

NOT BROTHER. Tragedy on a... A BURGLAR. Home From Christmas—His... He Was a... Came Back and... As already re-... aged 25, was... by his bro-... the family... Brant county... being mis-... who was sup-... the house dur-... night. Looking tragedy... two and a... village, Monongia. The... by Samuel... in rather a... township, some... road. The Wat-... bachelors, had... hickspoke for... brocker, who... posed to be in... was employed... mother left to... friends in au-... ship, leaving... to keep house... himself. The younger... announced and... and went for... after the night... they heard... and... was made... The two... rather a timid... supposed they... burglar, and... out of a bed-... to the house of... Mr. Dougherty... that their... burglar, and... to remain... that they re-... this morning... they required... and with a... the pres-... that someone... and had been... With the... to make an in-... Bed. To one of the... of those... of a man... the door, he... slightly... of the in-... imagining in... in a... of the look... which was... in the man's... side of his... instantly... some apparent... imagination... was the... thought to be... and James... the alarm... the unfortu-... was beyond... had never... must have... in that... in society... of the tragedy... the city and... the affair to... the... for Middleport... and make ar-... rest. and Friends... between the bro-... and the unfor-... treat are un-... of the most... and no motive... the crime has... had, has been... James Watson... and to be of a... disposition, one who know... able of har-... their brother... down upon... depicted their... life, was... extreme. From... the situation... annoyed by... progress... that they... situation of... early battle... CAPTAIN. Who Has Dis-... Montreal. Appearance of... Lower, of Car-... Bath Hotel, he came... weeks ago, and... word with... would not re-... Since then... by any of his... and all... failed to get... and the carpet... for a girl... Tiger.

We wish the many thousands who enjoy Blue Ribbon Tea a happy Xmas. and a prosperous New Year. Blue Ribbon Tea Co.

### LOVE'S EXILE.

"And so you've had a quarrel! Well, really, Mr. Maude, as an old friend, you must allow me to take this opportunity — before you know it — to tell you that really I think you are throwing yourself away."

The truth was that the poor little woman had been smarting, ever since Babiole's faringing visit, from the supercilious scorn with which that well-informed young lady had treated her. I protested, but very mildly; for, indeed, to hear a little gentle disapprobation of my late too matter-of-fact love gave me no acute pain.

"I wouldn't for the world have said anything before you know, for if, of course, a person's love affairs are not his own business, whose are they? But, having known you so long, I really must say, now that I can open my lips without discretion, that the moment I saw that stuck-up piece of affection I said to myself: 'She must have asked him!'"

I assured Mrs. Elmer that was not the case, but she paid little heed to my contradiction. She had relieved her feelings, that was the great thing, and it was with recovered calmness that she inquired after the friends who had made my yearly shooting party in the old times. I knew little more of them than she did, for that last gathering, when Fabian won so prettily with heart, had indeed been the farewell meeting predicted by Maurice Brock. That young author having shocked the public with an exceedingly nasty novel, had followed up by another which would have shocked them still more if they had read it; this, however, they refrained from doing with a unanimity which might have proved disastrous to his reputation if a more known evening paper had not offered him a good berth as a sort of inspector of moral nuisances, a post which the clever young Irishman filled with all the requisite zeal and indignation. As for Mr. Russell, he had done well for himself in the city, and now leased a shooting-box of his own. While Edgar, my dear old friend and chum, had fallen back into the prosperous ranks of the happily married, and was now less troubled by political ambition than by a tendency to grow fat.

The ten days which followed the rupture of my engagement to Miss Farthing passed in a great calm, troubled only by a growing sense of dread, both to Babiole and me, of what was to come after. She got well rapidly, quite well as nervous constitutional creatures do when once the moral atmosphere about them is right. For it was the loving sympathy of every living being round her, from her mother down — up to Ta-ta — which worked the better part of her cure, though I admit that the hills, and the fir-trees and the fresh sweet air had their share in it. She went out every day, sometimes with her mother and me, oftener with me and Ta-ta, as Mrs. Elmer's strong dislike to walking exercise did not decrease as the years rolled on. As for Babiole, I think God that the pleasure of those walks in the crisp air up the hills and through the glens was unalloyed for her. The tartish which want of warmth and sympathy had breathed on her childhood and trusting nature was wearing off, and her old faith in the companion to whom she had graciously given a place in her heart as the incarnation of kindness, had only grown the stronger for the glimpses she had lately had of something darker underneath. I even think that in the languid and irresponsible convalescence of her heart and mind from the wounds her unlucky marriage had dealt to her, she cherished a superstitious belief that now I had returned from my travels it would come all right, and that I should be able to mend the defects of the marriage by another exercise of the magical skill which had brought it about. So she chattered or sang or was silent at her pleasure, as we walked between the now bare hedges beside the swollen Dee, or climbed on a thick carpet of rustling brown oak leaves up Craig-endaroch, and noticed how dry by day the mantle of snow on Loch-nagar grew wider and ampler, and how the soft fall of the wind among the fir-trees in summer-time had grown into an angry and threatening roar, as if already lunging for those days and nights of loud March when the tempest would tear up the young saplings from the mountain sides like reeds, and hurl them down pell-mell over the decaying trunks which already choked up the hill-paths, and told of the storms of past years. She would look into my face from time to time to see if I was happy, for she had got the trick of reading through that ugly mask; if the look satisfied her, she either talked or was silent as she pleased, but if she fancied she detected the least shadow of a cloud, she never rested until, by sweet words and winning looks, she had driven it away.

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The girlie who accompanied me was a long, lank, weedy young Highlander, silent and shrewd, who was already a valuable servant, and who promised to develop into a fine specimen of stalwart Gaelic humanity before many years were over. We made the circuit of that part of the forest near the Hall which had been appointed our beat for the day, but failed to find any trace of the fugitive. Jock was not surprised at this. "A man wi' a bee in his bonnet's nae sae daft but a' can mak' the canny one look saft if a' will," said he with a wise look.

And his opinion, which I apprehensively shared, was that the fugitive would not be secured until he had given us some trouble.

It was a cold and gloomy day. The chilling, penetrating Scotch mist shrouded the whole landscape with a mournful gray veil, and gave place as the day wore on and the leaden clouds exposed stretch of somewhat steady snowfall. I left Jock, as the time drew near for the arrival of the train that brought the London letters, to return to the Hall without an answer to my inquiries, my office just as the mailbag was being carried across from the little station, which is just opposite. In a few minutes I had got my papers, and a letter from Mrs. Elmer, and the snowfall was falling faster by this time and already drifting before the rising wind into little heaps and ridges by the wayside and on the bare and barren land which lies between Ballyter and the winding Dee. I walked back at a quick pace, scanning the small snowdrifts narrowly, and enjoying with my eyes the progress the soft water covering was making, and wondering with the foolish heartiness and miracle-hunger of a school-boy on his first day of holidays, whether that snowfall would have the courage and strength of mind to go on bravely as it had hitherto done, or whether it would be so cowardly as to melt away in the depths of a severe winter — and cut off all possibility of my wish being taken from me for ever and ever. I had worshipped her so long, I had loved her so long, she used to say — I couldn't resist giving myself this little pat on the back — that surely Providence might turn me with my wishful but well-conducted happiness. I had seen her, and all the time I knew that my solicitous questionings of sky and snow were futile and foolish, that I was carrying the death-warrant of my dear friend, and that if I had a spark of sense of manliness left in my wool-gathering old head, I ought to be heartily glad of it.

The notion of the death-warrant disturbed me, however, and when I burst into the drawing room, where Mrs. Elmer was darning a handsome old tapestry curtain, and looking with her head bent over it, I felt nervous as I asked for Babiole.

She entered behind me before the question was out of my mouth, and I put the letter into her hands without another word, and retreated to one of the windows. She opened and read it. She was moved too, and her little fingers shook as they tore the envelope. I felt so guiltily anxious to know whether she was pleased that I was afraid I had peeped in her direction she would look up suddenly and detect my meanness. So I looked out of the window and watched the snow collecting on the branches of the first olive tree. Mrs. Elmer, without pausing in her work, wondered volubly whether Fabian wasn't ashamed of himself for having left his wife so long without a letter, and would like to know what he had gone to say for himself now he had written. Then suddenly the mother gave a little piercing cry, and turning at once saw that Babiole, standing on the man into a livid and haggard one. She had lost all command of the muscles of her face, and while her eyes, from which the devery blue had faded, stared out before her in a helpless gaze, the pallid lips of her open mouth twitched convulsively, although she did not attempt to utter a word.

Her mother was by her side in a moment, while I stood looking on helplessly, articulating hoarsely and with difficulty —

"The letter! Is it the letter?"

Mrs. Elmer snatched the paper out of her daughter's hands so violently that she tore it, and supporting Babiole with one arm, read the letter through her fingers. She kept my eyes fixed upon her in a tumult of feelings I did not dare to analyze. As she read the last word she tossed it over to me with her right eyes flashing like steel.

"Read it, read it!" she cried, as the paper fell at my feet. "See what sort of a husband you have given my poor child!"

The words and the action roused Babiole, who had scarcely moved except to look at her mother's arm. She drew herself away as if stung back to life and a painful rush of blood flowed to her face and neck as she made two staggering steps forward, picked up the letter, and walked quietly, noiselessly, with her head bent and her whole frame drooping with shame, out of the room. Mrs. Elmer would have followed, but I stopped her.

(To be Continued.)

### THE USE OF CONCRETE ON THE FARM:

Synopsis of an Address Given by T. G. Raynor, Rose Hall, Ont., Before the St. John, N.B., Farmers' Institute.

Wherever a farmer is building new barns or changing his stables, the question of the use of concrete for floors and walls is a live one.

In a country where lumber is comparatively cheap concrete is not likely to come into general use for making walls of barns, but for flooring it is without question the best and cheapest substance that can be employed. Its first great quality is its durability. Properly put down it is practically indestructible. Then it is water tight, and will help in saving the liquid voidings of the animals, and this in farm practice today is a most important matter. Fully 50 per cent. of the fertilizing value of the manure is in the liquid portion. By having concrete floors and using plenty of absorbents this can all be saved and put on the land where it will do the most good.

What Concrete is.

Concrete is a mixture of clean gravel or sand and a cement. There are several kinds of cement. In Ontario they have natural rock cement, which is manufactured at Queenston and Thorold, and this, while not as strong as the Portland cement, is cheaper and does very well. In some sections the Portland cement will be the best to use.

Laying concrete floors does not require much skill, but the farmer cannot supply. First make a solid, smooth floor, 12 feet square, 2-inch lumber preferred. Then a box without a bottom should be made in the floor. In this water should be poured. This can be made of such size as to accurately measure the gravel or sand. The gravel and cement are then put into this box in dry, and shovelled up into a cone; then before applying the water the mixture in the form of a ring, leaving a hollow in the centre, bare to the floor. In this water should be poured, and dry gravel and cement turned from the outside of the ring to the centre. This will be pulled out again from the centre and more water added until the mixture becomes of the

Consistency of Thick Porridge, so it will run down, but not be soft. The proportions in which gravel or cement can be used depends somewhat on the strength of the cement. With good Portland cement, one part of cement to six or seven of gravel could be used for the lower part of the floor, but this

which most of them had to get acquainted by degrees.

Those who had enjoyed the freedom for a day, as they met the newcomers, bumped into them, to lose their balance on the yielding ground, rolled under their noses, kicked up their heels and played with them much as a boy swimmer will play with a younger one.

In the days when the strike lasted most of the mules experienced new sensations which they may never repeat, for they were hustled after their brief freedom down into the dark depths and narrow iron-paved passages where their only light is the faint flicker of the miner's lamp, their air the gas and smoke-stained heaviness of the mine, their food the hay and oats, and much which tastes like the green, fresh grass, and their gamboling confined to the narrow space of a five-foot stall.—Philadelphia Press.

### ANOTHER MARY.

She Also Dabbles in Literature and Strenuousness.

"I am a hard proposition! They don't know me in this flat! Third place in a week, and to-day I've broken only one cut-glass sugar bowl and two china cups!"

"Bah! My hands are getting too steady!"

"The woman said she expected me to work! Me! And my wages only \$32 a month!"

"I'll go in the parlor and kick her dog!"

"I love to hurt dogs! I suppose that is the devil in my nature—or the beer!"

"I wonder where they keep the wine!"

"There! I have dropped the meat dish! I'll tell the mistress. Perhaps she will want to save the pieces! The crash of broken china is music to my ears!"

"I wonder why she loves her husband! He has made goo-goo eyes at me only once! Think I'll look for another place! No, not to-day! The parlor curtains are real lace; I'll tear them before I go."

"Wish the mistress would leave her writing desk open. Then I could spill the ink on the piano keys."

"Push-covered furniture in a Harlem flat! Bah! I'll give them notice to change it!"

"I was not born for joy! I could not smile when they choked on the coffee. I had put red pepper in it. To-morrow I'll put soap in the waffles."

### CHARMS FOR DISEASES.

Some of the Curious Ways Used to Ward Off Diseases.

Lists of potions, decoctions and remedies resorted to not only by Dyaks, Finns and Badagas, but by Greek philosophers such as Socrates and Alexander of Tralles are by no means attractive. It is sufficient to say that they are the quintessence of everything noxious, repulsive or nasty. Eye of newt, toe of frog and the liver of blasphemy Jew are savory and delicate in comparison. But no one could find fault with this ancient prescription for a good physician: He should be truthful, of a calm temper, not peevish, and a far-seeing patient, hopeful to the last day of his patient's life and rigid in seeing that his orders are carried out.

In China, whether the family physician possesses the above qualities or not, his salary is stopped as soon as the householder falls sick. The difficulty of this situation is enhanced by the rule that after feeling the pulse and looking at the tongue the physician is not to ask any troublesome questions nor may the sick man volunteer any information. An old Roman was not above the use of what are called magis songs, but when seemed pure gibberish. A dislocation was to be reduced by the utterance of the formula: "Huat, hanat, platia, ista, damanto, damna-tru-tru." The closing words seem more applied to the language of the modern cabman than to that of the elder Cato, to whom it is ascribed.

Not much more civilized are such Anglo-Saxon charms as the following: To remove dust or particles from the eye, you should spit thrice and say three times: "Tetunc, re-sonce, bregan gresso"; to staunch blood, say the words, "Slayuma, cucum, incuma, cumma, ma, a," and to cure the toothache spit in the mouth of a frog and say, "Argidam, margidam, studdigam." For quinsy, however, you need only press the throat with the thumb and the ring and the middle fingers, coking up the other two, and tell the disease to be gone.—Saturday Review.



### CHECKED AGAIN.

Bobby—Did God make that new baby, Pa?  
Pa—Yes, Bobby.  
Bobby—Say, pop, about what does he charge for a kid like Jimmy?  
Men and Maidens.  
New York News.  
Bertha—Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are absolutely effeminate. How do you account for it?  
Harold—I suppose it is hereditary. Half my ancestors were men and the other half women.

## Tickling in the Throat.

Throat Irritation, Hoarseness and Sore Throat as well as the Most Severe Chest Colds are Promptly Relieved and Cured by Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

"Tickling in the throat," may not of itself seem serious, but this is the warning of a danger which will work its way into the bronchial tubes and develops into bronchitis, pneumonia or consumption.

This is the point where a few doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will prove sufficient to bring about a thorough and prompt cure. While this great medicine is undoubtedly the most effective treatment for severe chest colds, bronchitis and even asthma, wisdom suggests the use of it when the trouble is just beginning. Singers and speakers comment on Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a most valuable remedy absolutely to relieve and cure the hoarseness and throat irritation, which prove so embarrassing to persons appearing on the public stage.

Mr. Donald Graham, 45 Callendar street, Toronto, says: "My boy, who is six years of age, was developing all the symptoms of pneumonia when we commenced giving him Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It very quickly checked the

advance of disease, and in a few days he was as well as ever, and is now going to school regularly. I have now great faith in this valuable remedy, and shall recommend it to my friends."

On account of imitations and substitutions it is necessary for you to insist on seeing the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the box you buy. No imitations are as good, or why should they not be sold on their own merits? 25 cents a box, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.