. MESSAGE.

the Frontier

ands.

ner, George L. Edloucester, were wrecked Point during the night lives were lost.

Bulgarian Army.

ot. 21.—The Sofia cor- the Times says the de- Bulgarian Government mobilize the army, is approved. It is urged ops will be exclusively ose the frontier against insurgent bands, and was resorted to in e dictates of the great decision, therefore, end Turkey's suscepti- estimated that eight ers are preparing to redonia, or already as- e frontier districts of Dubnitza.

Annual Message.

, Sept. 21.—President semi-annual message t the opening session e total fiscal income fiscal year amounted The efforts made by t towards bringing nternational under- silver have met with rdial response in the and Europe. t expressed the opin- eneral construction of d prove detrimentally c.

OUGH.

ROWNED.

. Benedict's

ay, L. I., scores of ecked. Most of them their anchorage and es on shore, but a e caught while sail- and those aboard apes. The entire fleet Bay Yacht Club, com- n thirty boats, val- to $1,000, was de-

t New Rochelle, on nd, are strewn with yachts, and it is es- ot less than $500,- l be done those ves-

der Reliance is re- been somewhat in- eing rammed by a ch broke loose from t drifted on the Re- The racer was being inter quarters, and partially up on the lates were loosened, was not serious.

Swimming Ashore.

Sept. 21— Howard d 25 years, was e mouth of Salem he storm yesterday. his uncle in an open th of the creek, where o clean the lamps se. The storm blew t, and Nicholson, in swim ashore, was

of the Storm.

t. 21.— — Theodore ull was fractured by oof was blown by the stables at Aqueduct esterday's storm, is tal. While a freight ong Island Railway ween Mineola and oof of a box car was the gale, with two g to it. The roof st a hundred feet here it collapsed by Both men were fat-

VES FOR MEN.

t Summer Style and ges of Their Own.

oves are the latest d they seem likely ular fashion, after for two or three cognition.

es are a novelty to ld difficult to get the arival of the d the persistent ef- three determined loves have won a

pensive, as they d are not affected the same extent e pair may read- or three times

e feature of these se persons will be are buttoned, about the wrists ashion with other the past two gloves are heavy ecording to the s, who agree that better.

re Better.

1.—A Bisley con- to the Times on ffle, says it was ng-Jorgensen has an the .303, whe- or Lee-Metford, se it has better s won the Palma

,000,000 is expre- ly fictitious cap- al combinations within six years

Japan tea will soon be a thing of the past. Machine-made Ceylon is fast displacing it. Blue Ribbon is the best.

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFIDY

The blind man covered his face with his hands. It was evident that a fearful struggle was going on within his mind. Gerald waited, watching him with burning anxiety. At last Luigi spoke.

"I can say nothing!" he said hoarsely. "Nothing! Do you hear? Nothing!"

"Good!" exclaimed Gerald grimly. "Then—well, I can only say that I can do nothing, nothing! No man can save him!"

Luigi shook and trembled.

"I have not one point to bring in his favor! The fact that he was out there—by that bridge at the time of the murder, the wet coat, the spots of blood, the dagger found in his pocket, all go to prove him guilty, and I—I have nothing to set against it. If he is guilty——"

Luigi sprang to his feet and turned his sightless eyes upon him.

"He guilty! Nairne stab a man in the dark!" he began with almost furious indignation, than he sank on to the seat again, and his head drooped.

Gerald watched him.

"So," he said, "you think him innocent. Then—listen to me, Luigi: Who is guilty? Who did it?"

Luigi shook his head.

"I will not speak, I will not say another word. Like him, I must be silent. Like him—ah!—" he stopped and listened—"What is that?" he stopped and listened— "What is that?" he demanded in a whisper.

"What is what?" said Gerald, who had heard nothing.

"Some one is coming," replied Luigi. "A woman, I can hear the rustle of her dress!"

"Coming here?" said Gerald.

"Yes, here!" replied Luigi, and he rose.

Gerald took his arm and drew him behind the shrubbery.

