se was attached tream of water

assistance, and fighting the fire time during the hought the fire but it broke out and is still burne second of imy the Dominion s 1,400 men, the tween 2,500 and pected that the within a week. w the fire la e other part of ent to work as not in any way The firemen are

the fire. says to-night of the fire getnd he expressed buld be controlnnager Mackent become necesonly that poris located will the resultant ery heavy.

indemns the

HREE WIVES

George Chapsaloon-keeper. day convicted ath. In the ig up. Justice on the fact been the law have been imcharges home g would have s to show that ed. He hoped avored cremaas a warning. charged with g woman who wife, was arinths ago. An she had been of his first and d died within med, and were n poison. A

claimed Chapand said his Chapman at vas an Ameronsul-Generm to produce failed to do was born in ght up in New, by a German have worked w York. It

CORE. Tombs-The

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- Years has explosion mion No. 1. forning. The een shifts. tot out, but . The cause KHOWB. AD ney, and it under con-

VER us Hospital

Late news

noon states the railway spital there irs. Huston m her ind that she Chewne is so recover. ned an inhe body of viewed the Friday at You can't buy Blue Ribbon Jea in bulk, because, if not in air tight packages, it might lose some of that delicious flavor for which it is so famous.

The Rose and Lily Dagger A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND

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WOMAN'S PERFIDY & & &

were harsh to him, Elaine? Good east head for a minute, then turned ingly why you hamper yourself with when the blood is poor." Substitutes at three months old. A litter of six- blinking eyes, into the grey light of heavens! Such an offer! Such a to a rather narrow stairway-it was the poor blind Italian, who should are sometimes offered, but they never teen when they are full grown, and the streets, he walks no longer jauntmatch! You needn't have offended the private approach to the picture have been satisfied with being saved cure. If you can't get the genuine fresh families eight times a year, ily, but staggers under a heavy burhim. I"-he put his hat straight gallery, at the end of which were from starvation, and not repaid his pills from your dealer, send direct Fattening on the food refuse of Lon- den. For the cages beneath the white with his usual carefulness - "I placed his own apartments-and benefactor, so poorly by hanging on to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., don, they would breed a population cloth are filled with a writhing mass wouldn't have had it happen for went up it quietly. the world. Look here; I'm going As he did so the music sounded is the way you put it, is it not? mailed at 50 cents a box or six not for that terrible piper and his rats piled upon each other's backs, down to the club," it softly on his arm.

He looked down at her with an gallery deadened the marquis' footevasive, troubled look on his hand- steps, and he went up to the organ, the gallery with a sound of gentle some, selfish face. Papa, it would be no use. Do not, looking down at the player.

He colored. my dear, but I can't afford to lose | but, pale and wan as it was, the face | ever I say-with these fingers of a' friend like Sherwin. Why"-his face | was beautiful in its expression of reddened-"he's-he's been awfully peaceful calm, as if patience had set times !- I was to ask no questions. useful to me.

She understood, and her hand drop- with pitying hand the tender, quivped. Her face dropped too, and she ering lips. The hair, black as night, hid the shame burning in it with fell back from the white forehead in

be no use: I-I could never, never the face. marry him, dear." But the major had gone, and she the marquis approached, and the soft | whatever it may be, from those provided to ensure the work for a followed by silence. For ten seconds heard his step, unusually hurried and grey eyes which had been fixed upon strong shoulders, from that kind couple of years, and an efficient heavy, at he passed through the room | the window did not turn or waver. | heart of yours, Nairne!"

CHAPTER IV. The marquis remained for some minutes in the attitude in which Elaine had seen him, then, without minutes longer, and the music cona glance even up the hill, walked tinued to float like a cloud of sound slowly toward the house.

beauty, and as carefully kept up as if | in an instant the supple fingers stiftheir lordly owner spent most of his time at the Castle, instead of a few days now and again. The grass of the lawns was like velvet; there was not a weed on the smooth gravel paths. Here and volumes. There was the humility of uncomfortable. A difference like ary science, dairying, horticulture there, as he neared the house, a statue of snowy marble gleamed tenderness of sympathy. whitely in the twilight, made dusky by the trees. At the further end of the grounds there opened out a wide expanse of park, dotted here and there by noble trees, under which the deer flitted like shadows.

