

Northern Securities Co. ... surprised to learn ... refused to believe, that ... Knox is a case against the ... pointed out that a de ... cognate case from the ... of the United States ... on Monday next. A ... battle is promised, but ... perished that no matter ... decision may be the domi ... which brought the North ... ities Company into life ... ostensibly maintained.

### DEATHS AND DEATHS.

Condition of Affairs ... led in Montreal.

### LINE IN MARRIAGES

Feb. 24.—What is con ... a most important an ... is that of the Montreal ... population, etc. The ... (1900) the last one com ... ready to be brought ... attention of the ad ... contains some startling ... shows a peculiar sta ... regard to the city's mar ... and death rate.

### THE WELSH.

Prospective Set ... to Canada.

### CONTRIBUTES.

Feb. 21.—The sugges ... Chamberlain yester ... reputation which wait ... behalf of the Welsh ... Patagonia, viz., to open ... nation in order to raise ... to hire a transport ... settlers to Canada, ... Dominion Government ... with land and ... was acted upon. ... Secretary contributing ... of the luncheon given ... of the delegation, Sir ... it was announced ... already been sub ... is said, over fifteen ... reverses on account ... and loss of crops ... to appeal for as ... that Lord Strath ... verable to asking the ... ment for either a ... financial assistance to ... settlers to remove ... to Canada. ... Canadian Government ... the money required ... of being repaid at ...

### ONE SET FREE.

Have Handed Her ... Good Health.

### IS ARRESTED.

The Temps pub ... from Constantin ... nouncement that Miss ... released by the brig ... her captive since ... last, and has been ... good health to the ... American Lega ...

# ADVICE TO OLD MAIDS . . .

Give your gentlemen friends good tea. It is unnecessary to go to India for a Mow-woon. LEAD PACKETS. ALL GROCERS.

## The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"Patrick, my darling!" repeats Gillian, voicelessly, with a face of intense amazement. "Who on earth does she mean?"

A slight movement she makes in surprise reminds them of her presence, and they come over beside her, Lacy with arms around his wife still, looking flushed, and embarrased, and happy, and rather ashamed of herself.

"Gillian, dear, I would have told you. We should have confided in you. But we were afraid the secret might leak out and the matters worse," he said, rather awkwardly; "not that they could be worse, unfortunately, as far as Aunt Jeannette is concerned. But you have no unkind feeling in your kind little heart, I know, on account of our secrecy, Gillian dear?"

"We have acted clandestinely, and not quite honorably, Miss Deane," Anne interposes, in her delicate, proud way, but with a ring of passion in her clear tones. "It was principally my fault, as I loved him and I neither could nor would live without him. That is the real truth."

"Then when you loved him so well, and he loved you, you neither could nor should have lived without each other, and you did quite right to marry," Gillian gazes at the two with soft, sorrowful eyes, and with tears, and in soft tones very tremulous with emotion. "I am very sorry for Lady Damer, but what she wished was wrong, wicked, cruel!" and the shy, dark eyes are full of keen reproach as she gazes at the two who have been at least consenting parties to the doing her a life-long, deadly injury.

"Yes, it would have been wrong and misery all round," Lacy says, shrugging his shoulders; "but as long as Aunt Jeannette is satisfied, it does not matter to her. You'll give us absolute and good wishes, though, Gillian, dear, won't you? We want it, I assure you. We haven't had many marriage benedictions of any sort, have we, Anne?"

"You have not," she says, with a curiously meek regret in her cold, sarcastic tones. "It has been all benediction to me."

Lacy flushes again, and laughs nervously.

"You are too good to me, Anne," he says, rather huskily. "You are ten times too good for me, as I told you. Your wife doesn't believe that. Gillian says, in her quiet, wise way, while she is blushing timidly; "and if you love her with all your heart, it can be true."

"Thank you, Gillian, dear," he says, laughing a little; "you must give me a sisterly kiss for that kind little speech! It is something new to hear anyone approve of us, isn't it, Anne?"

"Yes," she says, simply, though she might have added again, "new to me."

But her wistful eyes are fixed on Gillian as Lacy stoops and kisses her cheek.

"Anne isn't jealous now, Gillian," he laughs; but Gillian, knowing too well what a jealous woman's love is like, is not surprised to see that the dark, brilliant eyes seek his with a swift, passionate look, and Lacy, wisely discerning the meaning thereof, turns and kisses his wife once again ere Gillian leaves the room.

"You won't you come up to me soon?" she asks, hesitating at the door. "I want so much to talk to you."

"I will come up in five minutes," Anne says, with a slight smile and a blush. "I want to say a few words to my husband first, and give some directions, Miss Deane."

"How glad and happy she looks!" Gillian thinks, with a swift, retrospective glance. "She has gained the very desire of her heart, and she looks as if she had."

For Anne Lacy, who smiles and blushes in that pretty, womanly fashion, is indeed strangely altered from haughty, cold Anne O'Neill of the past.

"I wonder if she knows anything of him," Gillian thinks, with a weary sigh, as she tells upstairs.

She is sadly altered, poor child, as she climbs up stairs after stair with weary feet and a tired, heavy heart, to the sunny, spirited girl who used to run so lightly up and down in those golden days last summer.

"Of course he cared for her," she muses, with a quiet, hopeless sigh. "Who would not prefer her to me? Except for that wretched money-temptation he would never have thought of me, and he was too honest to keep up the pretence of caring for me. But oh, if I could only see his face again and hear his voice! Oh, if I could only be his friend—only see him smile on me and touch my hand as he used to do! In America, Bingham said: 'Go back to America!' Oh, George! Oh, George! the whole wide world is between us."

And she almost fancies it is an illusion of her senses, conjured up at that passionate, whispered longing, and she sees a door open on the landing right before her, and the rotund figure and comely face, the snowy cap-borders, of Italian-ironed frills, the shepherd's-plaid woolen kephie and snowy apron spread over her ample hips—the very presentment of

"Shure—one sez wan thing an' wan sez another," she begins, "an' faix, shure, Miss Deane, a body can't help puttin' this way that together, when they hear it, an' shure, you're a friend of poor Mither George, miss, or I wouldn't let out a breathin' ov' my tongue shure many's the one that guesst at it."

But at this point Nelly plainly perceives in Gillian's eyes of alarm and utter astonishment, that there is not even a suspicion of the truth she tries to hint at in the girl's innocent words.

"But, shure, it's no business ov' mine to be inquirin' about me betthers," she says, suddenly, with a great pretense at indifference. "An' it's I'm glad to see yeh wid us," she concludes politely, but edging away from Gillian, and as the quickest retreat, returning to the room she has just left.

But Gillian has heard so much that now she must and will hear more. "Nelly, what you mean," she urges in a low tone, determinedly staying her for the cooling pressure of her soft little palm on Nelly's stout arm.

"Do tell me, Mrs. Hagarty—if I can do anything, do tell me I am Mr. Archer's friend, indeed I am. And you may trust me entirely."

But Nelly is alarmed at her own indiscreet tattle, and unceasingly tries to smooth away all significance in her words.

"Faix, nothen, shure, Miss, at all; only they say her ladyship isn't like Mather George, an' shure many's they've had a word ov' disagreement and it can't be helped, an' more's the pity," she says, shuffling out of his side for his lady's sake.

"Yes, I knew that," she knew that long ago," Gillian answers hurriedly, clasping the other hand now around Nelly's big arm. "I know it always, Mrs. Hagarty, and I wonder if Lady Damer has anything to do with Mr. Archer going away so suddenly?"

Her lips are parted, her eyes burning like stars, her bosom heaving, in the rising of the wild hope that that cruel departure may be explained in any way but in the intolerable bitterness of the explanation Lady Damer has always given—that George's sudden departure was the result of a sudden selfish longing for change and liberty, and that the system of words knowing that a deeper, crueler significance such an assertion will bear to this girl who loved him so well that she would fain have clung to his side for life.

Mrs. Hagarty gives one surprised, half-plying look of astonishment at the innocent, yearning face, and desperately refrains from the temptation to enlighten it.

"Well, of course, Miss Deane, it isn't no business ov' mine to give guesses to what's belongin' to me betthers," she says, stolidly, with provoking suavity of expression. "Sure me lady knows her own mind best, an' Mither George knows his mind, an' it isn't for me to spake of what doesn't concern me."

"Well, but what do you think?" persists Gillian, entreatingly. "I am speaking to you as a friend, and you may trust me, Mrs. Hagarty. Mr. Damer was very sorry for Mr. Archer going away, I know. Don't you think he misses him, and would be glad to see him back again?"

Nelly's keen gray-blue eyes light up with a flash of scornful assurance.

"For, as in her excitement and longing to learn something of that bitter mystery which had shadowed all the dawn of her womanhood, Gillian forgets, for the moment, every other consideration, so so a certain recklessness impart itself to worthy Nelly, leading her fling prudence to the winds and uttering such words which are burning on her tongue."

"Faix, Miss Deane, he misses him so much that I'm afraid it will be the end of him, hot-foot after poor Sir James, shure, and shure many's if Mither George doesn't come back and let him see one sight of him!" she says, impressively, folding her arms and shaking her head with impatient indignation. "I can't get no rest night nor day, while he is in his sinces nor win he's out of time, wid longing the heart out of time to see him, an'—shure my grief—why wouldn't he?"

"She casts a quick look at Gillian with her concluding words, but she sees plainly they are all uncomprehended."

"Then Mr. Archer must be sent for," she says, rather emphatically, though she is trembling like an aspen in agitation. "I will see about me say? Does he say he wishes Mr. Damer to be sent for?"

"He sez nothin'—day nor night—about the war thing!" Nelly answers, looking down and sniffing her feet about restlessly. "Sure he's not right like that at all, so he isn't—poor gentleman!"

"What does he say?" persists Gillian.

"He on'y sez them words over an' over again," Nelly says, rather stammering over her words, "an' it's nothin' but—Oh, merciful heavens, bless us all! save us! Oh, Mither Damer—Sir Harry Damer—now, shure, it isn't getting out of your bed that you can get any sense into me, distractedly, pushing Gillian back, and pushing herself forward, as the bedroom door is suddenly snatched open, and on the threshold she and Gillian see the gaunt, barefooted figure clad only in the dressing-gown who stands there staring wildly at them both.

"Who's that?" he demands, with a rapid, hollow utterance, which is as dreadfully changed from his pleasant tones as is the wasted shrunken figure, the pallid visage, the sunken, fevered eyes, the pitiful wreck of manhood from handsome Harry Damer.

"At fifty years of age, a weakened invalid, with a disordered brain and nearly worn-out body."

"Who's that?" he reiterates, pointing at Gillian with a shaking finger, as she draws back, pale and terrified, for a moment's madness. The gleaming eyes under the lined, haggard brow, with the disordered locks of faded, grayish hair clinging damply to the hollow temples.

"Sure, nobody now, sir, but Miss

### SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

Two inmates of a Scotch Asylum, working in the garden, decided upon an attempt at escape. Watching their opportunity when their keeper was absent they approached the wall, says a Glasgow newspaper.

"No, bend down, Sandy," said the one, "and I'll climb up your shoulder to the top, and then I'll give you a hand up, ta."

Sandy accordingly bent down. Tam, mounting his back, gained the top of the wall, and dropping over the other side, shouted, as he prepared to make off:

"I'm thinking, Sandy, you'll be better to bide another fortnight, for you're no near rich yet."

"I wish you would get up," she said to the humble but importunate suitor. "I have just been reading of a monk whose knees have become permanently injured by constant kneeling."

"But I never kneeled to you before," he protested.

"No, she replied, "not to me."

"And this monk," he went on, "must have kneeled day after day."

"True," she answered, "but if you are unable to break yourself of the habit of proposing in that way, then what is likely to happen to you before you get a wife?"

Then he rose and carefully dusted his knees. It was like to think he told himself, that something of his previous experiences was not known to this girl—Chicago Post.

### FEVER'S VICTIMS.

The After Effects Often Worse Than the Disease Itself

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

The after effects of some troubles, such as fevers, the grippe, etc., are frequently more serious than the original disease. Many of the patients are left an almost physical wreck. In such cases as these what is needed is a tonic medicine, to enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves, and put the system on its feet.

Mr. L. Barnhardt, a prosperous young farmer, living near Welland, Ont., offers proof of the truth of these statements. Mr. Barnhardt says: "Some years ago, while residing in the United States, I was attacked by typhoid fever, the after effects of which proved more disastrous to my constitution than the fever itself, and for months I was an almost total wreck. I had no appetite, was haggard and emaciated, and apparently bloodless. I had violent and distressing headaches, and my whole appearance was suggestive of a rapid decline. I tried many of the best doctors, but they failed to benefit me. At this juncture a friend of mine mentioned my case to another physician, and he suggested that I should take a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took this advice and found it most satisfactory. Almost from the outset the pills helped me, and I continued their use until I had taken about a dozen boxes, when I felt myself fully restored to my former health, and my weight increased to 165 pounds. I have enjoyed the best of health ever since, and I will always give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the highest praise they are capable of. These pills are a certain cure for the after effects of fever, the grippe and pneumonia. They make new, rich red blood, and strengthen the nerves from first dose to last; and in this way they cure such troubles as anaemia, neuritis, rheumatism, heart weakness, kidney and liver ailments, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, etc. They also cure the functional ailments that make the life of so many women a weary, constant misery, and bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Other alleged tonic pills are mere imitations of this great medicine, and the buyer should see that the full name, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' is on every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent postpaid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

### Great Difference of Opinion.

He was a very wily Birmingham man, on a visit to a famous Cambridge school, who pronounced the name of the second day of the week? he asked a youth who was bragging about his college education.

"To-day," said the youth; "not To-day or To-morrow."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the visitor. "Why, in my part of the country we pronounce it 'Monday'."—Answers.

### Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25c.

### A Clam's Queer Coin.

There is in the possession of John W. Woodward a remarkable coin which has been examined by several local coin collectors and others in New York City, and which none has been able to find any trace of the origin of, nor have any who have seen it even seen a duplicate of it. The coin came into the possession of Mr. Woodward in a very peculiar manner.

A friend of his who was summering in West Haven caught one morning off the hills, a remarkable and immense clam, about five inches in length. The clam was given up to Mr. Woodward, who opened it. Inside he found imbedded in the muscle a hard substance which had what appeared to be a thick crust about it. This he chipped off, and it revealed a coin. Polishing revealed the identity of it so far as the identity of the Queen on the opposite side. The piece is slightly smaller than a Canadian quarter and seems to be made of bronze.—New Haven Leader.

## OSHAWA MIRACLE INVESTIGATED.

A Sworn Statement of Facts Almost Beyond Belief.

The Toronto Mail and Empire sends a Reporter to Oshawa—His Inquiries Result in Complete Verification of Original Story.

Very many startling stories of wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills have been published in these columns, and in other newspapers all over the country from time to time.

Every case has been so well authenticated as to leave little room for doubt, and yet the statements made and the cures reported have in many cases being so nearly miraculous as to be almost beyond belief.

Recently, the Mail and Empire, of Toronto, and other papers, published a despatch from Oshawa in which it was said that a mechanic in the Oshawa Malleable Iron Works had been cured of paralysis by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and that, after he had been absolutely helpless for four months, and had been given up by the physicians at the hospital in Toronto.

This was too much for many people to believe, and numerous demands were made on the paper in question for a verification or correction.

One correspondent signing himself "Medicus" in a letter to the Mail and Empire openly disputed the possibility of such a cure.

To get at the real facts a reporter was sent to Oshawa, and the result was a complete, and very satisfactory confirmation of the original despatch. To put the matter absolutely beyond question, the following sworn statement was secured:

### The Statement of Mr. Brown.

In the fall of 1897 I was taken ill with what most of the doctors called paralysis, and others nervous prostration. It commenced with a stiffness and soreness in the calves of my legs, and gradually increased till I could not move either of my arms or legs, having lost all power in them. I could not have raised my arms to my head to save my life. For over four months I could not stand or walk alone a single step. I doctored with all the local doctors, and then with a Bowmanville doctor. Each one gave me some different medicine, but the more I took the worse I got.

At last the Bowmanville doctor told me that nothing could be done for me unless I went to the hospital in Toronto, where they might perhaps have some later treatment for paralysis, which would fit my case. I went there toward the end of January, 1898, and remained under treatment in that institution for a little over four weeks. All was vain. I got worse. Twelve doctors told me I could not recover, and that nothing could be done for me, so as I was getting worse every day and there was no hope of their being able to help me in the least, I was removed to my home here, I was like a baby, unable to move.

At this extremely someone advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my wife bought a box. I had not the slightest idea that they would help me, but like a drowning man I grasped at every straw. After I had used the first box the numbness began to leave my finger tips, and I felt a little better. I kept on using the pills for two months' time I could walk a little, and shortly afterward was able to go short distances without assistance.

The first time I went down town, one of the doctors who had given me up saw me across the street, and not being able to believe his eyes, went to my brother, Robert, and asked: "Is that your brother Joe? Robert told him that it was I, and he said in astonishment: 'Well, I never expected to see him around again.'"

I used, altogether, twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and by the use of May I was able to start to work again in the shop here, and I have never been sick or off work a day since, and that is over three and a half years ago. I have the opportunity to make this statement, for I am sure I owe my life, health and strength to work to that great remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

(Signed), JOSEPH BROWN.

### Sworn Confirmation.

CANADA: I, JOSEPH BROWN, of the town of Oshawa, in the County of Ontario, do hereby certify that the above statement, signed by me, is absolutely true, and I make this solemn declaration, believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893.

(Signed), JOSEPH BROWN.

Declared before me at the Town of Oshawa, in the County of Ontario, on the 25th day of January, A.D. 1899.

J. F. GRIERSON, a Notary Public. (SEAL)

### Do Slightly Deaf.

This, therefore, is the true story in detail of this most remarkable case. No room is left for doubt or dispute, and the original Oshawa despatch is confirmed in all its particulars.

If this is possible—and no one can now doubt it—then one can easily understand how any of the many wonderful cures reported have been accomplished by the same means, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

### His Lost Buttons.

Soot Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow-boarders)—I declare, I have three buttons off my vest.

Missus of the house (who has been pining to give him a hint)—You will probably find them in the dining-room, sir.—Tit-Bits.

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

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcer, clears the air passages, stops sneezing, cures the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Cures Ears, Throat, and Dr. A. W. Chase's Medicine Co., Toronto and Seattle.