"It is one of the servants," said Luigi in a low voice." There is no one else."

"Keep quiet," whispered Gerald, and still gripping Luigi's arm he leaned forward and looked through the hedge.

The footsteps came nearer and more distinctly, and presently Gerald saw a slight, girlish figure coming down the path. She was walking quickly, and yet as it seemed to him, cautiously.

Luigi felt for his hand and held it.

"It is a woman!" he whispered.

"Hush!" said Gerald warningly.

The slight figure came abreast of them, stopped for a moment, and looked round cautiously, and Gerald saw her face distinctly.

It was a pale, thin face surmounted by a thick coil of red-gold hair. He had not time to notice more, for, as if reassured, she went past them with a light, quick step, in the direction of the bridge.

Gerald felt that Luigi was trembling violently.

"Who—what is she?" he whispered. "No one comes here; they are all afraid!"

Gerald motioned him to silence, and watched.

Fanny, for it was she, crossed to the middle of the bridge, and, leaning on the low rail, looked down at the stream. He could not see her face for a moment, but presently she shifted her position, and then he saw that the face was deathly white and wore an expression which he found difficult to describe to himself.

She remained looking down at the stream for full a minute, then she moved to the other side of the bridge and leaned against the rail, her head bowed as if in deep thought. Then he saw her fling her hands before her eyes as if to shut out some vision from her sight. She stood in this attitude for a moment, apparently overwhelmed and absorbed, then she crossed to the other side again and looked down at the stream, and, as it seemed to Gerald, on the very spot on which Charles Sherwin had been found.

Still, by his touch, exhorting Luigi to silence, he waited, and presently Fanny turned away from her contemplation of the stream, slowly and reluctantly as it seemed to Gerald, and retracing her steps came toward them.

He waited, still holding Luigi, until she had nearly reached their hiding place, then stepped out.

She started, and stopped short, but uttered no cry, and stood looking at him with her sharp eyes, which seemed to have grown larger.

"Good afternoon, Miss Inchley," Gerald said gravely.

She made him a bow that was half a curtesy.

"Good-afternoon, sir," she responded meekly and sadly, the light lashes covering her eyes.

"So you are not afraid of the bridge, Miss Inchley?" he remarked.

"Miss Inchley is far too sensible," broke in a voice. It was not that of Luigi. but Saunders.

Gerald started, for he had not seen the detective approach, and had no suspicion of his proximity; but Fanny Inchley expressed no surprise. She stood, her hands meekly folded, her head slightly bent.

"I came to get some flowers for Lady Scott," she said. "She prefers wild flowers."

"And very pretty they are," said Saunders, in a dry, matter-of-fact voice, and looking at Gerald and not at Fanny. "I never saw so many wild flowers as there are in these woods. I suppose you call them woods, miss?"

"We call it the park," replied Fanny, half lifting her white lids.

"The park? Yes. Well, Mr. Locke, the marquis is committed."

Gerald nodded, and Fanny, with another half-bow, half-courtesy, was moving away; but Saunders, taking her into the conversation with a look, said quickly:

"You've got a hard case, Mr. Locke; I don't envy you."

"No? Well, I don't know that I am to be envied" said Gerald.

"No," said Saunders, gravely. "The evidence is dead against you. You'll find it hard to rebut it. I'm sorry—and I'm sure Miss Inchley here is sorry, now, aren't you?"

"I know nothing about it," she said, slowly and impassively. "I was in bed at the time."

"Why, come, come," said Saunders, with a laugh. "Whoever would dream of suggesting that you did know anything about it! I asked if you weren't sorry for the marquis?"

She raised her eyes to his face slowly.

"Yes, I am very sorry for him," she said, as if guarding the very tone of her voice as well as her words. "It seems too dreadful to be true. But clever men like you, Mr. Saunders, never make a mistake, do you?"

Saunders half shut his eyes, and swayed his stick to and fro like a pendulum.

