

ced Them  
ce.

this fifth an our  
merican missionaries  
arrived at Fez, the  
y, however, fled, we  
ere sending the  
us, but they are  
band of armed  
the women and  
and cursed them in  
ionaries were soon  
om authoritative  
ason as possible.  
son intend to re-  
for the present.

THE FORT

Method of Enfor-  
orders.

Jan. 20.—The Ger-  
at sunset last  
at La Viga, the  
hills behind this  
y, however, fled, we  
ere sending the  
us, but they are  
band of armed  
the women and  
and cursed them in  
ionaries were soon  
om authoritative  
ason as possible.  
son intend to re-  
for the present.

THE DOG.

Ring—Now  
and Dollars.

Jan. 20.—A Great  
am Oppenheim,  
of No. 160 East  
y, suddenly ac-  
00.  
and some guests  
light and when  
Mrs. Oppen-  
showed the  
to catch  
to bring  
her \$800  
ought that,  
Geo. Cohen,  
from Hamp-  
d, troubled Ner-  
ing.

\$5 BILLS.

Legs—Jailed  
Coal.

Jan. 20.—Joz-  
m, who was  
Plains full to-  
for stealing  
he said  
with freen-  
with rolls of  
in the found  
e, strapped to  
the other leg

SKATING.

ent Persons  
later.

While a large  
the bathing  
monu-  
suddenly  
er-  
water. There  
e lost their  
other deaths  
y the break-  
C. Thomas,  
y rolls of  
ck in the  
died at the  
the names of  
sons are un-  
gency Hos-

BODY.

ed in Battle  
s.

report. The  
fight with  
ain Deputy  
fully idea-  
forward was  
en before  
tono, Tex.,  
a butcher,  
other man  
eriff Jacob

AGED.

Miss All-

A letter  
from M.-  
at present  
e the ce-  
of Mrs.  
rmerly of  
ng in Can-  
bery.

akespear-  
ng, will be  
many, in  
this will  
to the

Manitoba lands are producing  
heavier crops than ever and  
Blue Ribbon Tea fills our  
cup of happiness to the brim.

LOVE'S EXILE.

I remained in the study for some  
time, a prey to the most violent  
excitement, in which the emotions of  
grief and remorse struggled vainly  
against the intoxicating belief that  
Babiole loved me. I strode up and  
down what little space there was  
in the room, until the four  
walls could contain me no  
longer. Then for an hour I  
wandered about the forest, climbed  
up to the top of a rock which over-  
looked the Dee and the Brazian  
road, and came back in the moon-  
light by the shell of old Knock Castle,  
from which three hundred years ago,  
James Gordon went forth to fight for  
his kinsman and neighbor the Baron  
of Breckiey, and fell by his side in  
one of the fiercest and purposeless  
skirmishes which seem to have been  
his only occupation worth mention-  
ing of the Highland gentlemen of  
those times. When I returned home  
I saw Babiole's shadow through the  
blind of the little room where her  
husband's body was lying. It was  
long past my dinner hour, and I was  
so brutally hungry that I felt  
thankful that neither of the unhappy  
ladies was present to be disgusted  
with my mountain appetite. I had  
scarcely risen from table when Fer-  
guson informed me that Mrs. Ellmer  
had sent Tim to beg me to come to  
the cottage to see her husband, who  
she feared was dying. Remembering  
the poor wretch's ghastly and hag-  
arded appearance when we found  
him, I was not surprised; nor  
could I, knowing the fate  
that might be in store for him  
if he lived, be sorry that his misera-  
ble life would in all probability end  
peacefully now.

LUNG WEAKNESS

Is Due to Poor and Watery  
Blood.

That is why some people cannot get  
rid of a cough, and why it devel-  
ops into consumption.

The lungs are just like any other  
portion of the body—they need a  
constant supply of pure, rich blood  
to keep them sound and strong. If  
the lungs are not strong they are  
unable to resist disease, and that is  
the reason why an apparently sim-  
ple cold elings until the patient  
grows weaker and weaker and finally  
fills a consumptive's grave. Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills never fail to  
strengthen the lungs, because they  
make the new, rich red blood which  
alone can do this work. The most  
emphatic proof that Dr. Williams'   
Pink Pills re-build the lungs and  
cure consumption in its earlier  
stages, is given in the case of Miss  
Blanche Durand, of St. Elmond,  
Que. Miss Durand says: "In the  
month of September, 1901, I was  
visiting at the home of an uncle at  
Laassumption. One day we were out  
walking I got my feet wet and  
caught cold. The cold seemed to  
cling to me and when I returned  
home about the end of September, I  
was quite ill. I was quite feverish,  
and as little as I could, I began  
doctoring, but did not get any better,  
and in January, 1902, the doctor  
told me that my lungs were affected,  
and that I was in consumption. At  
this time a friend who had come  
to see me, advised me to try Dr. Wil-  
liams' Pink Pills, and I sent for six  
boxes. The pills soon began to help  
me, as little by little, the cough  
grew less severe, my appetite became  
writer, my strength returned, and  
I began to have a healthy color. I  
used eight boxes of the pills, and was  
then fully recovered. I am sure that  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my  
life, and I shall always speak grate-  
fully of them.

Such cases as these tell better  
than mere words the power of Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills. They cure all  
constitutional weakness because  
they go right to the root of the trou-  
ble and build up the blood. That  
is why they never fail to cure rheu-  
matism, lumbago, kidney and liver  
troubles, headaches, backaches, in-  
digestion, biliousness and all other  
blood diseases. Sold by all dealers or  
sent post paid at 50 cents a box  
or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing  
direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine  
Co., Brockville, Ont. Substitutes are  
sometimes offered, but you can al-  
ways protect yourself by seeing that  
the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills for Pale People" is printed on  
the wrapper around every box.

no longer. I began to feel that the  
mountains oppressed me, and the  
prospects of being snowed up with  
my books and my beasts, as I had  
many times before, loomed in my  
horizon like a fear of imprisonment.  
I had heard nothing from Babiole  
except through her mother, whose  
letters were filled with minute  
accounts of the paralyzing effect  
her husband's death seemed to  
have upon the younger  
lady. These tidings struck me with  
dismay; I began to feel that I had  
under-estimated the effect that  
such a shock would have on a  
sensitive nature, and to fear  
that his tragic death had perhaps  
done more to reanimate Fabian  
the place he had first held in her  
heart than years of penitent de-  
votion could have done. This con-  
jecture became almost a certainty  
when, just as I had found a pretext  
on which to visit the ladies, I re-  
ceived a letter from Babiole her-  
self which struck all my hopes and  
plans to the ground. It was writ-  
ten in such a constrained manner  
that the carefully-chosen expres-  
sions of gratitude and affection  
sounded cold and formal; while the  
portentous letter stood out as  
precise and clear as a sentence of  
death to me. She was going away.  
She found it impossible to impose  
longer upon my generosity, and she  
had obtained the situation of com-  
panion to the late duke of  
Algeria, and before the letter I  
nouncing the fact was in my hands,  
she would be on her way to France,  
and I should have taken more  
calmly to the ark than I did. I  
it contained under an avalanche of  
she could go like that, with no fare-  
well but those few chilling words,  
on a journey, to an engagement to  
for three years, so she said, and  
great that it stunned me. To-to and  
Ta-ta both knew that night there  
was something wrong, and we sat,  
three speechless beasts, dolefully  
round the fire without a ray of  
comfort between the lot of us. There  
was no use of writing; she was gone;  
besides, I wasn't quite a serf, and  
if she had no more feeling than that  
for me, that she was free, well  
at least she should not know that  
I was less philosophical. So I dog-  
gedly resolved to give up all thoughts  
of roaming, lest my ill-disciplined feet  
should carry me where I was not  
wanted; and, presenting a respect-  
ful refusal to give up my lease  
of Larkhall to a certain great per-  
sonage who had taken a fancy to it,  
I wrote a rapid letter to Mrs. Ell-  
mer highly applauding her action,  
and settled myself down again to  
the bachelor life nature seems to  
have determined me for.

the end now; the embers are warm  
in her heart for me, me to set glow-  
ing. The great personage may have  
the lease of Larkhall at her pleasure.  
To-to and Ta-ta, and the rest of my  
small household must fly with me to  
a warmer home in the south. For my  
kind, Babiole wants me; God bless  
her.

THE END.  
Don't Worry.

Goethe said he never had an afflic-  
tion that he did not turn into a  
poem. Which bit of sunshine philo-  
sophy is worth all the poems  
Goethe ever wrote. It is an epic,  
it is sublime. It is the keynote on  
which the woman who worries may  
take her harp for every day—and  
there will never be a dull moment,  
an enthusiastic woman writer,  
who adds:

To weave poetry out of affliction;  
to find the hidden blessing  
in every trial; to gain patience  
and enduring power from suffering;  
to carve character out of crosses  
—therein lies the secret of your  
true philosophy, and therefrom  
gush the springs of happiness.

There is a knock at the door bearing  
crosses lightly. It is born of good  
cheer and good sense and good  
will. No cross is ever too broad  
for the back it falls upon. Yet  
backs do break beneath their bur-  
dens. It is because they struggle  
and rebel and will not adjust them-  
selves. It is because they resist  
rather than co-operate with the  
will of the universe, which distrib-  
utes joys and sorrows according  
to rule:

"Some days must be dark and  
dreary.  
Into each life some rain must fall."  
Is it all sunshine we wish? Then  
for the clouds? Is it all joy we  
wish? Then the quality of our joy  
were cheapened. It is with suffering  
and sorrow we sound the depths  
that let our joys sink deep. It  
is when darkness falls that we  
catch the splendor of the stars. It  
is when man forsakes that we re-  
alize the divine loyalty of God. Out  
of Nazareth came Christ, the Pure  
in Heart—Nazareth the poor, the  
wicked, the despised, and out of  
Nazareth good still comes, but of  
every evil some good thing may be  
drawn, with effect more positive  
and lasting because of its origin.

With every affliction there is a  
blessing. With every trial there is  
a benefit. For every heartache  
that does not imber there is  
a heart-throb that soothes and  
gladdens. The law of nature is self-  
justifying. It is the law of com-  
pensation. Why need we worry? What  
of us have discovered that we do  
not get nothing for something. Every  
effort counts. There never was a  
struggle without a victory, though  
it may not have been the sort of  
victory for which we struggled.  
There never was a weakness done  
but that the perpetrator suffered  
from the wound. There never was  
a crime committed but that the  
criminal paid its penalty. Days, months,  
years may elapse—but the reckon-  
ing is inevitable. Nature is an ex-  
pert accountant. She never errs. On  
an excess she taxes, and she never  
makes a allowance, and she must  
pay. The coin is not always a man's  
choosing. We may struggle for riches  
and find content; for a victor and  
love; for caste and win them, but  
they who plod and go down by the  
wayside are not wholly comfortable.  
Sometimes the comfort is greater  
than the goal. Nor does the criminal  
who escapes the noose evade the  
eye of nature's law. His peace of  
mind pays the death penalty a thou-  
sand times; and the shrivelling of  
his soul is the price of his sin.

The cause for worry lies within  
often more than without. Not the out-  
er so much as the inner conditions  
regulate our living. Happiness,  
beauty, content—these things are  
born of incidents of conditions  
and people and events. They are in-  
trinsic. They are expanded or restricted  
by the boundaries of our souls. The  
beauty of nature is not intrinsic. It  
fluctuates according to our sensi-  
tiveness. Last week we revelled in  
the beauty of a landscape. To-day  
we look upon it as commonplace. To-  
morrow it will be sublime. It is so  
with conditions that should yield  
of our mind and happiness. To-day  
the firmament of our home is laden.  
The gorgeous tints of yesterday  
have faded. Even the star  
of hope is obscured. In all the world  
there is not one whom we can call  
our friend. Every man's hand is  
lifted against us; every man's voice  
is raised to ensure. God Himself has  
forgotten us. The injustice, the  
bitterness, the uselessness of all  
weigh upon us with mighty oppres-  
sion. If we are men, we despair.  
If we are women we weep. All be-  
cause our focusing apparatus is out  
of gear. All because that delicate  
internal mechanism which makes for  
each his individual heaven or hell  
is temporarily disarranged.

Our world is largely what we make  
it. Destiny, environment, hereditary  
tendency—these things sink into in-  
significance beneath the power of  
our will. Forasmuch as we are  
our souls. The universe with all its  
riches, all its privileges, all its joys,  
is ours for the getting. It waits to  
be conquered, but it waits for the  
master hand. Forasmuch, indeed, is  
everything worth while to the  
Fearful, to the Doubtful, to the  
Weak in Spirit. To these every ob-  
stacle is magnified. To the Brave in  
Heart there are no obstacles. They  
walk through them and use them as  
stepping stones. They are im-  
pelled by hope—begot of their faith.  
They are sustained by courage—be-  
got of their hope. They have  
strength and endurance—begot of  
their courage. Therefore manna's  
success. And therein lies the anti-  
dote for worry.

Misunderstood the Idiom.  
Baltimore Herald.

"Mr. Henpecke, let me introduce  
you to the Count De Dippee."  
"Ah, et ee z honor to meet a  
musician. I hear, sar, zat you an'  
your family play z music."  
"Why I don't know the first  
thing about music."  
"Why, I hear eet all around zat  
you 'play second fiddle' zo your  
wife!"

CANADIAN AGRICULTURE  
AND ALLIED TRADES.

Results for 1902—Great Story of Commercial Expansion.

Canada to-day presents an object  
lesson in progressive agricul-  
tural development such as no other  
country can claim for its own, either  
on this or the other side of the At-  
lantic. The Hon. Sydney Fisher, an  
old Cambridge graduate, as Minister  
of Agriculture under two successive  
Governments, has in his own person  
demonstrated the force of the tru-  
ism that one thorough workman at  
the head is worth a regiment of the-  
orists in the rear, however steep  
may be the hill up which the adminis-  
trative load has to be moved. Not  
many years ago Canada was import-  
ing some foods; to-day she is the  
granary of Great Britain and her  
other Colonies "beyond the seas";  
and in dairy produce not only in point  
of quantity but especially in that  
of quality she is

Fast Forging Ahead.  
Of the total imports of butter in-  
to the United Kingdom six years ago,  
Canada contributed only .46 per cent.  
Last year she sent 4.23 per cent.  
While Canadian exports of butter  
increased in bulk the price has risen  
to 18.70 per cent. above the base  
season's increase in price applied to the  
quantity exported is equal to an in-  
crease of \$772,667 over business of  
the season of 1901. The develop-  
ment in the export of butter has  
seen the outcrop of cold storage,  
the present system introduced by  
the Hon. Sydney Fisher, and operat-  
ed under the supervision of the Do-  
minion Commissioner of Agriculture  
and Dairying, being a vast improve-  
ment upon that of his predecessor.  
A direct steaming service has been  
begun between Canada and South  
Africa, which cannot fail to stimu-  
late the development of trade in that  
direction. A splendid market ex-  
ists in South Africa for the products  
of our farms, forests, and fisheries;  
while manufactured articles of all  
kinds are in demand there. In view  
of the shipping facilities now avail-  
able it is hoped that Canadian prod-  
ucts will soon occupy a prominent  
position in the South Africa market.

Our Cheese Export.  
In cheese last year, with all the  
world against her in open competi-  
tion, Canada exported to Great  
Britain 55.5 per cent of the total  
of the importations of that  
product to the Old Country. In  
value Canadian exports of cheese to  
Great Britain have increased from  
\$13,900,000 in 1896 to \$19,600,000  
old during the twelve months end-  
ing last. During the same period  
Dominion butter exports to the  
continent have grown from \$895,  
000 to \$3,539,300, while Canadian  
exports of butter to Great Britain  
in 1895 were worth only \$536,797.

Bacon Trade.  
In 1890 Canada exported to Great  
Britain only \$645,360 worth of bac-  
on, hams, and pork, but during the  
last fiscal year, 1901-2, of the total  
value of these articles, \$12,457,863,  
the Old Country took \$12,365,157;  
in the former year Great  
Britain purchased \$9,372,212 worth  
of cheese from Canada; this year of  
a total of \$20,696,951 produced she  
secured \$19,620,239 worth. In  
1890 Canada sold to the mother-

land, \$388,801 worth of wheat, \$521,  
882 worth of flour, and \$236,153  
worth of oats; this year  
she sold in the same mar-  
ket \$18,024,257 worth of wheat,  
\$2,240,056 worth of flour, and \$1-  
730,192 worth of oats. Taking hams,  
bacon, pork, butter, cheese, cattle,  
sheep, lambs, eggs, wheat, flour,  
oats, oatmeal, peas, and apples, dur-  
ing the last fiscal year, out of a  
total aggregate value grown in and  
exported from Canada to \$80,717-  
377, the markets of Great Britain  
purchased \$74,286,683 worth, or  
91.9 per cent.

Unskilled Labor is so Scarce  
in the Dominion to-day that owing  
to its vastness the wheat crop was  
only with difficulty garnered, be-  
cause there were barely enough help-  
ers to gather it. The harvest, indeed,  
was plentiful, but the laborers too  
scarce to prove this to quote Sir  
Wilfrid Laurier's characteristically  
apt allusion on the subject, recent-  
ly, "they have the proof in their poc-  
kets and in their bank books." They  
are making money on all sides, and  
dollar bills are rolling in as thick  
as the bullets flew at Balclutha.

Total Export of Goods  
of all kinds, the produce of Canada,  
to Great Britain, has risen from  
\$9,062,466 in 1892 to \$19,618-  
763 in 1902. The farmers of Canada  
have never been in a more prosper-  
ous condition than they are to-  
day, and mere figures are not re-  
quired to prove this to quote Sir  
Wilfrid Laurier's characteristically  
apt allusion on the subject, recent-  
ly, "they have the proof in their poc-  
kets and in their bank books." They  
are making money on all sides, and  
dollar bills are rolling in as thick  
as the bullets flew at Balclutha.

The Churches Need to Do to  
Make Progress.  
It is true that the churches, on the  
whole, are out of touch with the  
times, behind the age and not in ad-  
vance as they should be—their teach-  
ings and their methods not in adjust-  
ment with the needs and demands of  
the everyday life of everyday men.  
If the churches confessedly fail as  
they do, to reach the masses; if at-  
tendance is falling off and interest  
in religion declining, it is not that  
men and women are growing harder,  
more unbelieving and materialistic,  
not that they feel less the need of  
spiritual guidance and uplift than in  
former days, but chiefly because they  
do not find the needed uplift and  
guidance in the religious service as it  
is now administered in many of the  
churches. They find there instead too  
much conventionality, too much in-

EASY TO LET  
A COLD RUN ON.

Until It Develops Into Pneumonia or Consumption—Easy  
to Cure a Cold if You Use  
DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINESED AND TURPENTINE

It is easy to let a cold run on.  
You may say with others that you  
always let a cold take care of it-  
self. There is a danger of follow-  
ing this plan once too often. At  
this season of the year the lungs  
are to be unusually susceptible to  
disease, and before you suspect it  
pneumonia or consumption had  
seated itself in your system. It is  
possible you have tried the cough  
mixtures which druggists offer to  
their customers. These may do well  
enough for slight colds, tickling in  
the throat, but they are powerless  
in the presence of serious disease.  
Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linesed and  
Turpentine is far more than a cough  
remedy. It cures the cold as well  
as loosening and easing the cough.  
It takes the pains out of the bones  
and reaches the very seat of the  
disease when it is in the lungs and  
tightness in the chest. It would not  
be too much to say that Dr. Chase's  
Syrup of Linesed and Turpentine  
has saved thousands of people from  
pneumonia and consumption. There

stance upon things useless, outward,  
and non-essential, too much that is  
abstract and theoretical and too lit-  
tle that is practical and truly help-  
ful and inspiring.

The churches have a vast amount  
of wealth in hand or at their com-  
mand; they have numerical strength;  
they have an enormous aggregate of  
social and intellectual resources; if  
to all this aggregation of power they  
will add the influence coming from a  
readjustment of their methods to the  
thoughts, desires, and needs of the  
world to-day, to modern social, in-  
dustrial, and religious conditions,  
among the rich and the poor alike,  
there are no evils to overcome, no  
good to be accomplished, to which  
they may not prove more than equal.

—Leslie's Weekly.

Like a Lamb.  
Baltimore News.

"And when you went to discharge  
the cook, she took it quietly?"  
"Quietly? Why, she went like a  
lamb." People to the street didn't  
even suspect that it was anything  
but an ordinary fight."