COSTS $50,000.

of Firing Warships
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URDER.

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Violet's Lover

The golden head dropped before him. She was ashamed of the words she had to speak.

"No, it would not content me," she replied. "You deem me better, wiser, and nobler than I am. There are hundreds of good and noble women in the world who ask only for love and are content with it. Seek one of those, Felix; they are worthier than I."

"Hush!" he cried again. "Do not say such words; many a man has taken the life of the woman he loved for less than that."

She shrunk back from him with a pale, scared face; he smiled one of the saddest, bitterest smiles she had ever seen on a human face.

"Have no fear, Violet; I spoke without reflection. You can not think I meant to threaten you—you, every hair of whose head is dearer to me than my own life. Love would not content you, Violet?"

"No. I may as well tell you the truth. I was ignorant of many things when I promised to marry you. I did not know what riches meant—what luxury or magnificence was—what luxury or pleasure comprised."

And you know now?" he said when she paused.

"Yes, I know now, and I can not do without them. I would rather have had love with them; as I can not have both, I choose them. You can not call it a great sin, Felix, to change my mind when I did not know what my mind was."

"Violet," he said, gravely, "do you know what even the world says of a woman who deliberately jilts her lover?"

"No," she replied.

"It says some hard things. It says that the woman who could be false to her plighted lover would be false to her husband and to heaven; it says that such a woman brands herself 'liar' before the whole world—that she loses the claim to rank with women of honor. That is what the world is. Do you know what a higher Power than the world says?"

"No," she answered him, again.

"That lying lips are an abomination. Whose lips lie so cruelly, so falsely, as the lips of a woman who breaks her plighted word and oath of fidelity—who lures a man on to love her with sweet words and sweet smiles—who promises to love him forever, and then turns round and says she loves wealth better? Where will you get this coveted wealth, Violet, even if you persist in refusing to keep your word to me?"

But she did not answer him; there were limits to what she dare do, and she dared not tell him that she was going to marry Sir Owen.

"You are very hard on me, Felix," she said.

"Nay, I am but telling you the truth—the solemn, unvarnished truth. If you do give me up and marry even a title, never dream that you will have the respect or the esteem of your fellow-creatures; you would be always spoken of as the woman who jilted her true lover to marry a wealthier man."

But, in the pride of her youth and her beauty, in the pride of the future that seemed so brilliant to her she would not believe that; she did not believe it; although she did not say so to him.

"Listen again, Violet," he continued, in the same grave, dispassionate voice. "You seem to think it a mere matter of changing your mind. Look at it now from my point of view—forget yourself for one minute and think of me. I have loved you all my life—ah, my darling, you will never know how dearly nor how well. You are my life itself; my heart and love and soul are centered in you, my hopes have grown round you. I have always thought of you as my wife—as the chosen companion of my life. Ah, my darling, if I stood here till the sun shone again, I could not tell you how I love you. I have never thought of life without you—never. I could as soon live without air, without food, as without my hope of you—my love of you. My life will end when you leave me. Think of my claim, Violet. You promised me, and I have lived on your promise. What is to become of me if you change your mind?"

"You will forget me soon, Felix," she said, gently.

"Yes, dear, when the sun ceases to shine, when the tide neither ebbs nor flows, when flowers cease to bloom and birds to sing, but not until then, Violet—not until then, my sweet." His voice took its old sweetness, his face its old light, as he drew nearer to her. "My darling," he said, "it was not your real self that was speaking. Your parents have persuaded you. They have told you that I cannot give you a home suited to you; but I can, my darling—I can. Only trust me. It is a strange dream, this—a dream that will soon pass. They have persuaded you to say what you did. It was not my Violet who spoke, from whose heart those worldly thoughts and worldly sayings came. They have persuaded you, and talked to you, until your thoughts and ideas are all confused. Violet, sweet, forget all they have advised, forget this wretched interview. You can not mean what you have said. Nothing so beautiful could be so false; nothing so fair could be so cruel. Let us forget it, my darling. I forgive it all, for I know it has been taught to you. Violet, let us bury the past wretched weeks. Let us begin over again—you with renewed faith in me, I with my old love and old faith in you—faith and love which have never varied, and never will. Will you listen to me, Violet?"

"I can not!" she cried, and he felt the shudder that passed over her frame—"I can not, Felix!"

"Have you ceased to love me, Violet?" he asked, quietly.

"No!" she cried. "Oh, do forgive me, Felix! I wish I had."

"You still care for me?" he asked.

It seemed some relief to her to cry out that she did care for him—to lay her head on his breast, and moan that she wished she were dead. His whole face brightened and changed as he heard the words.

"You still care for me my darling," he said, gently. "Why, then, Violet, matters must come right in the end. This dark hour will pass, and happiness will dawn upon us."

So they lay sobbing near the noble heart she was breaking, while the wind wailed round them with a strange, mournful sound.

Violet was the first to speak. She raised her lovely face, all wet with tears.

"You do not understand, Felix," she said, quietly. "I do love you—that makes my cowardice all the greater. I love you, but I can never marry you, because you cannot give me that which my soul loves best."

"But what if I do give it to you, Violet—what then?" he asked.

"You cannot; you must work hard all your life, even for the moderate means that you will have. Do not talk any more about it. Felix, my resolution is fixed, as are the stars in heaven; nothing can alter it, nothing can change it. We have made a mistake."

And for the first time during that interview it dawned across him that it was no girlish caprice he had to contend with, no idle whim, but the settled resolve of a woman in whose heart love took a secondary place.

Looking at her exquisite face, he asked himself, what if all this time he had been mistaken—if he had given this beautiful woman credit for a noble soul and a tender heart, while she had neither? Such things had been; men had made even greater mistaeks than that. What if she were worldly and selfish, false and pleasure-loving, even to the core of her heart? Could any one so fair be so false? Could an ignoble soul live in a beautiful body? He looked at her; her most fair and lovely face was all stained with tears. Was such a contradiction possible as that she should wilfully give him up, yet weep because she had lost him—that she should separate herself from him, refuse to marry him, yet weep because he was lost to her? He did not turn, as some men would have done, and ask himself, "Who shall understand a woman?" He tried patiently to understand her.

"Violet, you puzzle me," he said. "Let me understand; you love me, you say?"

She sobbed out that she could not help it.

"You love me, yet you willfully break your promise to marry me. You send me away of your own free will, not because you do not love me, but because I have not money enough. Is that it, Violet?"

She did not deny it it; it was the exact truth. He continued:

"You love me, and I am what you call poor. You send me away, and a richer man comes. You will marry him for his money, while you love me. Violet Hayne, do you know what the law of God calls such a sin? Do you think your weak subterfuge of calling this crime of your 'changing your mind' will hold good when you are judged for your actions and the just award is given to you? What is murder, Violet Haye? If that white hand of yours had thrust a sword into my heart you would have slain me less cruelly than you have killed me now."

He put her from him with a bitter cry—a cry that haunted her for long years.

"You have slain the best part of me; you have slain my love, my hope, and before the great Judge I shall accuse you of my murder, Violet Haye—I shall ask for the hope, the love, the life you have taken. I shall point to you, and I shall cry out that you slew me, because you loved the gold I could not give you. Before Heaven, you have slain me!"

Felix's despair frightened her; she drew nearer to him, and tried to soothe him, but he would not let her hands touch him.

"You are not worth a man's thought; you are not worth a man's love," he cried; "you, who have slain the truest of love! Do not touch me. It is such women as you who lure men on to death—who take a man's heart and crush it like a rose leaf. No, do not touch me, Violet," for she clung to him, weeping, and crying out that he was too hard upon her—too hard.

"No, I am not hard," he said. "To my mind there is but one kind of love, and the soul of it is truth. I do not understand such love as yours. Oh, Violet, let me once more appeal to and warn you! Dear, you are all wrong, all wrong, and you will find it out too late. Believe me, Heaven has so made woman that to her the chief good is love—to her love is religion and life. Are you of a different nature that you can dispense with love?"

"It would not have made me happy," she answered, in a low voice.

"So you think, dear, in the pride of youth and beauty; but, believe me, though you may win the wealth you prize so highly, the time will come when you will be ready to surrender it all for love and you shall not find it. Remember my words: you will long for the love you now throw away—you will live to curse your own folly in giving up the substance for the shadow."

Her tears fell while she listened silently to words that haunted her forever. His voice softened as he went on.

"You will not be young and beautiful always, Violet. The time must come when your hair will have lost its golden sheen and your eyes their light. What will wealth do for you then? If sickness comes to you, will all the wealth of the whole world purchase you the tender touch of a loving hand or the tender words of a loving voice? You will lie, my darling, through long hours of pain thinking of me, longing for me, wondering how you could have been so mad as to send me from you, crying out my name, until you remember that to love me is a crime, and that in my place you have the wealth you have chosen. Think of the long days when you will miss me. Ah, Violet, mind, lest in breaking my heart you break your own! I warn you that you cannot live without love. Heed my warning before it is too late."

She made no answer. He continued:

"I can see further into the future than you, Violet, and with clearer eyes. I prophesy to you that the time will come when you will repent of what you are doing now, and be willing to give your whole soul to undo it. Will you heed my warning?"

Her heart went out to him in love and pity; but there was the picture before her of Garswood—the thought of the diamonds—of herself as Lady Chevenix.

"I cannot," she said.

He stood quite still for a few moments.

"You forsake me, then, for a rich lover—you give up my love for gold? Say in plain words that you do so; do not let there be a chance of mistake, Violet—do not let any false halo linger round your memory in the years to come. You give me up because I have not money enough?"

"Yes," she replied; but the word came slowly and with great reluctance.

"I shall not regret you, Violet; you are not worth regret!" he said.

But she cried out:

"Do not be so hard, Felix; I—I am weaker than a woman."

"Your are indeed," he said, gravely. "Some women's weakness is half divine; yours is—well, I will give it no name; I know none that describes anything one half so false."

"You are very hard, Felix."

He laughed aloud, and pleasure-loving Violet Haye wished never to hear such another laugh.

"I have no place here now, Violet. I will say farewell. My dear love, my lost love, farewell! Lay your sweet cruel hands in mine once again—let me look into your sweet false face once more. Farewell, little white hands—you will caress me and stab me no more. Farewell, sweet eyes—you will look no more into mine. Farewell, golden head—you will never lie on my breast again—never again. Farewell! 'Beauty such as woman never wore,' heart more false, love most cruel—farewell!"

His voice died away in a low wail, and the next moment he was gone, and she stood there weeping for that which she could never recall.

"How cruel fate is," she said. "I love Felix. Why could Felix not have Sir Owen's fortune? I almost wish that I had never seen Sir Owen. I did not think that I should care about Felix so much."

It was something new to the spoiled, petted beauty to feel pain—to weep without being comforted. She was unjust enough to think that Felix should have stayed to comfort her—should not have left her so wretched.

Then she realized that he faithful lover, so tender, so true and so brave, had passed out of her life, and would be nothing to her for all time. She was impatient with her own misery, her own sorrow.

"If the time were to come over again," she said, "I would not do it; I would marry Felix, let him be poor as he might."

But it was done; it was all over. She thought to herself that with such a lover she had managed well, for what he had said was true—many a man had taken a woman's life for less provocation.

Now she was free from all ties—free to marry Sir Owen—to enjoy wealth, fashion, diamonds, and everything else—free to become what Sir Owen promised her—the queen of the county, the queen of fashion—free to trample on Lady Rolfe and those who had sneered at her—free to go her own way.

As for what Felix had said about her being branded, what nonsense it was! Girls did the same thing every day, and were thought none the worse for so doing.

True, she remembered Mrs. Bardon, who had been engaged for three or four years to a young officer in the army, and who had jilted him—it was such an ugly word that—jilted him to marry a wealthy land-owner. Her husband afterward turned out to be one of the most miserly and disagreeable men living. Then, when she complained, people said it served her right; she should not have broken a good man's heart.

"But my story," thought lolVet Violet Haye, "is quite different from that. I look more like one born to be Lady Cheneix than born to be be the wife of a poor struggling lawyer."

She was not very angry with pretty Jennie, but she warned her that her interview with Mr. Lonsdale must be kept a secret. She believed that Felix had bribed the girl—not that the girl had told Felix.

It was just as well, she thought, that the interview had taken place; there must have been a scene some time or other. Now the matter was all settled, and she could go to London with a mind free from all anxiety. The grandeur awaiting her there must surely comfort her, for her heart ached for Felix—his burning, stinging words launted her.

Who should dare say that on that white brow of hers was branded "liar?" Felix would be dreadfully distressed when he heard of hre marriage. She knew that he would feel it most keenly; but then after a time he would forget her—no one would bear animosity against the young and charming Lady Chevenix. When she came back again she and When she came back again, she and Felix would be friends. She would make overtures of friendship to him, and he would not decline them; he had always been so found of her—poor Felix!

So she went away the next day to London, trying to forget the past and to think of the future. She did not care to remember that that morning found her pillow wet with tears, for she had been dreaming of Felix.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Felix Lonsdale had tried his best; he had done hard battle with his sorrow—the sorrow that had come to him while the summer moon was shining and the corn stood ripe in the fields. He had done hard, fierce, terrible battle with it. It stood there ever by his side; no one had detected it yet—its presence was a secret from every one except himself. It stood by the table, and made the sight of all food loathsome to him; it stood by his books and papers, and its dark shadow made them all illegible to him—he read no words save these, that Violet was false to him; it stood by his pillow and would not let him sleep; it came between him and the brightness of the earth—between him and the mercy of heaven. He was stunned, dazed, and bewildered by it; still he did brave battle with it. He looked at the invalid father, at the kindly mother, at the 'army' of little ones; there was work to do, and he must do it. The home must be kept up, business attended to; money must be made, the home must not be neglected. Indulgence in sorrow was not a luxury for him.

He hardened himself, he hardened his heart; he said that there was neither mercy nor kindness nor love in the world. He could not see the kindly look in Kate's tender eyes; he would not kiss the children's faces; when the Sabbath bells chimed he went miles away. Fate had been cruel to him; he would harden himself; he would be proud and stern cold and unbending; he would give back what he had received. So, hour by hour and day by day he hardened his heart, hardened his nature, and only heaven knew what he suffered.

Within a week after his farewell to Violet the handsome face had grown so haggard that it was hardly recognizable; the kindly eyes had a wild, weird expression, as though he were always suffering mortal pain; the ring had gone from his voice, from his laugh; he was an altered man. How he worked! He said to himself that work was the only thing which would keep him from going mad.

(To be Continued.)

CONSUMPTION CURABLE.

Good Blood Makes the Lungs Strong and Expels Disease.

The time to cure consumption is not after the lungs are hopelessly involved and the doctor has given you up. Consumption preys upon weakness. Strength is the only measure of Safety. Do not let the blood become thin and watery. That is an open invitation to disease to take possession of your system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic and strength builder known to medical science. The record of this medicine proves conclusively that taken when the symptoms of consumption develop, it builds up, strengthens and invigorates the patient to a point where the disease disappears. Here is a bit of positive proof. Miss Blanche Durand, St. Edmond, Que., says: "While out boating in September, 1901, I got my feet wet and took cold. I treated the cold in the usual way, but the cough seemed to cling to me. As several months passed by and I was not getting better, I went to a doctor in January, 1902, and he told me that my lungs were affected and I was in consumption. Returning home, a friend in whom I had much confidence, strongly urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking the pills and soon found they were helping me. The cough grew less severe; my appetite improved and my strength began to return. I continued taking the pills for about two months, when I found my health fully restored, and I have not since experienced any weakness. I am sure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

Such cases as these prove the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich red blood, and in this way cure all diseases due to bad blood and weak nerves. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TAKE NO RISKS IN JAPAN

nsurance Companies Can Do No Business Under ths New Law.

Following the example of Germany, the Japanese government within the last year issued regulations for the foreign life insurance companies having agencies in Japan that threaten to drive all but the largest concerns away. The emperor of Germany was so exacting in his demands that all the American companies withdrew, after many months of fruitless negotiations.

The Japanese government stopped short of the extreme point of the German contention, but the obligation to deposit a guaranty fund of 100,000 yens ($50,000) before beginning operations and, in the case of life insurance companies, to deposit a further sum equivalent to the annual reserve set aside by each company, for the benefit and protection of policyholders, has seemed onerous enough.

The German emperor did not propose to have the fatherland drained of money to profit the companies depositing and investing it in America and enriching the New York money market, wherefore the mailed fist fell permanently upon those great financial concerns and they left Germany.

The Japanese government observed many things while its hands were tied by the old treaties, and has been slow to reach out for the foreign insurance companies. It will let the alien concerns remain, but they they must virtually become Japanese companies and all the guaranty funds and investments are required to be put in Japanese bonds of specified issues.

Having had a free hand all along and alarge and increasing business, the foreign insurance agents strained every nerve since the government order was issued last June to have the terms modified in some way. The officials remaining obdurate, all the companies are preparing to close up their affairs there. Existing policies will be continued and premiums on them collected and settlements made at decrease, expiration, etc., but otherwise the American life insurance companies have no further business in Japan.—Kansas City Star.

Blobbs—He's not much of a chauffeur. Slobbs—No; I was out with him the other day, and he actually slows up at the street crossings.

CHEESE BOXES.

Strong and Well-Fitting Boxes Needed for the Trade.

Department of Agriculture,
Commissioner's Branch,

At the dairy conventions recently held, Mr. J. A. Ruddick, Chief of the Dairy Division, Ottawa, made a strong appeal for better cheese boxes. Boxes are, said he, necessary to protect the cheese from injury in transportation, to facilitate their handling, and to permit their being piles several tiers deep in a warehouse without being crushed out of shape. Without the boxes the cheese could not be delivered in Great Britain in a presentable condition. Now, if it desirable to have cheese in boxes at all, it is surely important that the box should be strong enough to reach its destination in a sound condition. A great many shipments of cheese are landed on the other side with twenty-five per cent. of the boxes broken. Indeed some reports from the inspectors show a larger percentage. This simply means that one quarter of the money paid for the boxes has been spent to no purpose. And that is not all, for the broken boxes in a shipment, while detracting from the actual value of the cheese which they once contained, make the whole lot less attractive to the purchaser.

What are the reasons for this unsatisfactory state of affairs? In the first place we have increased the weight of our cheese, and at the same time reduced the strength of the box by using thinner veneer and an inferior quality of elm. It is evident also that there are many box makers who have never properly learned their trade, as a large proportion of the boxes are only half put together.

The increasing cost and scarcity of elm, and the demands of cheese manufacturers for a cheap box, have induced the veneer cutters to reduce the thickness of the veneer, until much of that now offered for sale is entirely too flimsy for the purpose. It should never be cut less than full five to the inch. A great deal of it is six, or some even seven, to the inch.

Another fault in the veneer is that the log is often not boiled sufficiently to soften the wood; consequently the veneer knife shatters it while cutting, and gives it a tendency to split easily. Another result of insufficient boiling or steaming is that the salts of the wood are not extracted; consequently boxes made from such stock mould very readily.

"When I began buying boxes for the cool curing rooms," said Mr. Ruddick, "I insisted on getting heavy, selected veneers. The box-makers tried to persuade me to accept the thin veneer, some claiming that it would stand more rough usage than the thicker material. I have had to give two cents above the regular price for such boxes, but it paid to do so, for the reports on shipments from the curing rooms showed only one and two per cent. broken. Of course, these shipments were all carefully loaded into the cars, and not left standing four or five tiers high, to be thrown down and smashed by the first shunt. Hundreds of boxes are broken in that way. I believe there is almost enough wasted in trimming boxes, either in the cheese factory or at the warehouse, to make up this difference of two cents. Boxes are now worth at least one cent per inch in depth, and that part which is cut away is absolute waste."

If boxes are not thoroughly dry when put on the cheese, the growth of mould is started. This is particularly the case in cold weather, when the boxes dry slowly.

In aiming to have the cheese fit the boxes without trimming, it is well to remember that a box, which measures twelve inches deep when newly made, will shrink to eleven and a half inches as it dry out. The same box will expand again to nearly its original depth after it has been in a warehouse for a week or so, because its absorbs moisture from the cheese. In fitting dry boxes to the cheese, it is necessary, therefore, to have the cheese project at least one quarter of an inch above the edge of the box. One would think it hardly necessary to call attention to the importance of having the box of the proper diameter to fit the cheese snugly. No box will stand the handling that is not supported by the cheese on the inside. Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, publication clerk.

GREAT LAKE OF SIBERIA.

Where the Russian Troops Were Engulfed in Icy Waters.

The drowning of several hundred Russian soldiers in Lake Baikal, in Siberia, has been chronicled in the despatches, but the report is declared erroneous. The lake is from 20 to 60 miles wide and 500 to 600 miles long. It lies between 100 and 110 degrees east longitude and 50 and 56 degrees north latitude. Its area equals that of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario combined. Its depth is a mile in places. Lake Superior, the deepest of American lakes, is 1,030 feet deep.

There is a convict route around the lower portion of the lake, but lower portion of the lake, but the grades are so stupendous that the cost of a road over this route has been estimated to be over $250,000 a mile. Roads in the United States average about $10,000 a mile under difficulties. The route is 150 miles long. It is evident why the Russian depends upon his boats in summer, which make the round trip weekly, and builds his railroad upon the ice in winter, when it freezes to a depth of twelve feet.

In summer the storms strike Lake Baikal out of a clear sky. The wind rushes down from the north like a hurricane, without warning. When it strikes the surrounding hills, which rose out into the lake in ragged, precipitous promontories, the hurricane changes to a cyclone and the surface of the deep sea is twisted into the most appalling shapes. Russian boatmen never attempt to weather Baikal storms if there is any hope of reaching the nearest shore. If the shore be astern sailors turn about and flee. If it be ahead they flee. Baikal terrifies Russian not only in summer but in winter.

In winter it is equally as danger-

one. When the air holes close in the ice, and frequently during the winter an explosion that can be heard for miles. The surface of the ice becomes a volcanic mass of huge masses of ice shoot upward, fall and disappear in the water to reappear at another place, crashing through the frozen surface. The closing of an air hole in the ice of Lake Baikal might wreck the Czar's ice railroad, sink his cars and rails and possibly his soldiers, and completely cut off communication until another route across the lake could be laid out, to meet, perhaps, a similar fate.

The directors of the road have contemplated building around the lower end of the lake, and possibly work has already been begun. But it will be two or three years before it is finished, and surely not in time to assist in the transporting of troops to meet the advance of the Japanese on the Yalu.

HUMMING OF THE WIRES.

Meteorological Changes Are Denoted When the Music is Pronounced.

Everyone has noticed at times that the telegraph lines strung along the streets and roadways are singularly musical, emitting a humming sound that can be distinctly heard at a considerable distance. When telegraphy was in its infancy the yokel used to think that the noise was made by messages passing over the wires. Most educated people know that this is a silly theory, but they will be surprised to find that their own theory is about as ill founded. Dr. Laska, a Polish meteorologist, declares that the noise is not given out by the wind at all, but that it is caused by unseen terrestrial changes caused by meteorological influences. He hopes by a close study of the sounds to be able to discover a means of foreseeing what the weather is to be.

Whatever theory he formulates in this direction, it is to be hoped that it will be more reliable than the meteorological forecasts which have hitherto been given to the world. There is something humiliating in the fact that the English weather defies the scientist. The meteorological office, with all its facilities, seems to be unable to give us more than a rough idea in figures of the weather which we have enjoyed—or otherwise—and that is not very consoling.

There is an opening for Dr. Laska, and there is a further opening for him if he can put the wires to use when Mr. Marconi has once for all proved that they are no longer necessary for the transmission of messages. And the rustic, instead of watching for colored sunsets, will then put his ear to telegraph poles. Curiously enough, the heathen in his Hindoo blindness already foretel's the arrival of the rainy season by listening to the sound of the lonely wires which cross the vast expanses of his country. He found it out long ago, and the scientist laughed at him for his pains.

HELP YOUR CHILD.

When your child—whether it is a big child or a little baby—suffers from any of the minor ailments which come to children, or is nervous or fidgety and doesn't sleep well, give it Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is the quickest and surest cure, and the safest, because it is absolutely harmless. It will help the feeble, new-born babe as surely as the well grown child. Mrs. F. D. Kirk, The Barony, N. B., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets with most satisfactory results, and do not feel safe without them in the house. I find that one dose is usually sufficient to cure the small ailments of the stomach or bowels." If you do not find the Tablets at your medicine dealers write direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box.

A TIDAL WAVE.

Did Great Damage on the Southwest of England.

From a weather point of view, patience to a very large extent has been other than rewarded. The almost unprecedented downpour experienced during 1903, was patiently borne, in the full hope that the new year and a lengthening of the days would herald an improved state of things. The increased duration of daylight has been most apparent since the advent of the New Year, but January has come and gone with a deluge of rain; inducing the belief;—if the weather record of the month is to be regarded as any guide to that to be expected during the remainer of the year—that the dreary record of 1903 is likely to be beaten. Such inconveniences as these, however, are scarcely worthy of record as compared with the experience of those who reside on the southwest corner of England, where a considerable amount of damage was done by a huge tidal wave, which swept round the Scilly Isles and broke with tremendous force on the mainland. Immense damage was done by the sea to the flower and potato gardens for which Scilly is famous. At Bude the lock-gates which protect the canal were swept away; at Appledore, 60 feet of the sea wall was destroyed and the town flooded; and the train service from Weymouth to Portland was temporarily suspended in consequence of the sea breaking over the Chesil Beach. On the western portion of the Welsh Coast more or less destruction was wrought, whilst many places on the opposite side of the English Channel also came in for a full share of the sea's fierce invasion.

ONLY ONE WAY.

In this day of low-priced newspapers virtually every family which can be influenced by advertising tokes a favorite newspaper, which is read every day by all adult members of the household. The advertising especially is eagerly read by the persons to whom it is chiefly addressed. There is no other way than through the favorite newspaper by which the family can be reached by advertisers.

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