Presently he passed round one of the bends in the winding path, and came in sight of the house, looming ghost-like against the background of elms and firs. As he did so, the slight figure of a woman came down the path toward him. He did not see her, for he was walking along slowly and thoughtfully, his eyes bent on the ground, but she saw him, and quick as thought slipped aside into the shadows of the

bushes. She had a dark silk shawl or scarf thrown over her head, which, as the night was warm, must have warmth, and from under the dark "What is the matter, Nairne?" he been more for concealment than folds her face shone almost white. Her hair was red, and her eyes, as they watched the approaching marquis with feline keenness, took

to themselves a greenish hue. It was the young lady whom Bridget had declared she could not bear, Miss Inchley, the housekeeper's niece.

The marguis passed her unsuspectingly, and avoiding the front of the house-along which stretched a wide white terrace, broken in the centre by the steps leading to the front hall-made his way to a small tower at the side. He stopped at a door wreathed in ivy, and, taking a key from his pocket, unlocked it. If he had reached the door a minute or two earlier he would have met Miss Inchiev emerging from it, notwithstanding that the entrance was supposed to be reserved exclusively for

alone held the key. The base of the tower was not of great extent, and was unlighted; but the marquis was too familiar with you found me. I was seeing, plainer the place to need a light, and, as- than I ever seen anything, or shall cending a short flight of steps, ever see anything"-there was no passed into a semi-circular hall. It complaint in his voice, but a quiet, if he repented what he had said. was not quite dark here, for a serene patience and resignation-"the gtimmer of light issued from an dark and grimy room, and myself lyopening at the end of which was ing there, the most wretched thing the great central hall; and the mar- in all that wretchedness. They said I

THE RIGHT PAINT

"No, he will not ask me again," quis was proceeding thither, when she said, and she was forcing her- suddenly a soft breath of music came self to tell him all that occurred floating downwards, and filled the on the bridge, when the major silence with a weird yet soothing

harmony. "You don't mean to say that you He stopped and listened with down-

nearer. It proceeded from an And it is like you. And the world is boxes for \$2.50. Elaine put out her hand, and laid organ under a large oriel window. deceived. Ah. Nairne, the world is The thick pile of the carpet blinder even than Luigi Zanti. Poor which covered the floor of the world." and stood leaning against it and derision and pity.

emaciated face, which, like his body, that I should never trouble Don't do what? It's all very well, seemed worn by pain and suffering; you. Whatever I heard, whather seal upon his brow, and smoothed thick long curls that swept the thin "Do not," she said again. "It would cheeks and increased the pallor of

He had not heard the marquis, and he had not seen him, for he was blind. | pale, upturned face with a frown. keys softly, caressingly, for a few pulse, "did you ever see-" He stopthrough the magnificent gallery; but The grounds were of extreme presently the marquis sighed, and fened into motionlessness, and, without turning his head, the player said:

"Nairne!"

quis. "Your ears are quick." "And yet I did not hear come in," said the player in a slow, low voice, like that of one more accustomed to silence than speech. "It was only when I heard you

"I didn't speak," said the marquis with a half smile. 'You signed," said the other quickly, though softly, "and that is enough for me. Shall I leave off play-

"No," said the marquis; "go on, What is it?" Luigi shrugged his shoulders.

"A nothing," he said gently, and began to play again. The marquis remained motionless for a minute or two, then he began to walk to and fro, and this time Luigi heard his steps, and stopped

The marquis pulled up short beside him, and laughed grimly. "Nothing more than usual." he

sald "One of my black lits; that is "That is all!" echoed Luigi, with a soft lenthening of the words rath. er than a sigh. "What is it? Can you tell me? Ah. I am always!

"Bargain! promise?" repeated the marquis,

The other nodded and pressed down a soft chord. would be like you, Nalrue !- but ! have not. I remember, always; and often the remembrance keeps me silent when I know by the tone of your voice that you are troubled. Why" the marguis, who imagined that he if he were communing with himself rather than addressing another-"as I was playing just now before you came in, I was thinking of that day

"Yes. You may have forgottea-lt -he went on slowly, lingeringly, as

TO PAINT RIGHT

marquis said quietly: "That will do, Luigi."

knew that even death would have taking them to-day.

and easy terms, you mean."

Luigi smiled.

mine, which seem to have eyes somemust be silent, Nairne; must be sileat, though I'd give--" He laughed | tions will shortly be overcome by have I to give? My life? That is private intervention, of an agri-He made no sign of consciousness as and over again to lift the burden, tion. The necessary funds have been

The marquis looked down at the series of three months' courses in The long, thin fingers touched the | "Luigi," he said, as if by some im-

CROSS BABIES

either, not in your baby anyway. | tional operations. It was only a single word, but the Your baby is not a cross baby for The staff will comprise professors tone in which it was uttered spoke nothing. He is cross because he is of agriculture, chemistry, veterin- tures. gratitude, the warmth of love, the magic is effected by Baby's Own and natural history and anatomy; "Yes, it's I, Luigi," said the mar- permanent good; they cannot pos- cookery, and a bursar and librarsibly to any harm. No trouble; no lan.

Co., Brockville, Ont.

ped and bit his lip at his slip of the tongue; but the other smiled. "Go on; see what?"

forgetting our bargain-my prom- ly. "They call it 'The Lily and the onion syrup.

name for it. There is so much of her. I saw her this evening. Luigi; here in the park. Her eyes looked at me as they look out of the picture; shy, yet brave, sweet eyes, with the innocent wonder of a girl, the halfconscious witchery of woman, in

"A young English girl?" said the blind man musingly. "So beautiful?" The marquis laughed grimly.

and a simper. I tell you this girl-" He stopped with compressed lips, as

time, and here?" said Luigi, with to improve the quality of their voices intense yet unobtrusive interest and and keep them smooth. eagerness. "And it is her beauty. the sadness that comes before joy; two pieces of old muslin. The plasthe sigh that preludes the smile."

you mean?" The blind man touched the keys caressingly, and a love lyric began to throb round and about them. "They say. Nairne," he said, "that for every soul born into the world some other is sent to mate with it. Perhaps-don't be angry -you have met your other soul here, and to-

The marquis frowned, and thrusting his hands into his pockets said

(To be Continued.)

Not in His Line. "What is his status in this com-

munity, if I may ask?" "He ain't got none that I ever teard on. He run a grocery for a while down to the Corners, but if he ever had any status there 'twa'nt SIGNS OF SPRING

true word, starvation. It is such an It is a season When Most People Feel HOW RAT-CATCHERS Miserable, Easily Tired and Fagged Out

The spring season affects the in different ways. With some it is a feeling of weariness after slight He stopped a moment, in which the exertion; others are afflicted with is calling to his little brown beasts, in this London shop. pimples and skin eruptions. Fickle | They know his whistle, from Charappetite, sallow cheeks and lack- ing Cross to Bishopsgate Without. But the other went on, still as if lustre eyes are other signs that the It is the whistle of death. As he blood is clogged with impurities and "I think Death must have been must have assistance to regain its city the rate of the restaurants, the

had been leading, and you made Anse, N. B., says: "Both my wife pipes of the business places of the room, flashing his lantern hither and the life that had been a hell a para- and daughter have been greatly city princes. He has whistled their thither, amid the squealing, squirmbenefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, friends away from the basements of ing vermin, whipping them with his "Tut !" said the marquis. "I got My daughter was in very poor health, the shops in the Strand. His whistle white wand, and leaping and dodging an organist-a musician-on cheap pale, thin and apparently bloodless, has been heard in every court and as if in some devil-dance, while all but through the use of the pills she alley round Cheapside. 'Yes, that is the way you put it able to enjoy life. I think Dr. Wil- They cannot deceive him. He knows When the dawn comes, and the thin, when the world asks you wonder- liams' Pink Pills is the best medicine how fast they breed. A litter of five black-garbed man steps out, with to him for the rest of his life! That Brockville, Ont., and they will be that would eat up the city were it of living creatures, a solid block of

とうらうらうらうる Agricultural College for the Northwest Territories とうらららうこと

The difficulties that beset new les in the matter of adapting their ways to local agricultural condisoftly, with self-scorn. "Why, what the establishment, at Regina, by yours already! But I'd give it over | cultural college and experiment stastaff is being engaged to cover a the seven main branches of practical agriculture, under the managing directorship of W. H. Coard, tumbling, a bumping and a jumping, LL.D., of the Dominion Department with boards creaking and furniture of Agriculture. The fee for short course will be \$10, and Coard will leave Ottawa for the west on the 22nd of March to "spy | Some bables appear always ugly out the land" and arrange for the tempered. It can't be all original sin | commencement of active educa-

Tablets. They do immediate and a lecturer of Domestic Science and

spilling; no difficulty getting them | Dr. Coard will hold the professorinto baby's mouth; for very young ship of agriculture and the lectureinfant; they can be crumbled to a ship of entomology; and the name sweet and children like them. No ers will be announced during Dr. motter has ever used Baby's Own | Coard's visit to the west. The syl-Tablete without finding that they do | labus will be issued shortly and the good for children of all ages. Mrs. | short course will present excepthing equal to Baby's Own Tablets, practical character. The college is augurated by either Federal or Baby's Own Tablets cure all the Provincial Legislatures, will reminor ailments of little ones, and you ceive the educational support of

Onion Cures.

not strike the fancy of the aesthetic; go to feed the greedy human creahowever, the experience of those who tures, who invite them not to the have tried it is that it works won- feast. With palpitating nostrils ders in restoring a cold-racked sys- pressed against the wainscotting, tem to its normal state again, says they have smelt those fragrant

the Minneapolis Times. There are three kinds of doses in fcolish, frivolous people, who have "I meant that picture of Murillo's the onion cure, or three onion cures, dilly-dallied and shilly-shalled with in the Vatican; I mean the girl with as you may choose to put it. One good food which those rats could heads have been accumulating at an is a diet of onions. The other is have taught them how to eat. With alarming rate, and unless the men "I know." said the blind man soft- onion plasters. And the third is gnawing stomach pains they have

"Yes, that is it; and yet it's a bad in the onion cure that a bad cold case discussed over mutton cutlets and the barber will simply close up can be broken up if the patient will and potatoes, a flirtation carried on his shop, and the time may not be the rose and the passion flower in stay in doors and feed on a liberal from the clear soup to the coffee, a so far off either. It may not come diet of onions. It need not be an business bargain struck between in my time, of course, but I am not exclusive diet but a liberal one. reast beef and jam roll. And all the mistaken about the tendency. The For instance, an onion cure break- while-the trony of it !- these rats of number of bald heads already in exfast includes a poached egg on toast, the restaurant have had to wait, istence will bear me out in all I three tablespoonfuls of fried onlons hungry and unsatisfied, while the in- have said,"-New Orleans Timesand a cup of coffee. Luncheon of | terlopers have fed. sandwiches, made of Boston brown bread, buttered and filled with fine-"Beautiful? I hate the word. It supper, the onlone may be fried as means just nothing; a doll's face for breakfast, and eaten with a

chop and a baked potato. The strange efficacy of onions is well known to the singers of Italy "And you saw her for the first and Spain, who eat them every day

Onion plasters are prescribed to her witchery, that makes you sad, is | break up, hard coughs. They are that so?" He smiled. "Perhaps it is made of fried onions placed between ter is kept quice hot until the pa-"Pretty, but vague," said the mar- tient is snugly in bed, when it is quis grimly. "You mean-what do placed on the chest, to stay over

be bought of any druggist, and is side and out, would be enough, certainly, to chase out any self-respecting cold.

A Word of Caution. "Yes, doctor, I want to see you. self. And you'll be very careful, won't

"About removing it?" "No. About not removing it." Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Somehow.

DO THEIR WORK.

It is the city rat-catcher, and he rate of the warehouses, the rate of

of the piper.

all their haunts. He has routed them out of corners and from behind pots, down by the river in the warehouses and away from the walls, driving that hide the wharves. He has fol- them towards his nets, with that on the embankment, where the best | beast-like cry. been kinder than the existence I Mr. Jos. Poirier, M. P. P., Grand has tracked them into the drain faced man, alone in the great, dark chefs of Europe cater for them. He | It is a nightmare-this tall, white-

has regained her health and is again | And he knows their little ways | out exultantly.

whistle. ently, and now his whistle stops, his nightly hunting .- London Mail. and he steps noiselessly into the spacious room which still smells of the day's dinner. It is pitch dark : but out of one of those white-covered bundles he pulls a bull's-eye lant- The Pessimistic Views of an Old ern, which he fastens to his belt. Then he slips off the white cloths, settlers in the Northwest Territor- revealing two great cages and a roll of netting. Across doors and passages he pins these nets, and then, ing eyeball of the lantern, waits sil- in that event barbers " will have ently and motionless, with the white hazel rod dipped towards the floor. Hark! What is that? The patter of tiny feet at the far end of the room. Then a little shrill squeak. nothing stirs. Then the patter of followed by a scurrying and a hurry- Long hair is one of the worst ing. Londer and louder grows the noise. There is a scrambling and a

> yapping, and squeaking and shriek-Then the bull's eye flashes round the room, shedding its rays upon a mass of struggling, wriggling crea-

rocking, pots jangling, and pans

banging, and there is a whispering

and a muttering, a snapping and

Rats! Out of every corner and cranny they swarm noisily, hungrily, frenziedly.

brawny rats, Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats, powder or given in water. They are of the other professors and lectur- Grave old plodders, gay young frisk-

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, forced up and often oozes out the Cocking tails and pricking whiskers, end of the hair. Barbers have re-Families by tens and dozens."

Ugh! A horrid, creepy, crawly, sight. The ground heaves with them. Their panting breath fills the room with a gasping, gurgling noise. Their obscene, vermin-tortured bodies exhale a sickening, stifling stench. The beady eyes of this squirming mass of hairy flesh gleam wildly, feverishly, ferociously.

They are starving. All day long

they have hidden in their holes, sniff-

ing with the exquisite agony of hun-The idea of an onion cure may gry smell those luscious meats which

But now, ah-the time has come. The refuse of the restaurant still smells good, and though there is not enough for all it is worth the fight-

And now begins such a rushing and pushing, such a biting and scratching. health of almost everyone of course | *********************** such a tumbling and worrying, such a yelping and squeaking, that it might be a body of demons let loose

> Suddenly, there is a new, strange noise. A whistle rings through the passes along the highways of the room-a wild, wailing whistle, followed by a strange, throbbing, rip-

> the factories, the rate of the shops It is the rat-catcher, and the little hear the death whistle calling them. | brown beasts are struck with the It has called away their mothers, panic of death. Screeching and Their fathers have followed it. Their | scratching, they stampede towards prothers and sisters were enticed by the doors and passages, but only to it. Their wives and their sweet- hurl themselves against the piper's hearts and their children could not | nets, into which they tumble headresist it. That weird, wailing whis- long, unable to get out again. In twos tle is the breath of death, and the and sixes and dozens and scores the world of rats who raven on the re- rats scamper into the trap. And the fuse of the city know the piping man with the hazel wand, suddenly striring from his stillness, darts There is no escaping it. He knows round the room, whipping the rate

the time his ear-piercing notes ring

and destined for sale at fourpence He comes to-night. He knocks at apiece to the dog-fanciers of Shorethe little side door of a great and ditch, where the city rat-catcher famous restaurant. It is opened sil- disposes of the "bag" resulting from

BALD HEADS.

Tonsorial Artist. The Old Barber was in a gloomy mood. He was talking about bald heads. "Hair may disappear altogazing about the room with the glar- gether after a while," he said, "and less to do than they have now. It will force the barbers out of business. From the way I look at it men are largely responsible for being baldheaded. They do not take feet begins again softly at first, but | proper care of their head covering. things in the world. No man can

keep his scalp thoroughly clean and wear long hair. If the scalp is not kept clean the hair will become unhealthy. It will finally die Besides, it requires more nourishment for a long hair than it does for a short one. "Men starve their hair to death. Hairs must be fed and nourished like any other part of the human

system. There is a quantity of oil in a little bulb at the root of each hair, and it is upon this substance that the hair feeds. The oil oozes out into the opening in the hair. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, I suppose the heat of the body forces this oily substance up through the hollow of the hair, very much like the heat of the atmosphere forces the fluid up in a thermometer. At any rate, it is sorted to singeing in order to keep this oil in the hair. Singeing closes the hollow, seals it, and the oil is absorbed by the hair. If the hair is allowed to grow to any great length there is not enough oil to properly feed it. It becomes dry and finally dies. It cracks open the splits in two separate parts. This process continues until a man becomes baid, often prematurely, and he never knows just how it all

"There is another thing to be considered in this connection. The teneffect on a man's hair, tending to odors and listened to the chatter of deaden it, and it falls out. Between these influences, and others which might be enumerated, bald begin to think more of these things been compelled to listen to the idle the comb and brush will not be It is claimed by those who believe gossip of the day, the latest murder needed in the average household,

ly-chopped raw onions, seasoned with salt and pepper, makes the second meal on the schedule. For Pains in Chest The Danger Signal

That Tells of Approaching Pneumonia or Serious Lung Trouble-Prevent Further Trouble by Using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Onion syrup is a dose that can pain, or a feeling of soreness in the chest, when the linings of the throat says: "My little girl, of three years, a cure for a bad cold in the chest. and bronchial tubes feel raw and had an attack of bronchial pneu-All this is probably quite true. For sore, when you feel that the cold monia, My husband and I thought she to be done up with onions, both in- which you expected to wear away is getting the better of you, turn to I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and of Linseed and Turpentine from our Turpentine, and you will get prompt relief and cure.

thing in her throat that hurts her Hope, Ont., writes: "Being exposed after several weeks' sickness," just as soon as she gets to talking. to all sorts of weather I frequently

When it hurts to cough, when | bottle cured my cold, which, I becoughing or a long breath causes lieve, would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine." Mrs. F. Dwyer, of Chesterville,

case resisted the doctors' treatment, popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are Mr. John Clark, coachman, Port | thankful to say is all right to-day

As a prompt cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma and She's coming over to see you her- catch cold. Last winter I was so bad all throat and lung affections, Dr. with a cold I could not speak above | Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Tura whisper, and had great pains in the | pentine is wonderfully effective. It is chest. At last I feared it would de- not a mere cough mixture, but a velop into consumption if I did not | thorough and far-reaching medicine. succeed in getting proper treatment. | which acts on the whole system, and "A friend advised me to try Dr. drives out disease; 25 cents a bot-Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Tur- tle; family size (three times as kept out in sight where anybody A funny girl is never so popular pentine, and I began to improve be- | much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or as a funny man .- Detroit Journal. fore I had taken half a bottle. One Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

> ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO

A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint makers,

ful homes are painted with Ramsay's Paints.

little better than the best.

Sixty one years ago we made the best paint

Write us, mentioning this paper, for booklet showing how some beauti-

we knew how-knowledge and experience have

been adding value to it ever since—it's the best

paint we knew how to make now. And just a

of which I was dying. And then you came, I heard your step on the stair, and I thought it was that of the landlord-the landlord who had given me notice that morning to pay my

was ill of the fever, did they not,

Nairne? None of us like to use the

ugly word, is it not? But it was that

sorely disappointed. It was such a health-giving properties. near thing, was it not? But you This is the season above all others are so strong, Nairne. Even Death when everyone-young and old-need must own itself vanquished by that a tonic to brace them up, and the iron will of yours, and you snatched best tonic medical science has disme out of his clutches. I thought covered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. at the time that it was scarcely These pills tone the nerves and fill worth the trouble. I should still the veins with new, pure, rich, red think so, but that I hug the fancy blood. That's why they give you a to me that my poor music sometimes | healthy appetite and cure all blood pleases-soothes you; and it is all and nerve diseases-anaemia, skin I have, Nairne, with which to express | diseases, erysipelas, rheumatism, neumy gratitude and love for the man ralgia, palpitation of the heart, and who saved my life, and-ah, yes, made a score of other troubles caused by it worth living. So you were not bad blood and bad blood alone. satisfied with snatching me from Dr. Williams Pink Pills will give you death. Most men would have been; new blood, new Ma, new energy- lowed them into the great hotels | shrill whistle and that strange, but not you, not you, Nairne. You you cannot do better than start

He touched the keys, and flooded "But the bargain-the promise," he He was a young man, with a thin, went on, "You forget. It was

And so, though I hear you sigh, I

M. Watters, Sheenboro, Que., says: | tional opportunities to farmers "I have used many medicines for lit- | sons, as well as new settlers, to retle ones but have never found any- ceive an agricultural training of a I simply would not be without them | being established under substantial in the house, and I strongly recom- patronage, and, while not being inmend them to all other mothers."

have a positive guarantee that they | both. contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all druggists or mailed post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine