SIA'S DESIGNS.

armed at the Ac-

Czar's Spies. 10 .-- Alarm again over the presence a large number of spies in the guise A Russian general is recognized at ay while pretend-

He speedily disap-

Istiania, arrested tance of the Nort on a charge of been found guilty ces to the Russian capacity of a spy. nments were disrg's house The sive distrust of e Czar's Governaggerated.

Scheme in istory.

MILITIA CORPS.

despatch from Evening News to believe from from a trustthe most imeme known in oreshadowed by Brodrick in his of Commons on yesterday, when

possible that be made by es of the Emble in case of whole Empire An opportunity a our colonial t will occur at nation."

says that from I, Great Britain oduce and equip of which, repavalry brigades. a, would be oreld in defence of ction against a is would leave men for home militia, yeors allotted for efence.

to arrange for e army corps sidencies. South wo army corps anywhere, and v Zealand and marked to furs, wholly availred. According it, the scheme gest army in

o Get Une

SERVE ALSO.

Clear.

in introducing £69,310,000 in s to-day, War stered into a s office, which its work well, ar had never such a scale war. The War ceding 306,000 es in South Mrno complaints riences of the d the necesarmy adminisfation, etc., as crament last s and clerks tituted in the officers.

ug. Mr. Brodhad been non in the could be exe Indian gard. The counil experience garrisons to limits.

giving a fillip MITICK Smid the to allow enrs. with pine and with the n to enlist re abroad it every man a if, after two ded to serve plors and four he would be daily. Mr. would result class of men. uch-discussed s. Mr. Brodse volunteers conscription. iselves efficito establish men over 40 re unable to ery regularing the preserve of 50 .of all offiy prosecuted oung officers

INDIKE.

tluable Beding Claim. n 10 .-- A spevson to-day est finds rehe Klondike. f Discovery. as about to en he discov-By feet below he took out pan of earth n gold. Other respected for

"None knew thee but to love thee. "None named thee but to praise."

It is singular that some of the most beautiful poetry ever written is exactly applicable to MONSOON CEYLON TEA, or Longfellow was not thinking of MONSON TEA when he wrote these lines, but they describe this delicious beverage very accurately.

******************* The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

as Gillian truly enough divines, for know, Uncle Harry." being concerned in that miserable "Oh, yes, to be sure, so he has," he disappointment, and would be glad says, in a tone of recollection. "My to be rid of her presence, only that | memory's gettin' like an old sieve! she cannot very well dismiss her as Ay, poor Anne O'Neil! a good girl! she had done Anne; knowing, too, a good heart! a good, true heart! that Gillian has really just at pre- | Where is she now ?" in the world of human ties and af- | Uncle Harry." fections; she is not in the least necessary to any one's happiness or faltering, and rubbing his hands togeherself a sort of supernumerary - the Castle now. Ay, to be sure." households into which she beats loudly in the stillness; but Sir "Yes, certainly," Gillian says, ra- ago

care for her; her father and his brilhant young wife have not the slight- and more stormy each minute. The long time in atter silence. "Papa when you say I treated him badlyest need of her; into the new- rain begins to beat down more heav- and my stepmother are in you are indeed!" ly-wedded happiness of Anne ily, and the fierce gusts roll in billows | Paris at present, "but when he re-

Mount Ossory is a lonely, loveless, joyless home for her now; the tender | alone like this," Gillian says. menmemories of her mother are swept tally, as she takes off her hat and returns with feeble impatience. "I and you jilted him for Bingham Lacy. out of the house in South Kensing- jacket again, and sits down in a lit- can't wait till he comes back from and you were the chief cause of his hands of decorators and upholster- leave the chance of seeing Anne and ers, whilst its master and new mistress are in Paris. So Gillian has, literally, "nowhere to go."

Sometimes in those dreary weeks after her arrival, Gillian ventures | she has so carnestly coveted these timidly to seek Sir Harry in his solitude, and ask him if she shall read to him or play cribbage with him. Once or twice he languidly assents. of her days, to the love which is its but at other times he curtly refuses, and stares in moody silence into the burning coals for hours without speaking.

