cronje's men held a strong position on the north bank of the river. A, B and E companies made the advance firing line, D and C acted as supports, and F, G and H acted as reserves.

These latter were not brought into action until the afternoon of Sunday. The Canadians faced the Boer fire unflinchingly. They compelled the admiration of the British officers under whose observation they were. Their advances were made in short rushes of thirty paces and it was done in splendid style under Major Buchan. Capt. Arnold, of Winnipeg, who was seriously injured (and has since died), was gallantly leading his company when he fell.

A GALLANT CHARGE.

The entire Canadian regiment remained under fire all day, and as there was little cover, the casualties in dead and wounded kept mounting steadily upward. At 5 o'clock the Canadian regiment was reinforced, the Cornwalls being moved up to their support. An order to charge the enemy was given by the Colonel of the Cornwalls. This command did not apply to the Canadians, but when our men saw the British soldiers rush forward the example was contagious. The Canadians gave a cheer, and every man in the firing line to the right joined in the charge.

ATTACK BEATEN BACK.

Seeing this, F Company, from Quebec, which was in place with the reserves, rushed forward also upon the Boer position, thinking that the whole regiment had orders to this effect. The charge was a magnificent one, and was met by a murderous rifle fire from the Boer position. The British troops were falling fast, and ultimately were forced to retire, after they had covered two hundred yards to the north of the Modder River.

Capt. Bell, with his Maxim gun, displayed great gallantry in getting his weapon across the river, and advancing steadily to a position on the left flank of the Canadian regiment. Every step he took was in the face of a heavy Boer fire. From the left flank the Maxim gun did splendid work all day. (Mr. Smith then refers to the casualty list, which has been published.)

Recruits for South Africa.

The War Office authorities, in reply to an inquiry from Hon. W. F. Borden, have cabled that they favor recruiting the Royal Canadian Regiment, now in active service in South Africa, up to full strength. The total losses of the regiment in killed, wounded, sick and missing are 109. The Militia Department will therefore enlist a unit of 125 officers and men. Three Lieutenants will have to be chosen to fill the vacancies caused by the death of Capt. Arnold and to take the places of Capt. Rogers, who is ill, though not dangerously, and Lieut. McLean, who has joined the Imperial Light Artillery. Recruiting will be ordered tomorrow, to be carried on under the supervision of district officers commanding. The unit will be mobilized in Ottawa, according to present arrangements, and will embark on the Monterey, with Strathcona's Horse. The preference will be given to applicants who have served in the militia and who are unmarried. The terms of enlistment are to be in all other respects identical with those announced when the Royal Canadian Special Service Battalion was organized.

The Troop Ship.

The Monterey is just the vessel for Strathcona's Horse. Five hundred stalls for horses are to be fixed at Halifax. The Monterey has been on the Canadian service for the past two years, and since July, 1899, has carried mails. Her gross tonnage is 5,455.04, her net registered tonnage 3,489.30, her horse-power, nominal, 750, and indicated, 340; her length, perpendicular, 445; her breadth, 52; her depth of hold, 27 1-2, and her total capacity for water ballast 2,363 tons.

The troops will find pianos and games for their amusement, and A. L. Jones, the head of the firm of Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co., is presenting to each trooper a pound of tobacco in half-pound tins, marked "Lord Strathcona Horse," one-half to be given as they embbark and the other as they land.

It is expected that the Monterey will sail from Halifax for the Cape in three or four weeks. The voyage will occupy about twenty-one days.

For Halifax Garrison.

The qualifications for enrolment are: Age, between 18 and 45 years; chest measurement, minimum of 34 inches; height, medium, 5 feet 5 inches. Unmarried men only will be accepted. The recruits must at the time of application be enrolled in a corps of the active militia within the limits already explained, and have performed at least one annual training. To pass the medical examination required for enrollment in the permanent corps of Canada. Men not enrolled in the active militia, but who have previously belonged to it and have performed annual training once, are eligible, provided they first enroll in a corps of the active militia within the limits laid down, and are carried on the strength of such corps. Officers, non-commissioned officers and men while serving in a battalion will be considered and returned as "on command" of their respective corps. Officers, non-commissioned officers and men serving in the corps will be paid the rates of pay and allowance provided for the active militia, which they will draw, in the case of officers, from the date upon which they report for duty, and in the case of non-commissioned officers and men from the date of enlistment.

POINTS OF ORGANIZATION.

Companies will be organized at the following points: A.—Right half from Military District No. 11, at Victoria, B. C. Left half from Military District the Ottawa Brigade. B.—Military District No. 1, at London. C.—Military District No. 2, at Toronto. D.—Right half from Military Districts Nos. 3 and 4, at Kingston. Left half from the Ottawa Brigade. E.—Military District No. 5, at Montreal. F.—Right half from Military District No. 6, at St. John's, Que. Left half from Military District No. 7, at Quebec. G.—Three sections from Military District No. 8, at St. John, N. B.; one section from Military District No. 12, at Charlottetown, P. E. I.; H.—Military District No. 9, at Halifax. Companies will be formed of four sections of 30 men each. District officers commanding will apportion the number to be enrolled from their district among the corps entitled to furnish men, according to the strength of such corps.

POINTS OF CONCENTRATION.

Companies B, C and D will be concentrated at Ottawa not later than Thursday, the 15th inst., and A Company by Thursday, the 22nd inst. E. and F Companies will be concentrated at Quebec City not later than Friday, the 16th inst.; G and H at Halifax by Saturday, the 17th inst.

LOW DISEASE RATE.

Our Boys Seem to Have Better Health Than Expected.

We may congratulate ourselves upon the extraordinarily low mortality, from disease in this South African campaign. Even including deaths from typhoid and dysentery in the besieged towns, the total, so far is barely 600, as compared with 1,400 deaths by wounds. Usually disease causes two-thirds of all war losses. In the Spanish-American war, as we are told this week by the expert appointed to investigate the matter, the ravages of typhoid fever were appalling. One-fifth of all the soldiers in the great base and collecting camps contracted the disease, and 7 per cent. of these died. In Camp Chickamauga alone there were 9,000 cases, and nearly 600 deaths. Such a camp is worse than two Spion Kops. Finally, typhoid fever caused 80 per cent. of the entire death-rate. In the Transvaal to date it has caused barely 250 deaths, all told, and most of these have been in Ladysmith. The American expert, of course, points to neglect of sanitary precautions and fouling of the water supply as the causes of this terrible fatality; and the secret of our escape, says the Outlook, both in the Transvaal and the Soudan, has been the scrupulous protection of the water supply, or, where this was already tainted, rigid insistence upon the use of the filter and the teakettle.—Bideford Weekly Gazette.

CONTRASTS.

Long the waiting—many the tear!
Dull the sigh—alive the fear!
Weak the will—the effort faint!
Deep the sigh—low the plaint!
Yet never a goal—but ends the way!
Never a dark—but bears a day!
Never a strong—but feels a pain!
Never a fall—but brings a gain!

Clara—They say Nell is going to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather. Maude—Is it possible! I didn't suppose there was a man living that old.

BILIOUSNESS AND DYSPEPSIA

Have a Common Origin in Liver Complaint—Dr. Chase's Treatment For the Liver.

Carlyle justly attributed the ill-temper, which made him a monster in the eyes of the world, to a bad liver. He was bilious and dyspeptic, suffered with stomach pains and headache, was depressed in spirits and had gloomy forebodings of the future.

How often the kind father becomes a monster and the loving mother a scold through the influence of a torpid liver. Who can tell how many quarrels are brought on, and how many happy homes are broken up by this same influence?

Nothing makes one feel more miserable or more gloomy and discouraged than liver complaint, and consequent biliousness and dyspepsia. The kidneys, too, usually become inactive in sympathy with a sluggish liver, and the bowels become irregular and constipated.

To strike with one blow at these complicated ills, to make a prompt, effective and lasting cure, you must use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the most popular remedy known in Canada and the United States to-day, and the only one that acts directly on both the liver and kidneys.

There is more cheerful, unsolicited testimony in favor of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills than any other pills sold. You scarcely meet a person who has not used them personally or heard of their wonderful powers over disease.

Then you can use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with greater confidence than any patent medicine, knowing that they are the most successful prescription met with by Dr. Chase in his immense experience as practising physician and author of the famous Receipt Book.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills promptly and positively cure torpid liver, liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney disease, backache, Bright's disease, lumbago, and rheumatism. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or by mail from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

For piles, Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute and guaranteed cure.

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