"Oh, we do, sometimes," he said, apologetically. "The folks who commit murder, and forgery, and that kind of thing, are not all fools. They are sometimes a good deal cleverer than we are. You see, their danger makes them sharp. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, isn't it, Mr. Locke? But it's rather singular that with all their sharpness they generally leave a chink in their armor through which we can get at 'em. They nearly always do something, or leave something undone, that puts us on the scent and helps us to run them down."

"Yes," said Gerald.

"Not that I mean to say the marquis used much caution. I shouldn't have kept that dagger in my pocket, now, should you, Miss Inchley?"

She looked at him with an air of sad reflection.

"I don't know," she said, impassively. "I don't like to think about it."

"No, no," murmured Saunders, sympathetically. "Of course you don't; very natural!"

She looked up at him again, not quickly, but with a faint expression of surprise.

"I mean that it's not the kind of thing a lady likes to think of. I'm not over fond of a murder case myself; it's unpleasant, and if it weren't for the satisfaction of dropping on the right person and getting him hard and fast, why, it would be more unpleasant even than it is. Did you ever hear how I nabbed that gentleman who set fire to his house, Mr. Locke?"

Gerald shook his head.

"Well, now, there was a clever man," said Saunders, cheerfully. "Really clever, Miss Inchley. He had a splendid collection of pictures and curios, old masters, and all sorts of things, and he'd them insured for a big amount. Then he got into difficulties; he was a stockbroker, and they do have runs of bad luck sometimes, you know. Well, one night his house up West caught fire. Burnt clean out; So clean that the insurance people got suspicious. They had an idea—it was the right one, as it proved—that he had removed the most valuable of the things, and then set fire to the house for the sake of raising the money. They sent for me. It all seemed straight enough. The fireman who was first on the scene found the gentleman in bed, or just slipping on his things. His wife and children were at the seaside, but there were servants in the house, of course, and he seemed more anxious about them, for a time, than even his valuable collection. No lives were lost, and the insurance company would have had to pay if I hadn't chanced to ask a question of the fireman who saw the gentleman slipping on his things. I asked him what he had managed to get on.

"'Oh, his trousers and a shirt, and a waistcoat,' he said.

"'What had he got on his feet?' I asked.

"The man thought a moment.

"'Well,' he replied, 'now I come to think of it, he'd got his boots on.'

"'Lace or spring sides?'

"'Lace,' said the man, 'I noticed 'em as I was helping him down the escape, and they were laced up tight, too!'

"That was enough for me! A man doesn't stop to lace up his boots when the flames and the smoke are all around him. It was the only mistake he'd made; going to bed in his boots, and carefully laced; but it set me on the track, and I worked it out all right. He's doing his seven years now."

"That was very sharp of you," said Gerald, absently.

Luigi remained silent, and apparently uninterested.

"I don't know. I only told you the story to show you how little a thing will help us. Going, Miss Inchley?" for Fanny had moved away. "Aren't you going to get those wild flowers?"

"Wild flowers? Oh, yes," said she quietly. "They are in the park farther on. Good morning, Mr. Locke; I hope you will be able to save the poor marquis."

Saunders looked after her admiringly.

"Nice young lady, Miss Fanny!" he said, approvingly. "Her aunt ought to be very proud of her, for she's quite the lady. Well, I must be getting on. Nothing you want to say to me, Mr. Locke, I suppose?" and he looked at Gerald's anxious, thoughtful face keenly.

Gerald shook his head.

"No," he said.

Saunders touched his hat, glanced at Luigi, still seated bent and motionless, and strolled on.

Gerald looked after him for a moment or two, wondering what fascination could have drawn Fanny Inchley to the bridge; then he said:

"I'll take you home, Luigi. I'm going back to the rectory."

Luigi started slightly and raised his head.

"Will you lend me your handkerchief?" he said in a low voice. "I have torn my hand with the brambles while we were hiding in the bush. I have left my handkerchief at home."

"Those thorns are like needles," said Gerald, giving him the handkerchief; "May tore a great rent in her frock one night."

Luigi took the handkerchief, and held it a moment as if he were thinking intently, and had forgotten his scratched hand.

"Let me wind it round for you," said Gerald.

"No, no!" responded Luigi, and he whipped it round his wrist. "I am ready now," he said in a low voice.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The good folks at the Hotel Pension, on the side of the beautiful lake, did not know which to pity most, the young girl lying sick unto death, or the white-haired father who at times seemed well-nigh distracted by his daughter's peril, and at others sunk into a despairing lethargy.

If sympathy could have restored Elaine to health she would have been well very quickly. There was not one who did not pity and admire her, from the German landlord, who seemed to have nothing to do but smoke a long pipe with a china bowl, to the little Swiss chambermaid, who, with moist eyes, hovered about the sick-room door in the chance of hearing good news from the grave-faced doctor, who spent nearly all his time beside the fever-stricken girl.

It was not only her loveliness but her native modesty and sweetness which had won all hearts, and a gloom settled down upon the table d'hote as they glanced now and again toward the sick-room and talked of her in subdued voices.

"I don't think she has spoken twenty words to me," said the colonel, sadly; "and yet I feel as if it were my own daughter—she's a bonny woman, and a wife and mother, thank God!—and I used to look forward to the smile with which she always acknowledged my bow when she came to take her place at the table or I met her in the garden."

"It's consumption, I suppose?" remarked the lady next him, a Polish countess, who spoke English and half a dozen other languages as well as she did her own tongue. "It is the curse of England! When I was there last year I saw so many lovely girls with cream-like complexions and that fatal dash of red in their cheeks. It is a grand country, your iron-bound island, colonel, but its climate!" and she shrugged her shoulders.

"It's not consumption the poor young creature has got," he responded, rather testily. "The doctor says her chest is as strong as—as mine. Something has gone wrong—there has been some trouble."

"Ah, yes!" said the countess, sympathetically. "They say women of the present day have no hearts, that they are all callous and unfeeling."

"I never said so, for one, countess," he muttered.

"But it is not so. They learn to hide it better than their grandmothers did, but their hearts are beating warm enough in their bosoms. This poor girl, the major's daughter, has had an affaire de coeur, is it not?"

"I don't know, ma'am," replied the old colonel. "The major has not confided in me, it is only what I gather from hearsay. I can only say that if any scoundrel has been playing fast and loose with that sweet young creature—well, I should like to have him within reach of my arm! Her's is the last woman's heart he would break!"

"I fear for the poor old major, her father," said the countess with a sigh. "Sometimes he seems almost demented, and one is afraid to speak to him to ask him how she is! And he was so—so debonnaire, so sprightly at times. Ah, here is the doctor," she broke off as he passed the open window, and she ran and called to him. "What news of our sweet patient, doctor?"

He paused, looking at his gloves as he pulled them on, and avoiding her eyes after the fashion of doctors.

"No good news as yet, I'm sorry, to say, madam," he responded gravely. "Miss Delaine, is still unconscious and very weak. There is very, little change, if any."

And day after day that was the bulletin. Day after day the major sat beside the bed, the wreck of his former self, the shadow and ghost of the dapper, light-hearted major who had fronted the world so cheerfully and bravely, but to succumb to this terrible and least expected of calamities.

He sat for hours looking at the thin, wasted face, now white as marble, and now flushed with the burning crimson of fever; sat for hours holding her hand as the parched lips moved restlessly, and the strained voice rambled over old times in the wild, purposeless talk of delirium. And then worn out and exhausted, she fell into silence, the major would draw a newspaper from his pocket, the newspaper he had found lying beside her, and read with fresh horror in his eyes every time the account of the murder in the Castle park.

What should he do? He asked himself this question hourly. He almost dreaded Elaine's return to consciousness for the words she had shrieked before she became delirious were always ringing in his ears. Would she insist upon going back to England, would she insist upon being present at the trial, in mixing herself up with this awful tragedy?

That the marquis was guilty the major felt convinced. The evidence—and he read the London papers each day with feverish terror, read all the details, the surmises, the comments and gossip about the case—seemed to him as convincing as it appeared to every one else.