Still Gillian perseveres, though Lady Damer has even sneered at her with her cold smile for "enacting the part of a sister of mercy," on two occasions on which she found the girl reading a chapter in the New

Testament to the poor invaild. Once poor Harry Damer rad voluntarily requested her to read to him some message of comfort to his trembling soul.

'I don't want to see Paterson, nor lifs curates either," he says, gruffly; "but I want to hear the story of the Prodigal Son." And then he cries like a child as Gillian reads the matchless relation of infinite love; and the girl goes away with a gently whispered

prayer. So, in spite of Lady Damer's sneers and delicately-barbed little taunts. Gillian meekly but determinedly tries to do what she can for the unhappy man who is bereft of every earthly solace; and with deep pity, and timid affection growing with her filial attentions, she glides into his room whenever she can avoid Lady Damer's notice.

For his own sake she compassionates him, for his son's sake she loves

ing- blustery April evening, with cook to send up a savory addition to huskily. "What about George Argusts of fierce southwest wind and the tea of which she knows he is, cher? George Archer went away rain drifting against the window- or used to be, very fond-boiled without so much as 'good-bye' to me panes-when Gillian hurries down to pickled herrings with buttered toast after six-and-twenty years-not so the library with a feeling of freedom | - and she coaxes him to eat with that actually makes her quite light- some success, much to Mrs. Haghearted. Lady Damer has gone to arty's satisfaction when she comes Ballyford, to dine at the palace this in to look at her patient. evening, and gone early to spend | "That's what does him all the some time with the bishop's wife, good in the wureld-the crathur!" who is an old acquaintance of hers; she says aside to Gillian. "I dunnow and she has ordered the carriage to what he'd ever do without you, Miss meet her at the Ossory station at Deane, alanna! Shure he's lookin' eleven to-night.

It is now only half-past three, so gentleman." there are nearly eight hours of liberty of action, deliverance from the oppres- nurse," Gillian says, shivering, "and sion of her imperious presence in the the house seems so lonely and quiet! house, to be counted on.

tion has been to dress herself quick. shee!" ly and hurry off as fast as she can | "Lord betune us an' all harm walk to Darragh Castle, to spend Miss Deane, asthore, don't say that' two or three hours with Anne-to en- Nelly gasps, making the sign of the ter once again into the dear old cross. "Would you like any one to rooms, too well remembered-to go come and sit near yeh, miss? Sure back in memory to the bitter sweet meself and Kitty 'll sit in be the of the past.

But when she comes into the lib- hall, if you like?" rary, ready dressed for her walk, "Oh, no, thank you, nurse," Gilher heart smites her at the sight lian says, hastily, a little ashamed of the desolate figure, with his chin of communicating her own nervous sunk dejectedly on his breast, his fears; "why should I need any one wasted hands propped on his knees, | near me? They are all downstairs. staring vacantly into the fire, alone as usual, are they not? Mrs. Lynch

"Uncle Harry," she says gently, for vants ?" he has exhibited a curious aversion "Mrs. Lynch is going to bed wud to his new title, "have you seen the her bad cowld, miss," answers Nelly. Blustrated London News? There are thoughtfully, "and troth, Denny some interesting-"

are you going?" ther reluctantly wet day. Ah, once upon a time I

didn't mind the rain, or the cold. the dhrary, murmurin' sound o' "More, you won't again." says Gillan, brightly, with her hand laid on has shoulder. "You must get well and let me go out riding with you. Uncle

Harry. You promised you would, long "I don't think I'll ever put a leg across a horse again." he says, shaking his gray head hopelessly; "Bingham can ride out with you, you

"Bingham wouldn't care to ride out with me," Gillian says, laughing and

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tab-

lets. All druggists refund the money for a fresh onslaught, if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's sig- And in one of those pauses Gillian, the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., never gives you any more.—Town and G. G. Herring, G. A., 126 Woodward by looking hour after hour at sta-

She almost comes to hate Gillian, | coloring; "he has his wife now, you

sent nowhere to go; indeed, the poor She is living in Darragh Castle child herself sometimes vaguely with her husband," Gillian says, with wonders why she was born at all. a slight quiver in her voice. "Captain She does not seem to have any place | Lacy is your agent now, you know,

"Ay, now-so he is now," he says, were things of her fancy. an unnecessary unit in the two There is a pause, and Gillian's heart him?"

Lady Damer does not want her, nor shivers and cowers closer to the fire. has been staring into the fire with Gillian persists in a half whisper. Lacy and her husband she dare not of sound through the woodlands sur- turns to town I am sure he will: "He was fond of you-George was "In any case I could not leave him

seeing Darragh Castle again until haven't any time to spare, and some other day."

sigh at relinquishing the pleasure die." three weeks. Her faithful woman's heart is true still, true as it will be to the end

guiding star. True, in spite of the vain effort she has made to turn her course aside; true as a woman's heart is but to one love in her life, no matter how many affections and desires

possess her existence. And this the, true love, stronger, deeper, tenderer than ever, yearns in secret for the merest crumb of sustenance to satisfy its hungry

And to enter again the rooms she holds sacred to his memory, to conjure up the fair, bold face and comely form of that dear, lost love, dead to her, to sit in the chair he sat in. or to eat at the table where he ate. to touch with her lips the cup or the glass that touched his, seems to Gillian a greater joy than she dare hope for.

She sighs once and again as she looks from the stormy evening outside to the lonely figure of poor Sir Harry, with his gray head drooping forlornly, and as the time passes on, and the light fades from the stormy sky, and the wind howls and shricks weirdly, like human cries and lamentations, the loneliness and sadness of place, and time, and circumstances depress her like the presence of death.

low spirits and gloomy fancies; .she ing fiercely. has tea brought into the library for | But there comes at last one even- herself and Sir Harry; she begs the George Archer for ?" he demands,

like himself to-night, so he is, poor

"It's a very dreary night, though, I can hear nothing but that mourn-Gillian's first resolute determina- ful wind, like the cry of the ban-

dinin'-room fire, just acrass the

and Denny, and the other ser-

might as well be in bed as out o' "No, no, no," he says, irritably; "I it. I never see such a man for cosdon't care a farthing for it. Where therin' himself up!" she adds. with a malicious chuckle, "He sez he's "It's paining, isn't it?" he says, an' an aisy life that's made him so

tomb to-night.'

in the storm, weirdly sudden and with absolute safety to the youngstill, as if the fierce spirit that rides | est infant. Sold by all druggists at | piece of cake be sure and say "Thank | to the Pacific Coast before deciding the blast had paused to draw breath | 25 cents a box, or sent post paid | you."

moment deems it the merest illusion | handsome, brave lad !" of the waving trees in the murky

She draws the curtains once more, and is turning away, when she hears each other in an ecstasy of piteous distinctly, in the hush of the tem- despair. pest, sounds on the path beneath the window-the soft crunching of bling more and more, whilst a rose-

CHAPTER XLIII.

Gill'an listens to the slow, stealthy footsteps, holding her breath in a sudden, nervous alarm at the unusual sound. For the narrow path beneath the library window simply runs around the west side of the house to the tennis-lawn, and the servants or gardeners never use it. No one needs to use the path on an errand of business at this hour, and no one walks there for pleasure most assuredly on a nightcike

A sense of something strange and inexplicable seems to press on her forebodingly, and the girl's limbs almost tremble beneath her as she quietly once more, lest the invalid perceive her uneasiness.

Still she listens intently in pauses of the storm, and creeps inside the curtains more than once to try if she can discern anything beside the black tree-shapes outside in the wild night.

But she hears nor sees anything sounds, and as the time passes on, she gradually tries to persuade herself that both figure and footsteps

"Gillian!" Sir Harry says, sudden-

Harry says no more just then, but | ther amazed at the question, for he | "About George Archer and me?" Uncle Harry."

Paris! I haven't time. My sands are | going away the way he did, and I'll running very low, very low! I -I want to put things all right, She cannot help an involuntary and tell the whole truth before I

> His lined face puckers deeply in suppressed emotion, his grey head shakes in mournful meaning, he looks an old, worn-out man as he sits trembling in the firelight, and Gillian's tender heart aches with com-"Uncle Harry," she says earnest-

ly, drawing close to him, "I will

write to papa this very night, and tell him you wish to see him. I am sure he will come from Paris specially, if you need his presence so "I want to see him, I want to see him," he reiterates, feebly. "He's my cousin Carrie's husband, and he's an

honest man, and a man of the world, and he'll be able to relieve my mind, and help me to put things right before I die. "Yes, so he will, Uncle Harry," Gillian says, soothingly; "and I'll

write to him at once. And is there any one else you'd like to be sent "No, nobody else," he says, wearily, in a dull, slow way. "Nobody?" Gillian repeats, trying to keep her voice from shaking and

her limbs quivering in excitement. You are sure there is no one you would like to see, Uncle Harry ?" "No, no one," he says, closing his eyes, with a deep sigh. "Not even George Archer, Uncle

Harry ?" He starts suddenly upright in his chair, his thin fingers clutching at She tries her best to shake off the arms, his sunken blue eyes glitter-

"What do you talk to me about

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

She Tells How Little Ones Can be Kept Well, Contented and Happy.

When baby is cross and irritable you may rest assured he is not well, even if you are unable to see any symptoms of his illness other than fretfulness. It is not natural for a baby to be cross and he is not so without reason. He has no other way of telling his troubles than by crossness and crying. When baby is cross, give him Biby's Own Tablets, and they will soon make him good-natured and happy, because they will cool his hot little mouth, ease his sour little stomach and

Mrs. Clarence McKay, Roseway, to be there alone. N. S., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine I have ever dresses, and a number were shown used for my little ones. When my to her. The bargaining was probaby was four months old he was tracted. The saleswoman insisted very much troubled with indigestion. that her prices were low and that He would vomit his food as soon as she was really asking no profits on ried man can live on half the inhe took it, no matter what I gave her goods, yet the other hesitated, come that a single man requires. him, and he seemed to be always while dress after dress was laid hungry and kept thin and delicate. before her. He also suffered from constipation. After giving him the Tablets "Out for a walk," Gillian says, ra- got the lumbago, an' sure it's noth- a few days the vomiting ceased and in' but the hoighth o' good livin' his bowels became regular, and I shopkeeper; "you can have it for must say that since I began the 89" with a shiver-"a miserable, cold, stiff in his jints! The house is use of the Tablets I have had less lonely to-night, though, miss; it's trouble with this baby than I had with any of the rest of my childthem threes, an' her ladyship bein' ren." Every mother should keep away; an' Carroll the footman's Baby's Own Tablets in the house at gone wud her to Ballyford, ye know, all times-there is no telling when

miss, so we are rale quiet down. | an emergency may arise. These Tablets are a certain cure "Very quiet, indeed." Gillian re- for all the minor ailments of lit- ed, sobbing. "Just a year ago, when all during the coming spring and sum- outward signs of the condition of the peats to herself later on, when the tle ones, such as constipation, in- misfortune overtook me. I sold it to mer. night has quite closed in. darker digestion, colic, dinrrhoea, sour an old clothes man for \$2. I won't and stormier than ever, and there stomach, and simple fever. They buy a dress to-night." are no signs of life to be heard in break up colds, prevent croup, and With an effort one restrained her less than one cent per mile. Choice the house, whilst outside the tem- allay the irritation accompanying tears, wiped her reddened eyes, and of routes returning. pest howls. "It is as silent as a | the cutting of teeth. They are sold | walked from the shop.-N. Y. Herald. tomb-as lonely and silent as a under a guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug, and Now and then come sudden lulls dissolved in water, may be given on receipt of price by addressing Freddie-What good is that? She | Call or address postal card to

in vain for a sight of moon or stars, much as 'good-bye,' Lord help me! Ifancies for a moment that she sees I wouldn't speak to him if I saw him. a figure come out of the shrubbery He wouldn't come back to save my from the direction of the white gate life; he'll never let me see his face leading into the wood, and next again. Oh, my handsome lad !-my

Bitter tears fill the sunken blue eyes, and wet the furrowed cheeks, and he beats his wasted hands on

"Uncle Harry," Gillian says, tremthe gravel beneath a heavy, cau- red flush burns hotly in each pale cheek, "If I wrote to George Archer and asked him to come home again, would you not see him?"

"He wouldn't come for you either!" he retorts, angrily and excitedly. "You treated him badly, and I'll never forgive you for it !"

"Oh, don't say that! Indeed I did not-indeed you are quite mistaken!" Gillian exclaims, flushing and paling. "You did," he says, roughly. "Twist it and turn it how you like, young lady you did treat him badiy, I say. You-you jilted him, and you never made a bigger mistake in your life, I can tell you! You'll be sorry enough by and by; you made the biggest mistake you ever made in your life," he reiterates, white and shaking with passion, with a goes back to the fire and sits down distorted face and gleaming eyes. "when you thought, Miss Deane that that handsome, brave lad was not good enough for you.'

She does not quail before his almost frenzied passion. With her sweet, grave face, and dark, pure eyes, she comes closer to him. kneeling on the hearth-rug by his chair and clasping his thin, feverish hand more of the mysterious sights or between her cool, little, soft palms. "Uncle Harry, shall I tell you the truth?" she asks, in a low voice.

"The whole, real, secret truth?" "About what?" he asks curtly, irwell-being, nay, in truth she feels ther nervously, "and he's living at ly, "do you think your father would "What are you talking about 'the come over to see me if I asked whole truth?" You weren't born, child, six or seven and twenty years

Outside, the afternoon grows wilder his blank, despondent gaze for a "You are quite wrong, Uncle Harry,

"I'm not wrong," he insists ,sullenly, come over as soon as you ask hing, Ay, he was! A sweetheart any girl might be proud to have ! He was fond "But I want him now! Now!" he! of you-in love with you, Miss Gillian, never forgive you for it, never !" He brings his hand down with a

fierce blow on the arm of his chair. after his old, excitable fashion, and wrenches his other hand away from the girl's soft clasp with hurtful "Uncle Harry," she pleads, tremu-

lously, but with determination in the glowing light of her eyes, and the color in her cheeks, "you don't know. the whole truth! I don't think you know any of the truth. Let me tell you," and going behind his chair she puts her hand lovingly on his shoulders, and stoops her pretty head over until her velvety young face touches his rough, weather-beaten cheek.

"I cared for George a hundred times more than he ever cared for me. I angry." promised to marry him-promised with all my heart, for I loved him most dearly." There is a poignant pain and pleasure in being able even to confess. "But he did not love me, Uncle Harry, at all. He went away from me without even blidding me good-bye, and I know now why he went in that manner; I believe I know now why he fled out of the place, fled away from Darragh and Mount Ossory that night last Aug ust, without bidding anyone good bye but Anne O'Neil."

(To be Continued.)

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure

a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay.

Price 25 cents. **************** BETTER DAYS.

+++++++++++++++++++++++ of rhubarb pie?" Into the second-hand shops of the stream of finely made and little for two hours. worn garments of good material that tell a sad story of decline from

the clothing. silk and satin trimmed with lace, | mono -- " no longer proper after financial reverses, go into these shops, and bring | Blaetter. to the former wearers a few dollars that, under changed conditions, seem so much more than did the large

sums paid for them. And into these shops go purchasers who desire goods better than those they can afford to buy in the firsthand stores, and so, from those who are going down to those who are struggling up, go the finery and substantial garments that are fitted

to serve two masters. Into one of these shops, near Herald Square, last Friday night there came a timid looking woman, help his obstinate little teeth and when I saw her I stepped into through painlessly. These Tablets a corner darkened by a profusion of are just what every mother needs hanging garments, for I thought for her little ones-and for her old- that she had entered because she believed the woman in attendance

She asked to see some street Finally a grey street dress was

spread before the customer. The woman raised it from the

buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. "What is the matter?" asked the "That was my dress," she answer- Single trip Colonists' tickets open to the face as a happy expression -the

When Politeness Doesn't Pay.

Mamma-If Mrs. Smith gives you a

Contraction of the contraction o OUR FARMERS' SUPPLY OF FOREIGN-GROWN SEEDS.

(By G. H. Clark, B. S. A., Chief of Seed Division, Department of Agriculture.)

However important it may be that indication of their real value. The the seed for such crops be grown in | competition has been, and is too the country where it is wanted for largely confined to prices alone. sowing, the cheap labor in those European countries, which have become the seed gardens of the world, has made the seed growing industry ited trade of the best stocks of unprofitable to Canadian farmers or seed specialists.

Our supply of foreign grown seeds is bought and imported principally by our larger seed firms. They may make their purchases ether by paying a commensurate price to reliable European seed growers, men who grow seed from selected pedigreed stock, or they may buy seed at a much lower price-seed that is grown by men whose chief aim has been to produce a large quantity, independent of the quality of the crop it will produce. In the former case, the seed is grown from selected plants-from roots which have an ideal size and form and are known to be true to

For instance, an ideal turnip is one having a small neck, and top growth. Such a root when planted will produce a comparatively small growth panied with a statement, showing of stalks, and consequently a small the percentage of pure and vital amount of seed, but the seed from seeds. They have extended to their such a root is apt to produce a crop | reed trade a modification of the Act like the mother root which was which is used in Canada to regulate planted. On the other hand a small | the quality of commercial fertilizers, turnip having several root prongs, and the results have clearly demonand an excessive growth of top com- strated that, whatever evils may ing from two or three separate neck | accompany an enforced guarantee growths, will transmit its like system in connection with the seed through the seed to the next crop. trade, it is an effective way to im-Seed can be grown from such roots prove the quality of commercial much more cheaply than from select- seeds, especially of clover and ed roots, because, in the first place, grasses, of which a great deal is sold the mother roots are culls, and are in some districts in Canada, that not as valuable for feeding, and sec- | contains large quantities of noxious ondly, they will produce a much weed seeds, and is a decided injury, larger quantity of seed.

Small Smiles.

sist in punching me with your um-

giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't

you go off and say that women

haven't any manners.

brella?

Citizen-Madam, why do you per-

BARRAGARA ANDREAS ANDREAS ANDREAS ANDREAS ANDREAS ANDREAS ANDREAS AND ANDREAS ANDREAS AND ANDREAS ANDR If the farmers of Canada were ac- | the seed trade has to a great exquainted with the sources of supply | tent been passing from the hands of their root crop seeds, and the ave- of seedsmen who devote all their nues through which they pass before | time to a study of seeds and the reaching them, they would be a great | seed trade, into the hands of local deal more particular when making dealers. Unfortunately, fair competition in the seed trade, is practically Practically all the seed for our root impossible, since the appearance of crops is grown in foreign countries. | most commercial seeds is but a slight

It is well to mention, however, that through the progressive spirit of some reliable seed houses a limroot crops, seeds has been fostered, and there is little difficulty experienced among intelligent farmers in getting the best quality of seeds provided they go the right way, about it, and are willing to pay a commensurate price. But much of the root crop seeds sold in Canada are retailed to the farmer at a price quite as low as our Canadian seed houses have to pay reputed European seed growers for the best seed from selected pedigreed stock

Official interference in the seed trade may have objectionable features. Perhaps the most striking example of where legislation has been applied to improve the conditions under which commercial seeds are sold, is in the State of Maine, where all seeds sold must be accomnot only to the farmer who buys it, During the last ten or fifteen years | but to the locality where it is grown

NERVOUS TROUBLES

Madam-I want to make you look around so that I can thank you for Make Life a Source of Constant Misery.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. The Sufferer is Constantly Tired an Torkins, "there is one favor I want to ask you. I hope you will realize it is for your own good and not get

"I want you to solemnly promise me that you will never bet on horse that isn't going to win."

me to tell you that your plano disturbs him all day long. Third-Flat Lady-Well, tell him can't sleep at night for his organ.

Second-Flat Lady-Organ? Why. we have no organ. Third-Flat Lady-Yes, your husband's nasal organ. Tell him to try a clothes-pin when he snores.

Jilted Lover-You are cruel, Mabel did. I not do everything for you, did I not spend my last penny to give you pleasure, and now you want to discard me like that!

Summer Girl-That's just it: how can I marry such a spendthrift ?-Fliegende Blaetter. "Mary, did that tramp beat the

carpet after you gave him that piece steady nerves. "Yes'm; he was so mad because it metropolis is continually pouring a wasn't strawberry that he beat hard express what I owe to Dr. Williams' Professor-You know that in our

Stylish dresses of finest cloth, of | this? Well, speak up, sir! Mono-Student-Monotony! - Filegende

> that poor little bird, did you? you'd like it to trim a hat. "Oh, how good of you! It's perfectly lovely!"

> "I could face starvation itself for your sake," he exclaimed as he dropped on his knees. "You mean that you wish to marry me?" said the heiress.

"Ah, yes." "My dear count, I wish you would kindly explain how you think starvation can get close enough to a family with as much money as ours to give you a chance to face it."

Mabel-Harry compared me with sparkling wine last night. Clara-Because you have improved with age, I presume.

Married Man-Yes. He has to.

Exceptional Opportunities To visit all points of the Great West | they will be sent post paid at 50 for pleasure, education or business. The Union Pacific has authorized addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine the following excursion rates: Twenty-five dollars from Missouri counter, and, instantly dropping it, River points to California, Oregon and Washington points every day during March and April. Phenomenally low rates to the

> Special round trip excursion rates will be sold to the Pacific Coast at | be cultivated.

Pacific Coast and intermediate points.

People identified with local inter- the best of things. ests at various points en route will show you every attention. It will be to your advantage to make inquiry in regard to these low rates

on the trip. avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Depressed, Will Startle at the Slightest Noise, and is Easily Irritated. There is no torture more acute and intolerable than nervousness. A neryous person is in a state of constant

Second-Flat Lady My husband told | irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise; is oppressed by a feeling that something awful is going to happen; is shaky, depressed, and, although in a constantly exhausted state, is un-

able to sit or lie still. If you are nervous or worried, or suffer from a combination of languor. and constant irritation, you need a nerve food and nerve tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the best thing in the world for you. You will find after taking them that your feelings of distress and worry are being rapidly rerlaced by strength, confidence, and a feeling that you are on the road to full and complete health and strength. Get rid of your nervousness in the only possible way-by building up strong,

Miss Ina Doucet, Bathurst, N. B., says: "Words fail me to adequately Pink Pills. I was attacked by la grippe, the after effects of which took the form of nervous exhaustion. The better days by those who part with | country a man can marry only one | least noise would startle me, and I wife. What is the special term for | would tremble for some time. I used several medicines, but they did not help me, and as time went on I was growing worse, and was so nervous that I was afraid to remain alone in a room. I slept badly at night and She-Oh, Jack! You didn't shoot I would frequently awake with a start that would compel me to scream. He-Why, yes, dear; I thought | The trouble told on me to such an extent that my friends feared for my recovery. At this time my aunt urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pille, and after using eight boxes I was completely restored to health! I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I sincerely hope my experience will bene it some other sufferer."

These pills never fail to restore health and strength in cases like the above. They make new, rich blood with every dose, strengthen the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism. sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, and the allments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks and an elastic step are certain to follow a fair use of this medicine. Be sure that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on every box you buy. All others are imitations. If you de not find these pills at your dealers, cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by

Co., Brockville, Ont. / In Beauty's Name.

There is one cosmetic never laid down in books of beauty. It is hap-There is nothing which so beautifies

Happiness is something which may

It comes less from circumstances than from the will to see and make It is a help to health, too. Make yourself happy. Think always of beautiful things:

"For the thoughts you do not speak Shine out in your lips and eyes. The great Rachael says in her tues and thinking much of them.