Used in the most exclusive homes in Canada.

Blue Ribbon Tea.

The Unknown Bridegroom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In half an hour the carriage halted at the door of Mr. Sidney's residence.

Conducting his protege into a charming little reception-room, the gentleman drew a comfortable chair before the grate, in which there was a cheerful fire, then excused himself, for a few minutes, while he went to seek his wife.

He was absent nearly half an hour, when he returned with a matron a little younger than himself, and whom he introduced to Monica as Mrs. Sidney.

She gave her a gentle welcome and continued to talk on in an easy, pleasant vein, not giving Monica an opportunity to say much, until lunch was announced, when they all repaired to the dining-room, where the young girl was formally installed in the place at table which was henceforth to be hers, and it was soon known, throughout the house, that the master had brought home a beautiful young lady, Miss Foster, to whom he had been appointed guardian.

That very afternoon Mrs. Sidney, at the suggestion of her husband, took Monica out to a first-class furnishing establishment on Regent street, where she insisted upon providing her with a complete and handsome outfit.

The fair girl demurred sensitively against this lavish expenditure; but she was assured that it was absolutely necessary, in order to enable her to sustain her character as Mr. Sidney's ward, and, before evening, two large trunks, marked "H. F.," were delivered at his residence and taken to "Miss Foster's" rooms.

This, of course, was a blessed change for Monica.

She felt like "a bird released from the snare of the fowler," and she recuperated very quickly, both mentally and physically, and seemed like a new creature; while Mr. and Mrs. Sidney, who were both earnestly studying their protege, found her a charming addition to their household.

Little by little, as he had leisure, the lawyer drew from her the history of her family, making careful notes upon points which he regarded as important. But he could not obtain a very clear idea pertaining to Mr. King's business affairs and Carl King's connection with them, for Monica knew very little about them.

She told him, however, that she felt sure that August Castaldi, who had been her father's confidential clerk, would be able to give him all the information he desired; while the principal of the seminary in Los Angeles, where she had received her education, would be able to identify her as William King's daughter and heiress, for she had two photographs of herself, taken at different times.

Mr. Sidney told her that he would soon write to them; meantime, he wanted her to put all care and worry aside and have just as good a time as possible.

So, for a month, Monica lived in a charmed atmosphere, growing happy, rosy, and lovelier than ever.

At length, one morning, Mr. Sidney told her that he was not going to be very busy for a few days, and that very evening he would write the long promised letters, if she would help him. But, alas for Monica!—alas for Archibald Sidney! the generous, whole-hearted man was brought to his home late that very afternoon—dead: A stroke of paralysis had ended his career, instantly and painlessly, and the persecuted girl thus lost the only friend upon whom she could depend.

Who shall describe the week that followed this sad event?

Mrs. Sidney was utterly prostrated by the crushing and unexpected blow, and, for a while, it seemed as if she would soon follow her husband.

But Monica now had an opportunity to prove her gratitude for the unexampled kindness she had received.

She devoted herself, tirelessly, to the stricken woman, scarcely leaving her bedside, and was so helpful, so gentle and lovable, that Mrs. Sidney clung to her as if she had been her own daughter.

She was very ill for more than two months, but finally began to rally slowly, although it was evident to everyone that she would never be anything but the wreck of her former self.

As soon as she was able to go out, her physician ordered her to Italy, with commands to remain there until the weather should become too warm for comfort, and the heart-broken woman consented to go if Monica would accompany her.

So to Italy they went, about the first of December, taking one servant with them to act as maid.

The spent some weeks in Naples, occupying a lovely villa overlooking the beautiful bay of the same name where, with orange, lemon and olive groves all around them, Vesuvius, with her crown of smoke by day and of flame by night, towering above them, and the blue waters of the Mare Tyrrhenum spread out before them, they lived a peaceful, quiet, restful life that was very soothing to their sad and aching hearts.

Here Mrs. Sidney improved far more rapidly than any one had believed possible, and, about the middle of January, she suddenly made up her mind that she would go to Rome for a change, and remain there until after the carnival.

It was a great pity, she thought, for a young and beautiful girl, like Monica, to be ostracised from all society and shut up alone with a grieving woman; and she resolved that she would bury her selfish sorrow in her own heart and exert herself to show her about the Eternal City, which she had visited many times, and around which clustered so much of interest, both mythological and historical.

Accordingly, a few days later found them pleasantly located on the Pincian Hill, from which point they could easily reach many points of interest and where also they had a fine view of St. Peter's and certain other important sections of the city.

One afternoon, while Monica and the maid were returning from a visit to the Colosseum, they passed a couple of gentlemen, on horseback, just after emerging from the triumphal arch of Titus, and Monica was both startled and puzzled when one of them doffed his hat and bowed very low to her, his face all aglow with pleasure, his eyes gleaming with admiration, while he involuntarily drew his bridle as if he wished to stop and speak with her.

She flushed vividly, as she lifted a look of innocent surprise to his face, without, of course, returning his salutation.

He, in turn, colored hotly, then grew suddenly pale and putting spurs in his horse, rode after his companion.

"That was very strange, Susan," Monica observed to the maid beside her. "I wonder who he can be!"

"Did you not know him, Miss Helen?" questioned the girl.

"No; I am sure I never saw him before."

"Then he must have taken you for some one else—some one that he knew very well, or he'd never have bowed first," the maid observed; and with this view of the matter the incident was, for the time, forgotten by them both.

That same evening a noted American artist gave a reception in his handsome apartments in the Via Listina, and among the many who were bidden were our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Seaver, and their beautiful ward, Florence Richardson.

They had spent a most delightful summer and autumn traveling with their party, and had now come to Rome for the remainder of the winter.

The only drawback to Florence's pleasure had been the fact that Mr. Merrill had, from the moment of their leaving England, attached himself to her, showing her marked attention, that had resulted in his making love to her, and, later, the offer of his hand and heart.

"Ah!—perhaps you think there are obstacles that cannot be removed," he said when she rejected him—"a certain ceremony for instance. I was one of the witnesses, you know."

"You—a witness!" gasped the fair girl, losing all her brilliant color, but feeling intensely relieved.

"Yes, I had the honor of escorting you to and from Rosedale chapel," the young man explained.

Florence flashed a quick, searching look into his face. Then, after a moment she artfully observed, with a musing air, although she literally held her breath for his answer,

"Then you were one of those who witnessed my marriage to Walter Leighton?"

'I certainly acted the part of best man during that ceremony," Theodore Addison Merrill—usually called Ted, for short—evasively returned.

"Then," demanded Florence, with white lips, but flashing eyes, "if you believed me to be Walter Leighton's wife, how dared you insult me with proposals of marriage?"

Mr. Merrill smiled wisely.

"I did not say that I saw you married to Leighton," he calmly observed. "I said I witnessed a certain ceremony performed in Rosedale Chapel. But—that was no marriage, Miss Richardson; that mummery was simply said over you and a total stranger; though how we ever came to make such a blunder as to take him for Walt, I cannot understand. I suppose the excitement, the storm, the gloom and delay, all combined to throw us off our base, and the man deceived us all—though what his object could have been I cannot understand. So you perceive I have offered you no insult."

"But Walter Leighton claims me as his wife—he says there was no stranger present—that he himself stood there beside me," said Florence, still regarding her companion with keen scrutiny; but it was noticeable that all her color had returned, and that her eyes gleamed with some inward joy.

"I know he does, and that he has the certificate, regularly signed by the clergyman, by which he perhaps hopes he may be able to claim you, but I know he did not stand with you, and he is aware that I know it. I assure you it was no marriage—it was the merest farce," Mr. Merrill gravely returned.

'And you would be willing to swear to that fact, Mr. Merrill?" questioned Florence, eagerly.

"Indeed, I would to win you, my darling, I would swear to anything," he responded.

"Thank you, Mr. Merrill; I may some day," said the girl, with a glad ring in her tones.

"And you will then become my wife?" tenderly exclaimed her companion.

But Florence had turned abruptly and walked swiftly away, and he found himself talking to empty space.

CHAPTER XIX.

We were obliged to digress a little, at the close of the last chapter, and must now return to the reception of the American artist previously refferred to—a brilliant affair in the Via Listina.

Florence Richardson, radiant in pale pink satin and white embroided chiffon, had just been presented to her host and hostess, and was turning away on the arm of her guardian when she suddenly found herself face to face with her old-time lover, Sir Walter Leighton, although, as yet, she had not learned of his accession to title and fortune.

For an instant she was stricken dumb with dismay, but had opportunity to recover herself somewhat, while Mr. and Mrs. Seaver, glad to meet a home face, even though they had not favored him as a suitor for the hand of their ward, greeted him cordially.

Then the young man turned, with a smile and extended hand to Florence.

"You did not recognize me this morning," he said, with a note of reproach in his tones, "but I hope you are not going to give me the cold shoulder again this evening."

Florence looked mystified as she shook hands with him. Then she observed;

"I am sure I do not understand what you mean by saying that I did not recognize you this morning."

Sir Walter studied her face critically for a moment.

'Have you no recollection of meeting two horsemen while driving this morning, and just after you passed through the Arch of Titus?" he inquired.

"No, I have not," she gravely returned, "for I was not out driving at all to-day."

"Then, surely, it must have been your double," her companion smilingly asserted, though not yet wholly convinced, "for I could almost take my oath that I saw you riding with another person whom I took to be your maid."

"It certainly was not I," the young girl reaffirmed with a positiveness not to be questioned.

They all appeared to enjoy the reception hugely, and when they were ready to take their leave, Sir Walter accompanied them to their carriage, attending Florence with all the devotion of an accepted lover.

As they were crossing the sidewalk to the carriage they almost ran into some people who were about to enter the house they had just left.

The next instant a low, startled exclamation burst upon Sir Walter's ears—a cry that set every pulse in his body leaping—and the words:

"Great heavens—Monica!"

The next moment the newcomers passed on, and his friends, having entered the carriage, he made his adieus, lifting his hat gallantly as they were driven away, and Sir Walter was left standing on the pavement alone.

"Hum!" he mused, as he turned and walked slowly toward his own hotel, "so Miss Inez King has arrived. It'll be in a deuce of a muddle, for she will doubtless expect me to dance attendance upon her, while I really must devote the most, if not all, of my time, to Florence. Gad! she never was so pretty as she is to-day, and I swear, I am fonder of her than I realized. I do hope she'll come to terms without any fuss—she certainly can find no fault with the position I am now able to offer her, and, if I am not mistaken, old Seaver is not nearly as much inclined to give me the cold shoulder as he was a year ago."

He walked on thoughtfully for a few moments, then broke forth again:

"I'd give a good deal to know who that girl was whom I met this morning. I could have taken my oath that she was Floy; the eyes, hair, features and form were identical, apparently, though, possibly if they were seen together, one might be able to distinguish between them; it's a very strange coincidence, however"

The people who had passed the Seavers just as they were on the point of entering their carriage were none other than Miss Inez King, Mrs. Clairemont, her chaperon, and her private secretary, Augustine Castaldi.

They had arrived from Paris, only the day previous, and had, through some friends, also received invitations to the American artist's reception.

But Miss King had had callers during the early portion o' the evening, and thus she was very late getting to the reception. She had caught just a glimpse of Florence as she passed, but that glimpse had almost paralyzed her, and caused her to give utterance to the exclamation as above.

August, also, had seen the girl, and for a moment it had required the exercise of all his will power to keep him from rushing to her side and addressing her as Monica.

But a second look betrayed, to the keen eyes of love, that she was not the girl whom he adored, although the resemblance was so strangely marked

A few words of explanation regarding August may not be amiss here. He had received Carl King's despatch, ordering him to join his daughter in Paris, with as little delay as possible, and before the day reached home he was on his way thither.

But Mr. King's rage and disappointment can well be imagined when, upon his arrival in Mexico, he learned that the claim which he intended to purchase, and which contained the rich vein of gold of which he had told his daughter, had been sold soon after his departure, and work therein was in full blast, and large quantities of precious ore were being taken out every day.

The agent in charge was a grave-faced, courteous man, but exceedingly close-mouthed, and it was in vain that Carl King plied him with questions, trying to ascertain how the secret was discovered, and who was now the owner of the claim.

Whoever he or they were, it was evident a large fortune would ere long be the result of the fortunate investment.

A week after Mr. King's arrival in Mexico, August Castaldi presented himself before in, who received him very graciously, declaring that his coming was a great relief to her, as the responsibility of money matters was such an annoyance to her.

He had improved greatly, she thought, since she last saw him; he had grown handsomer, and had acquired a dignity and refinement of manner that made him very attractive. He was very courteous to her and thoughtfully attentive to all the needs and wishes, but unusually reserved when in her presence.

The first time she spoke of Monica's "death"—for in their letters to Mexico they had circulated the report that she had died in London—the young man grew ghastly white, and Inez could see that a nervous trembling had seized him. He made some almost inarticulate reply, then, excusing himself, hastily left the room.

The heartless girl burst into a scornful laugh—as the door closed after him.

"Ha, I thought as much," she cried with curling lips; "the young upstart dared to love my pretty blonde cousin—possibly he might even have presumed to try to marry her, and thus secure her millions. That would have been rich for you—you pretentious young beggar; but you had better not try the same game in this quarter. He is well enough," she added, with less venom, "as a secretary; I rather like to have him around, if he will only keep his place, too, and has the manners of a gentleman; but as a possible husband—bah."

(To be continued.)

PARASITES OF POULTRY

A Common Cause of Loss—Prevention and Extermination.

The presence of parasites is one of the primary causes of unprofitableness and disease in a flock of poultry, says the Poultry Division, Ottawa. There are three distinct groups of parasites preying upon the domestic fowl—fleas, lice, and mites.

Groups of Parasietes—Only the species of flea, the bird flea, lives upon the fowl. This flea is provided with a sharp piercing mouth; it attacks the fowl at night and through causing constant irritation and loss of blood does much harm.

The mouth of the louse differs from the mouth of the flea in that it is not sharp and used for piercing, but simply for biting. Lice bite sharply and cause considerable pain.

The most injurious of the mites is the red fowl mite This is yellowish-white to dark red in color, according to the quantity of blood it contains. The blood is drawn from the fowls at night, and during the day the mite hides in the cracks and crevices of the house. When the chickens appear in poor health they should be examined at night, and if mites are found treatment should be resorted to.

Prevention and Extermination—If the poultry house is old and contains many crevices, the nests, roosts and other fixtures should be removed from it, and the walls and ceilings covered with heavy building paper and limewash. The latter should be applied hot and fairly liquid, so as to enter every crevice in the building. Its quality will be improved by adding to every gallon of the wash one-quarter pound of soft soap, previously dissolved in boiling water; also a small quantity of salt. The material taken from the house should be burned, and new roosting quarters and inside fittings put in. These fittings should be simple in construction and easily removable so that the vermin can be destroyed.

Before the fowl return to the house they should be thoroughly dusted with insect powder or sulphur. By dusting each fowl over a box or paper, the powder can be well rubbed among the quills of the feathers, and the excess will not be wasted. The coal tar treatment for the extermination of the gape worm can be effectively used to rid fowls of vermin. The fowls are placed in a barrel, the inside of which is coated with a mixture of coal tar and coal oil of the consistency of paint, and the top of the barrel is covered. The lice are overcome by the coal tar fumes and fall to the bottom of the barrel. A paper should be placed to catch the vermin when they fall so that they may be destroyed.

The poultry house requires cleaning and limewashing twice a year. The roosts should be removed and treated with coal tar or kerosene every week, and the nests frequently cleansed and new straw placed in them.

It is necessary to regularly examine young chicks for head lice. If present, the lice will be found in the down or the feathers on the chick's head. If not destroyed, they will so weaken the chick that it will die from loss of blood. The lice can be removed by smearing the chick's head with grease or sweet oil to which a few dorps of carbolic acid have been added.

Scaly Leg.—This disease is quite prevalent in flocks of neglected poultry, and is due to a species of mite. The scales of the legs and feet become raised and separated, and a chalk-like excretion accumulates between and over them, rough lumpy crusts are formed, and under these the mites live and breed.

The diseased leg and feet of the chickens should be well washed with a small stiff brush, warm water and soap. The crusts should then be removed and a mixture of equal parts of sulphur and lard rubbed into the affected parts. After three or four days the legs of the chickens that were treated should be cleansed with soap and warm water.

Yours very truly,

D. A. CLEMONS,
Publication Clerk.

A Big Blast.

About thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds of black powder were touched off by electricity at a point near Evanston, Wyo., with the result that about fifty thousand yards of rock and nearly ten thousand yards of cement gravel were loosened up ready for attack by steam shovel. The shot cost in labor and material in the neighborhood of $7,600. The explosives were placed twenty-five feet below the surface, black powder being used because of its lifting properties. The blast was a success in every sense.

A NEW IDEA.

Tonic Treatment for Indigestion—New Strength for the Stomach from New, Red Rich Blood.

The Tonic Treatment—that is the latest and only scientific cure for indigestion. All the leading doctors of Europe and, America are using it with sensational success. No more purgatives, no more pepsin, no more patent foods, no more long diet lists saying: "Thou shalt not eat this or that." No more of all this—nothing, in fact, but plenty of new, pure, rich red blood to tone the liver and give the stomach strength for its work. This is the Tonic Treatment for Indigestion.

The tonic treatment is based on the new idea that drugs which digest the food for the stomach really weaken its powers through disuse. The digestive organs can never do their work properly until they are strong enough to do it for themselves. The only thing that can give the stomach and the liver new strength is good blood—and the only thing that can actually make new blood is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They have long been known as the greatest blood-building tonic in the world and all the highest medical authorities agree that the one scientific cure for indigestion is the Tonic Treatment. The marvellous success of the treatment has been proved in every corner of the Dominion. One of the very latest witnesses is Mr. Joseph Rochette, St. Jerome, Que., who says: "I simply hated the thought of food. Of course I had to force myself to eat, but afterwards I always suffered with dull, heavy pains in the stomach. I seemed to be bilious as well and this caused severe headaches, which further aggravated my unfortunate position. I grew pale, fell away in weight and the trouble seemed to be undermining my whole constitution. I tried several remedies, but without success; a doctor whom I consulted, advised absolute rest, but this was out of the question as I had to work for my living. Fortunately for me one of my friends advised me to use Dr. William's Pink Pills and I decided to do so. After taking the pills for several weeks there was a decided improvement in my condition. Not only was my digestion better, but my general health improved in every way. New blood seemed to be coursing through my veins, bringing new health and strength every day. I took eight boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills altogether, and those who see me now would never know that I had seen an unwell day in my life. I owe my splendid health to these pills, and strongly advise every dyspeptic or weak person to lose no time in taking them."

Mr. Rochette's statement is a strong tribute to the Tonic Treatment. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him because they actually made new rich blood for him. These pills go right down to the root of the trouble in the blood and cure that. The new blood they make carries healing health and strength to every part of the body. That is the new Tonic Treatmnt, and the highest medical authorities now recommend this treatment for al the common ailments such as anaemia, headaches, backaches, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, dyspepsia and general weakness. These are all caused by bad blood and therefore are all cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BEWARE OF THE COMING BEARD.

Eloquent Barber Raises Protest Against a Threatened Evil.

(New York Times.)

Barbers are seriously considering the question whether the present custom of men of being clean shaven has not almost had its run. In the last five years one after another of their customers with desperate resolve ordered his mustache or his beard removed, looked at himself a little foolishly in the glass after the operation, and then went about his business, sometimes having to introduce himself to old friends.

The result has been that the shaving area of humanity has largely increased, naturally cutting into the profits, as it takes a little longer to shave each customer. But a thing that is causing real alarm among the thoughtful tonsorial artists is the evidence that not a few of their customers have recently raised beards.

It would be well if they simply let their mustaches grow again, but the real thing in the way of hairy faces is to be dreaded by the trade. Of course these must be trimmed, but that is not like the daily shave, with the daily tip. The worst of it, according to the barbers, is that the doctors, who were largely responsible for the clean-shaven face, as a matter of hygiene, have now taken the other view, and are advising patients with weak throats to let their beards grow.

The barbers are fully aware that men are as subject to fashions as women, and that if the beard comes in vogue they will be seriously affected.

A well-known barber in a fashionable neighborhood was among the first to fear the coming of the fashion of beard-wearing, with the result that he has changed the timely topics of his conversation from remarks about the weather and choice bits of local gossip to keep up a constant discussion in regard to the wearing of beards, taking as his text the rarely disputed hypothesis that all peoples of a high order of civilization were given to clean shaving. This is the way he tells when he has a customer with time enough for a shave, facial massage, hair cut, and shampoo:

"The most savage peoples let their hair grow until they resemble wild animals. You will not deny that shaving is a practice attendant, though not consequent, on civilization Benfley—you know, of course, that he was a very eminent physiologist—claimed that the Sanskrit-speaking Aryans were superior to the Europeans because the former shaved and the latter did not. He based his theory on the word kshura, the Greek name for the razor. Of course there are other scholars who say that he gives the Greek word the wrong translation. But for my part I agree with him.

"Now, you will not doubt, and no sensible man of learning can doubt, that the Egyptians were a very advanced race. It is certain that from the earliest we know of them they were a clean-shaven people.

"Oh, yes, it is true that we see them depicted on the tombs and monoliths as wearing beards and curled hair, but you should remember that these were false and only used for state occasions, just as the English judge wears a wig. The proof of this is that the wigs and beards have been found attached to mummies and they were made of horse hair.

"No man in Egypt could wear this strange badge of honor until he became a father. It is also true that the queens wore false beards on state occasions. They denoted authority and honor.

"Of course, you remember in reading the works of that remarkable historian Herodotus, that he tells how none of the Egyptians would kiss the bearded soldiers of Greece, believing them unclean. Not even the women would kiss them. Maybe this was not so much because of the beard, but the smell of garlic. All the Greeks and Italians I know eat garlic. Razors of bronze and flint has been found in the tombs."

The customer, who did not dispute what Herodotus was said to have written, as he never had read his writings, had to object to the idea of flint being used in shaving. A newly honed razor, he said, was bad enough, but the idea of flint was preposterous.

"There you are misinformed," politely insisted the barber. "Why, it was only the other day that I read in an English newspaper that when M. Maritte was excavating at Abydos he noticed that the head of one of his servants was inflamed, and on enquiry learned that the man had just had it shaved with a flint. This had been the custom of his people in his youth and he refused to change it. You see here was a survival of the ancient way of being clean and free from hair on the face or head.

"Now, when Cortes was in Mexico he was astonished to find that the natives shaved with a piece of obsidian as well and as fast as the Spaniards with their marvelous Toledo blades. Civilized men shaved because they loved to be clean. Just look at the busts of the Romans. The noble old fellows had close-cropped hair and clean faces. As they degenerated they began to war long curly locks and beards.

"The Spartans were clean shaven long before the Athenians woke to their glory, when they, too, wore no beards. Alcibinades, to gain the good will of the Spartans when he was with them, had to remove his beard. Dirty, self-satisfied old Diogenes made coarse jokes about the men who were clean shaven in his time and did not find a man among them in the light of his lantern whom he considered honest. They were too clean for him."

The barber changed the topic of conversation to the canary, an essential part of his place of business, as a man with a beautifully white gray beard entered to have his hair trimmed and his shoes polished. On the next opportunity he resumed his oration with a question.

"Aren't nine-tenths of the cranks bearers of germ nest beards? They carry their banners on their faces proclaiming them Populists or Anarchists, or some other sort of ists. In the old country for centuries the Saxons wore beards just out of spite to the Normans, who shaved. They and their descendants had sworn never to shave until the Normans were gone. Ivanhoe would never have been disowned if he had not shaved. Sir Walter Scott tells that his great-grandfather took an oath not to shave until the Stuarts were restored to the throne."

If the customer happens to be a Republican the barber will tell of Democrats who look like wild men because they have sworn not to shave until there is a Democratic president, and if he happens to be a Democrat he recounts how it is to have the honor of shaving early in November an old gentleman who has grown a beard since Cleveland left the White House.

At least one barber is trying to stop the coming of the wearing of beards. The others are alarmed and some are following his example.

A MOTHER'S PRECAUTION.

There is no telling when a medicine may be needed in homes where there are young children, and the failure to have a reliable medicine at hand may mean much suffering, and, perhaps, the loss of a precious life. Every mother should always keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. This medicine acts promptly and speedily, cures such ills as stomach and bowel troubles, teething troubles, simple fevers, colds, worms, and other little ills. And the mother has a guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. One wise mother, Mrs. Geo. Hardy, Fourchu, N. S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a blessing to children. I am not satisfied without a box in the house at all times." If your dealer does not keep these Tablets in stock send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and you will get a box by mail post paid.

Stupendous Roulette.

Do you know that if one should begin at roulette with a dime and were allowed to leave all his winnings on the table five consecutive guesses would give him a million and a half dollars, or, to be exact, $1,450,625.52! That would be the result of winning thirty-five for one five times hand runaing. To give another example, take the No. 15. Multiply that by itself and you get 225. Now multiply 225 by itself, and so on until fifteen products have been multiplied by themselves in turn. This may not seem to be a difficult problem, but even though you were a clever mathematician it would take you a quarter of a century to work out this simple little sum The final product called for contains 38,539 figures, the first of which are 1,442.

If three figures were allowed to an inch the answer would be more than 1,070 feet long. To perform the operation would require about five hunderd million figures. If they can be made at the rate of one a minute, a person working for ten hours a day for three hundered days in a year would be twenty-eight years about it. Suppose in multiplying he should make a row of ciphers as he does in other fogures, the number of figures would be more than 523,939,228. This would be the precise number of figures used if the product of the left hand figure in each multiplicand by each figure of the multiplier were always a single figure, but it is most frequently, though not always, two figures, the method employed to obtain the result cannot be acurately aplied. If the cipher be used once in ten times the actual number aproximates 475,000,000,000.

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