

a Girl Has Lain SCIOUS.

TRIED IN VAIN.

For ten days she has lain unconscious in the city hospital, and she has not yet recovered.

Mrs. Hanson, who was the first to detect the fainting, says she was sitting in the room when she saw the girl lying on the floor.

She called for help, and the girl was taken to the hospital.

The girl's condition is so serious that she is expected to die.

The hospital authorities are doing everything possible to save her.

The girl's name is not known at present.

She is said to be a young girl from the city.

The incident has caused a great deal of concern.

The girl's condition is being watched closely.

It is hoped that she will recover in time.

The hospital staff is working hard to help her.

The girl's family is being searched for.

It is believed that she is from the city.

The girl's condition is very serious.

The hospital is doing its best to help her.

The girl's name is still unknown.

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Quality tells every time! This fact explains why Blue Ribbon Ceylon is fast displacing all other teas throughout Canada.

LOVE'S EXILE.

So I found myself wandering about my old haunts, glancing up at the windows of clubs of which I had once been a member, and feeling a strong desire to enter their doors once more, and see what change eight years had brought about in my old acquaintances. I had long ago lost all interest in the life of the city, and I had long ago lost all interest in the life of the city.

I had another interview with Fabian that evening, for we dined at the Criterion together. It was arranged that he should spend Christmas at Larkhall with me, and it was tacitly understood that I would have this opportunity of assuring Miss Elmer that her image had never been absent from his mind, and that he could have no rest until she had promised to become his wife at an early date.

SAVE THE BABY.

A Mother Tells How Many a Threatened Life May be Preserved. To the loving mother no expense is too great, no labor too severe, if it will preserve the health of her little ones. Childish illnesses are generally simple, but so light is baby's hold on life that it is often a knowledge of the right thing to do that turns the tide at a crisis.

him and said-I don't know what, but just the thing you know would touch him, with pity or with pride that a poor little girl could love him so.

She took my sympathy with her for granted now, and poured this confession out to me quite simply, feeling sure that I understood, as indeed I did, to my cost. But after this I thought it wise to try to calm down this exultation of feeling, by certain grandmotherly platitudes about the difficulties of married life, the dissolutions one had to suffer, the forbearance one had to show, to all of which she listened very submissively and well.

CHAPTER XVIII. The ten days before Christmas we spent on the whole happily. Mrs. Elmer burst into tears on my informing her of the allowance I proposed to make to her daughter, and sobbed out hysterically.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

Change of Weather Disastrous to Many People.

Bad Blood Makes You Liable to Cold-A Cold Makes You Liable to Twenty Diseases-How to Protect Yourself

Changes of the season affects the health more or less perceptibly. The effect of the hot sunny weather on the blood leaves it thin and watery, and now that the weather is changeable this makes itself disagreeably felt.

When I could get away, I bade farewell to Mrs. Elmer, who touched my cheek with a tearful eye, and she had managed to get away to stay in Newcastle with an aunt who was getting old, and who felt incensed for the cheap charity of discharging her servant and taking the active and industrious little woman to live with her.

I was out of England altogether for four years, during which, among other little expeditions, I traversed America from the southernmost point of Terra del Fuego to the north of the Arctic circle.

drawback to her happiness. She thought me to be eating my mind, the guessing, poor child, of other change that would have involved. I was very angry with Mrs. Elmer for spoiling the child's perfect bliss by this vulgar detail, which had been necessary to impart to the mother, but which had particularly desired to withhold for the present from the daughter's more sensitive ears.

It was in the month of March that I came back to England and put up at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. Fabian and his wife lived in a flat in Baywater, the address of which I had taken care to obtain. Although I was much excited at the thought of seeing them, I was by no means anxious to anticipate the meeting, which I had decided should not take place until

valled. On the other hand, I would not let her go to London to be married, being of opinion that such a bride was worth a journey. So Mrs. Elmer, having some relatives at Newcastle, she and her daughter spent there the three weeks immediately preceding the ceremony. I missed them dreadfully during those three weeks, and was not without a vague hope somewhere down in the depths of my heart that something unforeseen might happen to prevent the marriage.

I gave her away next morning, in the old church with its crowded tower, which they now call a cathedral. I think perhaps she guessed something more than I would have had her know in the vestry when the service was over, when I asked her for a kiss and fell a-trembling as she granted it; at any rate she turned very white and grave in the midst of her happiness, and thereupon dropped her voice to a hoarse half-whisper whenever she spoke to me. She had been married in her travelling dress, an innovation rather alarming to Newcastle; but she looked so pretty in her first silk gown—a dark brown—and in the long wedding present, that I think some of the damsels at the breakfast decided that this fashion was one to be followed.

The bride and bridegroom left us early, more, I think, because Fabian found the crowd and speeches heavy, than because there was anything to hurry for the train. I having no such excuse, and being treated as a great personage with a Montecarlo-like habit of forcing marriage on the unwilling, I made a point of what about, which was received with laughter and enthusiasm. The only thing I remember about the people was the strong impression of dull and provincialism which they made on me, and that on the other hand a little quiet maiden of seventeen or so, who wore a very rusty frock and was awkwardly shy, astonished me by quoting Tacitus in the original, and proved to be quite an appallingly learned person.

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nothing of Babiole or of her husband, nor did I make any efforts to hear anything about them, being of opinion that a man and his wife without any of the refinements of society which it is so difficult for those who love them to withhold, when they see things going amiss with the young household. At the end of four years I had said to myself, they will have obtained a rudimentary knowledge of each other's character. Babiole will be a woman and will no longer see the reflex of the divinity in any man; the experiment of marriage will be in working order, and one will be able to judge the results. I had not forgotten them continually. I had taken care that Babiole's allowance was regularly great, and that she had no need of appointment having found me some sort of a misanthrope, had cured me of my misanthropy; and a freer intercourse with men and women, and a particular study of French married couples as I met, convinced me that the mutual attraction of man and woman towards each other is so great that merely negative qualities in the one sex count as virtues in the eyes of the other, and that a husband and wife who will only abstain from being actively disagreeable to one another are in a fair way towards attaining a genuine and endurable affection.

But my philosophy had weak points which I was soon abruptly to discover. It was in the month of March that I came back to England and put up at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. Fabian and his wife lived in a flat in Baywater, the address of which I had taken care to obtain. Although I was much excited at the thought of seeing them, I was by no means anxious to anticipate the meeting, which I had decided should not take place until

THE "GENTLEMANLY" WOMAN

(By Max O'Rell.) To my mind, the ideal woman is a hybrid creature gifted with the best attributes of womanhood and some of the highest qualifications of manhood; it is a beautiful woman, beautiful in the face and form, possessing all the qualities of a perfect gentleman.

My favorite heroine in history is Ninon de Lençois, who was all that. We all of us heard of her beauty, which lasted till she was 70, of her amiability and of her wit, but it is not everybody who knows that, unlike most famous women who have left memoirs and letters full of observations and epigrams, such as Madame d'Épigny, Madame du Defand, Madame de Sevigne, Madame de Staël, Mademoiselle Sophie Arnould and scores of other clever French women, Ninon de Lençois never wrote a line or said a word that was bitter, malignant, or even only biting on the subject of her sex.

She was cheerful, generous, even magnanimous in all her reflections on the men and women of her day. She was a gloriously beautiful woman and a most perfect gentleman. Once she was heard uttering this prayer: "God, make me the woman you please, but see that I remain an honest man."

The gentlemanly man with gentlemanly feelings is the exception rather than the rule. You probably find her in every country, but you undoubtedly do in America more than anywhere else. The reason is not far to seek. Of all the women on earth, the American woman is the freest, the best educated and, on the whole, certainly the one best treated by men. It is the complete emancipation of women which has developed their highest qualities.

PHILANTHROPY TO BE WARY OF.

What a lot of philanthropic people there are in this hard old world! Has it ever occurred to you, reader, to wonder how so many people make out to get three square meals a day by giving away their substance to the masses, even spending fortunes in advertising for people to take it? Hardly a paper you pick up but contains advertisements of something for nothing, with special inducements to get you to send for it. The mails are loaded with circulars offering fortunes for the taking. I have had a load of them lately. Some of them offer shares in oil prospects—sure to yield millions in a very short time—for only three cents a share! Think of it—a fortune in the price of a few cigars for tobacco up now. Another is for a gold mine in the Western States, only 10 cents a share, to be raised in a month or so to 50 cents, so there is need to move quickly to grasp the fleeting chance. The philanthropist who offers such stock is careful to impress that on me; doubtless he is afraid I might delay and lose my chance. I ought to feel very grateful to him, but somehow it hasn't struck the spot. I keep my gratitude. Anyway he may need all the receipts to pay for his advertising. I haven't the heart to rob him.

JOHN BULL LIMNED.

Washington Irving's Effort at Depicting Him. More than fifty years ago Washington Irving gave us a sketch of John Bull, one paragraph of which is, I think, worth reproducing at the present time: "Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affair; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling, even when victorious, and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over and he comes to his reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cut him out of a farthing; but put him in a good humor and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like a stout ship which will weather the roughest storm unharmed, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm."—"Captain Cuttle," in the "Tales."

ON THE THRESHOLD OF WOMANHOOD

Many a Girl Falls a Victim of Ills Which Affect Health and Happiness All Through Life—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Just on the threshold of womanhood, that trying period when the whole system is undergoing a complete change, many a girl falls a victim of chlorosis or green sickness. Her disposition changes and she becomes morose, despondent and melancholy. The appetite is changeable, digestion imperfect and weariness and fatigue are experienced on the slightest exertion. Blondes become pallid, waxy and puffy, brunettes become muddy and greasy in color, with bluish black rings under the eyes.

Examination shows a remarkable decrease in the quality of the blood, iron and such other restoratives are admirably combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and are demanded by the system. The regular and persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cannot fail to benefit any girl or young woman suffering from chlorosis, feminine irregularities or weakness resulting from poor blood and exhausted nerves. It reconstructs wasted tissue, gives color to the cheeks and new vitality to every organ of the body.

Mrs. Williams, 73 Palace street, Bradford, states: "My daughter, who was working in a grocery store, became so weak and ran down in health that she had to give up her position. She was also pale and nervous, and had very distressing attacks of headache. I got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and started her using it, and in a very short time she had an improvement in her looks, and she had not been taking it long before her color became very much better, her nerves more steady and her headaches disappeared. She is now entirely cured of her trouble, and consequently we value Dr. Chase's Nerve Food very highly."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is woman's greatest help, because it forms new, rich, life-sustaining blood. 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.