And it was now dawning into his mind that he could supply the motive. No doubt the marquis had heard of Captain Sherwin's proposal to Elaine; the two men had met, quarreled—about her—and—and——! Yes, there seemed no chance of his innocence! And Elaine's name would be connected with the case! His would too—the name of Delaine! The shame of it would kill him!

Yes, at times he felt himself almost wishing that she might never come back to the consciousness and knowledge of the misery that awaited her.

Sometimes as he sat looking at her, or reading the accounts in the papers, he asked himself whether he ought not to communicate with the marquis, with the police. Every day he expected, dreaded, to see Elaine's name—his own— mentioned in the accounts in the newspapers; and it puzzled him that the name was not mentioned. She seemed to have been completely forgotten —she who, as he felt, was the cause of the trouble! If his hair had not been white already the days and nights spent beside Elaine, with the newspapers hidden in his pocket or held in his hand ready to be thrust out of sight at the entrance of the nurse, would have blanched it.

(To be Continued.)

SLEEPLESS BABIES.

When a little one is sleepless and cross it is the surest sign in the world that it is suffering from some derangement of the stomach and bowels—the seat of nine-tenths of all baby ailments. In cases of this kind Baby's Own Tablets act like magic. They sweeten the sour little stomach, relax the distended little bowels, cool the parched, fevered mouth, and bring natural, health-giving sleep. An experienced mother, Mrs. Ed. Godin, Griffith, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for many ailments peculiar to babyhood, such as fevers, indigestion, diarrhoea, etc., and I have found them the most effective medicine I have ever tried. I can only add I would not be without them in the house, so much do I think of them."

Other mothers who wish health for their little ones cannot do better than follow Mrs. Godin's example. You can get the Tablets from all medicine dealers or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Editor Turns.

The youthful author pocketed his rejected verses, but he could not swallow the editor's criticism.

"Sir," said he, not without dignity, "a poet is born, not made."

"Young man," returned the editor, blandly, "it won't help your case to try to shift the blame on to your parents."

As James Russell Lowell said: "There's a deal of solid kicking in the meekest-looking mule."—Youth's Companion.

SKIN DISEASES

Invariably Due to Poor and Watery Blood

Pimples, Blotches, Boils and Ugly Rashes Easily Cleared From the Blood.

(From the Advocate, Exeter, Ont.)

All diseases of the skin and complexion are caused by bad blood. Paleness and pimples, blotches and boils, ugly rashes and open sores, itching eczema and burning erysipelas—all these blemishes come from bad blood. A bad skin is a sure sign of bad blood — thin blood, watery blood, blood poisoned with impurities. You can't have a healthy, clear skin till you make your blood pure and rich with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are a sure and speedy cure for all skin diseases, for agonizing eczema of bothersome little pimples—for a bad complexion or ugly open ulcers. No claim is ever made for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not backed by the most positive proof, and in this connection we offer the testimonial of Mrs. Nicholas McAvoy, a life-long, much esteemed resident of Exter, Ont. To a reporter of the Advocate Mrs. McAvoy said: "Some years ago I was taken with a slight itching under one of my arms. I gave it little attention at first thinking it would pass away, but in this I was mistaken, for as time went on it became worse and soon developed into an aggravated case of eczema, causing a great deal of pain, irritation and suffering. In fact I was compelled to endure tortures. I consulted a doctor and took his medicine for several months, but the trouble did not leave, neither did it get any better. In fact it took a train for the worse and developed into scrofula. As the doctor's medicine did not help me I tried several advertised medicines, but with no better results. Finally a lady friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The effect was almost magical. In a few weeks there was a decided change for the better, and as time went on the trouble gradually left and to-day I am entirely free from it. I owe my complete recovery—if not my life—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a fact I wish to put on record that others may benefit as I have done."

There is absolutely no disease due to poor blood—and most diseases are due to this trouble—that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure. You can get these pills from any druggist or they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember that substitutes cannot possibly cure.

THE APPLE CROP.

Expert Advice as to How to Handle the Fruit.

HOW TO SELL, PICK, GRADE, ETC.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch,
Ottawa, Sept., 1903.

Some timely and valuable advice on the selling, picking and grading of apples is given by Mr. W. A. MacKinnon, Chief of the Fruit Division, Ottawa. Everyone interested in the growing and marketing of apples should write for a copy of Mr. McKinnon's bulletin on the "Export Apple Trade."

Selling the Crop.—When the grower is not also an exporter he may sell the apples in one or two ways, either at so much per barrel or at a lump sum for the entire orchard. As buyers often make their contracts long before picking time, either method involves consideration of the probable market price during fall and winter, which will be regulated by the total supply and demand, influenced, too, by changes in the quality of the crop. When to this uncertainty we add the difficulty of estimating months in advance the total yield of an orchard, subject to all changes of weather, to drought, hail, and wind storms, the unbusiness-like character of bargaining "by the lump" is apparent. Whichever party gains an undue advantage, the trade suffers from this, as from any other kind of gambling. The system was strongly condemned by the National Apple Shippers' Association, and our Canadian buyers describe it as an unmixed evil. Surely no more need be said to induce both buyers and sellers to abandon such guesswork, and to buy and sell by fixed standards of measure.

Picking.—All apples should be carefully picked by hand, with the stems on and without breaking the skins or bruising the fruit in any way.

As a general rule it is advisable for growers to harvest and pack their own fruit, whether they eventually sell it on the premises or ship to foreign markets. In either case it is a great advantage to the seller to know exactly the quality and variety of the fruit in every package. It is a still greater advantage to have each variety picked at just the proper time. No wholesale buyer is able to have his men arrive at each orchard just when the apples in it are ready. The result is that every season a great many orchards throughout Canada are picked either too late or too early. Fruit picked too early may keep, but is apt to become tough and tasteless; if picked too late it will not keep, as the process of decay has already begun.

Time to Pick.—Tender varieties should not be allowed to ripen on the trees, or they will not carry well. Certain others, sometimes styled "winter varieties," such as the Baldwin and Spy, will gain in color and flavor if left on the trees as long as the frost will allow, besides being less liable to spot and mould during storage. It will pay the farmer well to pick his own fruit and see that this first step in marketing entails no needless waste.

Moreover, all varieties of apples are not ready for picking at the same time, even if destined for the same market; and some early varieties should have more than one picking to get all the fruit at the proper stage of maturity. Only the grower is in a position to watch his orchard and harvest the crop to the best advantage, and it is the grower who loses when he entrusts his task to another, for buyers are certain to allow for shrinkage from this cause. Another loss to the grower arises from carelessness of hired help, who often injure trees by breaking limbs and fruit spurs.

Removal of "Drops."—Before any fruit is taken from the trees, every apple, good, bad and indifferent, should be cleared off the ground and carried away, to be used for feeding stock, or for any other purpose for which they may be fit, but not for export. Similarly, apples which drop during the picking process should be kept by themselves. We must give the fruit a fair chance from the start; wormy, rotten or otherwise diseased apples spread contagion, and bruised or defective fruit will not pay for labor, heavy freight charges and commission.

Ladders and Baskets.—Step ladders may be used for getting at the lower limbs, and long point-top ladders for the upper branches; the baskets should be small enough to turn easily inside a barrel, and so shaped as to allow the apples to be turned out with a gentle, sliding motion. In picking care should be taken to avoid breaking off the fruit spurs, which contain the promise of next year's crop.

Grading.—Grading always pays, whether the crop be light or heavy. When the wormy, bruised, misshapen and spotted apples have been removed, the following qualities should be apparent in the higher grades: 1. Uniformity in size. 2. Uniformity in color. 3. Freedom from defects.

Two grades will usually be found sufficient for export, and both of these should be practically free from insect or other injuries, the second being inferior to the first only in point of size and color. All the apples in one grade cannot be uniform in size, but the apples in a single package should be so, for the fruit will be viewed and sold by the package.

It may well happen that a third grade, exclusive of culls, will be found to consist of fair, marketable fruit, which the grower feels disposed to export; but this grade, lacking any special features of excellence and showing a greater percentage of waste, often eats into the profit earned by the finer fruit, besides reducing the general reputation of the shipper's brand. Much better average results are likely to be obtain in local markets or from evaporators.

The merits of mechanical graders placed on the market from time to time, should be carefully investigated by all whose shipments are large. A really good and rapid grader will effect a great saving in time and money and produce a wonderful difference in the appearance of the fruit when each size is placed in packages by itself.

The expert women who grade French fruit for market, perform the operation without mechanical aid. A few days' practice with measuring rings is sufficient to train the eye so that fruit is accurately graded within a quarter of an inch. Many who are attempting to grade by hand will find that the use of a piece of shingle or other light wood, in which holes are cut measuring two and a quarter, two and three-quarters, three and three and a half inches respectively, will be of great assistance in this work. By testing an apple now and again the packer will soon become expert in determining the size, without the use of the testing board. Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

On Him.

A young man in his shirt sleeves and a straw hat was observed, one of the hottest afternoons this week, wheeling a baby carriage backward and forward in front of one of the small houses in the vicinity of Fairmount Park. He appeared hot, but happy.

"My dear," came a voice from one of the upper windows of the house.

"Let me alone, can't you?" he called back, and went on wheeling and mopping his face.

An hour later the same voice came from the window in earnest and pleading tones, "George, dear!"

"Well, what on earth do you want?" he asked. "Have the water pipes burst?"

"No, George, dear, but you have been wheeling Anna's doll all the afternoon; is it not time for baby to have a turn?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Chewing the Rag."

"Chewing the rag" is an Irish form of expression never heard by the writer out of Ireland. Like "How well," it leaves room for wide application. When Oliver Cromwell issued "A declaration of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People," given at Youghal, January, 1649, he said in that remarkable document—which Carlyle describes as "one of the remarkablest State papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow, or even since St. Patrick"—"I will give you some wormwood to bite on." So it is with "chewing the rag." It is the giving of something disagreeable to bite on; the launching of some topic for public discussion and consumption of an unpleasant nature. As a rule, Irishmen are kept by their political and other leaders "chewing the rag" "ever and always," as the Irish phrase is,—i.e., kept "chewing the rag" of some grievance, past and present. And there is an unconscious, and perhaps unsuspected, truth hidden in the saying, for many of these "rags" are rags pure and simple.—London Spectator.

A Case of Eczema No Pen Describes

After Three Years of Terrible Suffering Little Mary Millar was Permanently Cured by

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Many of the cures brought about by Dr. Chase's Ointment are so much like miracles that people can scarcely believe them. When Baby Millar became a victim of eczema her parents did everything that could be done to get her cured. Three doctors tried all the means in their power, but without success, and then all sorts of remedies were the vain hope that something would bring relief from the disease that seemed to be burning up the living flesh.

It was not until Dr. Chase's Ointment was used that relief and cure came. The case is certified to by a prominent Sunday School superintendent of St. Catharines.

Mrs. Wm. Millar, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "My daughter, Mary, when six months old, contracted eczema, and for three years this disease baffled all treatment. Her case was one of the worst that ever came to my notice, and she suffered what no pen can ever describe. I had her treated by three different doctors, but all to no purpose whatever, and all sorts of balms, soaps and lotions were tried with no beneficial results.

"Finally I decided to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and to my surprise she began to improve immediately, and after regular treatment for a time, the disease of so long-standing completely disappeared. As that was four years ago, and not a symptom of this distressing ailment has ever shown itself since, the cure must certainly be a permanent one. At the time of this cure we were living in Cornwall, Ont., and the doctors there feared that if she was not cured of eczema she would go into a decline."

Mr. S. Richardson, jun., Superintendent Christ's Church Sunday School, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "I am acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Millar, and believe they would not make any statement knowing it to be in any way misleading or untrue."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portarit and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO