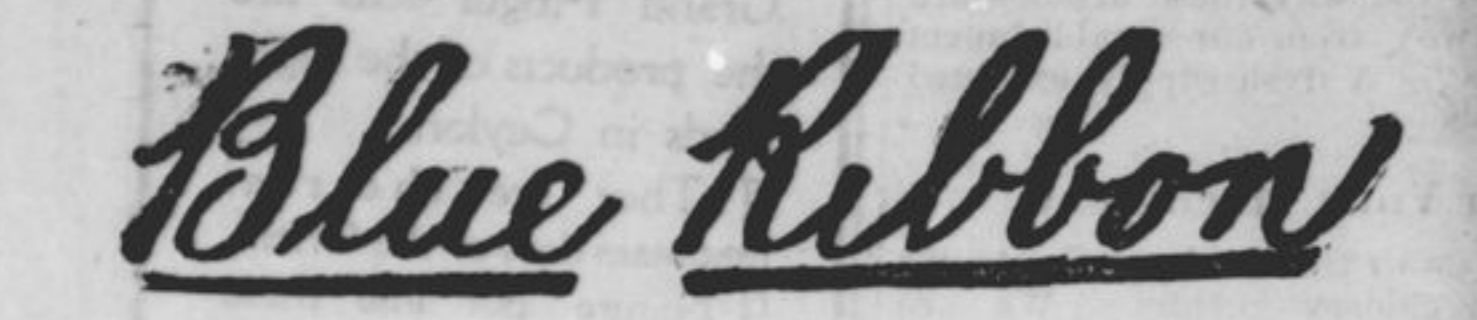


ETS

Small and large... prices... market... trade... collections... LE DISAPPEAR... and Mr. Arthur Dabny... parents of Miss... Augustus... over the disappearance... from the boat... found in a mystery... commercial traveler...

Pleasant Dreams

Come to those who drink only PURE Tea, like BLUE RIBBON. Avoid ordinary teas if you care for SOUND, SWEET SLEEP, and ask for the SPECIALLY MANUFACTURED, CAREFULLY PACKED.



TEA RED LABEL. Only ONE BEST. BLUE RIBBON'S IT.

LOVE AND A TITLE

So he tried to dismiss the letter, and started again, and again was stopped—this time by the appearance of the new viscount, who was pelting down the street on his horse, when, catching sight of Vernon Vane's stalwart figure, he pulled up at the gate, as if struck by a sudden idea. A few hours ago, Vernon Vane had felt very much tempted to pitch the Honorable Clarence over a balcony; but during those few hours things had happened which had softened his heart even to the Honorable Clarence, and instead of the usual curt, grim nod, he looked actually amiable, as the new viscount got off his horse, and held out his hand.

"Then I must say 'yes!'" says Aunt Jane, suddenly. "Isn't it really too sweet?" "Well, not now," replies Aunt Jane. "Jeanne does not know what it is to be rich. If you have enough to make her happy, have that, you can trust me," he says, quietly. "Jeanne shall be happy."

And indeed, now that the time has come for Jeanne to spread her wings, it is wonderful how many hearts are wrung in regret for her going. To say nothing of poor Bell, who has "never told his love, but fed on his damask cheek," there was every dog about the place who got a kind word and a caress from her. Griffin, who sat for hours and stared at the Nane Bell, puffing at his pipe, and sighing his heart out; and, lastly, there was Hal—Hal, who during these last few days, would scarcely let her out of his sight, and for all his whistling and smoking, looked doleful whenever mention was made of the long journey which would follow hard upon the marriage ceremony.

CHAPTER XII. It is a month since Vernon Vane sat on Aunt Jane's kitchen table among the flour, and the June sun, as it sinks slowly and regretfully to its rest, turns the red bricks of the old house into a vivid crimson. Every door and window is open, and the passer-by, if he cares to listen, may hear, from the first floor, that confused commingling of chatter and exclamation which proceeds from women in excitement. The aforesaid passers-by may also, if he be observant, remark an unwonted air of movement stirring about the place; something is going to happen. Up in the room, from which the voices float down into the road, the mystery is explained for a small group of ladies are gathered around the bed, wrapped in an ecstasy of admiration and delight at the vision of a white satin bridal dress smothered in lace, together with the usual paraphernalia considered necessary for those young ladies who are about to change their condition.

At the centre of the group is Aunt Jane, half triumphantly, half tearfully, holding up the veil and orange-blossoms, and clustered around her are Georgina and Maud and Mrs. Lambton. It is also a month since the Honorable Clarence, now Viscount Lane, rode away and deserted them, but Maud and Georgina have borne up well, and have been both heard to declare confidentially that they never could endure him, and that they fonderly wish they were permitted in talking him so often. They had borne it well; girls are taught, and by instinct they teach themselves, to endure such things as these, and they have condescended to perform the part of bridesmaids for their dear Jeanne.

JILTED.

Edith Melville—22—blond, pretty and fascinating. Bobby Melville—5—her small brother. Captain Roy Featherstone—33—formerly engaged to Miss Melville. Captain Featherstone, who is walking along the street, feeling very disconsolate, suddenly encounters Bobby Melville, who is out with his nurse. Captain F.—Hello Bobby! How are you? Bobby—Oh, Captain Featherstone! I'm ever so pleased to see you. I'm having a birthday to-day.

WORK-WORN MEN Can Obtain New Health and Strength Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Edgard Martel, 98 St. Peter street, Quebec, is one of the thousands of workmen throughout Canada who cheerfully admit that they are kept in health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To the reporter who interviewed him, Mr. Martel said: "The second condition of my health contracts strikingly with what it was nine months ago. Then I felt that I was almost at death's door, while now I am strong and well. This happy change is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am a workman, and it is little wonder that after years of diligent toil my system was gradually run down. My blood got so thin as water, and I grew so poorly that the least exertion would leave me weak and trembling. I consulted a doctor, who said that I was run down through hard work, but his medicine did not help me any. A few weeks later, I was forced to quite work, and shortly after that had to remain in bed most of the time. One day a fellow workman called to see me, and induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before the second box was finished I had a better appetite and relished my meals, and with this came new strength. In a few weeks I was able to go out again, and in about six weeks from the time I began using the pills I was able to return to work, my strength completely restored, and my health as vigorous as ever it had been. I attribute my complete recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I think every hard working man would be better for using a box of these pills occasionally.

IF YOUR DOG GOES MAD. Rabies, according to reports, has had an unusual prevalence this spring. Some twenty cases have given me a chance at observation in two or three dog hospitals and kennels. In view of prevalent beliefs, it is curious that I can discover but one case which resulted from a bite. Nearly all of the others preceded from obscure or unknown causes. One Boston terrier developed the disease in a kennel of forty dogs, where she had been for a month. There had never been a case in the kennel and none of the other dogs have manifested symptoms since. The one symptom which seems to be universal is a complete change of character and a disposition to snap and bite at the dog's best friends. I watched an infected poodle for a long time one day, and could not see that he had any consciousness of what he was doing. A piece of straw lay across his eyeball without apparently causing him any sensation whatever. In the hospitals, the brains of some of these dogs were examined after death, and the microscope disclosed a cellular degeneration which the medical profession regards as typical of rabies. These recent cases still leave the cause and character of rabies obscure. As I understood it, no biologist has yet isolated the virus of "lymphitis" or discovered a specific anti-toxin. Whether the Pasteur treatment is really a specific I doubt. It may be a reliable preventive, and at any rate, ought to be taken by every human being who has been bitten by a mad dog, or exposed to close contact.

DANGEROUS DIARRHOEA

Prevalent in Summer Months—What a Mother Should Do.

Children are more likely to be attacked by diarrhoea during the summer months than at any other season. It is one of the most dangerous symptoms of illness in a child of any age. But it should be remembered that diarrhoea is a symptom, not a disease. Never try to stop diarrhoea, because it is an effort of nature to cleanse the bowels and get rid of the decayed food-stuffs in them. Diarrhoea is bad—but things would be worse for the child if diarrhoea didn't come. While a mother should never try to stop diarrhoea, she should stop the cause. Diarrhoea is a symptom of indigestion having set up decay in the food that is in the bowels, and the way to cure it is to cleanse the little tender bowels with Baby's Own Tablets. It would seem strange to treat diarrhoea with a laxative, if we didn't remember the cause of it. Both diarrhoea and constipation are the results of indigestion assuming different forms, and both are cured by Baby's Own Tablets. But the Tablets have more than a mere laxative. They are absolutely specific for all the minor ills that come to infants and young children, whether a new-born babe or a boy or girl ten or twelve years. Here's a bit of proof: Mrs. Geo. McGregor, Hamilton, Ont., says: "When my baby was teething he had diarrhoea, was very cross and did not sleep well. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and there was no more trouble. I now always give him the Tablets when he has any little ailment, and he is soon better." At this season no mother should be without Baby's Own Tablets in the house. You can get them from medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SWORDFISH.

When Angered It Often Attacks Vessels and Boats.

When angered, the swordfish, owing to its great strength and terrible power, is able and anxious to inflict serious damage upon its persecutors. Many instances have been reported where it has attacked vessels and boats. In one instance, a vessel was struck by a swordfish, the point of its sword penetrating to a depth of thirty inches, causing a leak which made necessary the discharge of the cargo. One of the Gloucester fishing schooners, while on a trip to George's Bank in 1875, was attacked by a swordfish in the night time. He assailed the vessel with his sword, and succeeded in putting his sword through one of the planks some two feet, and after making several struggles to extricate himself, broke the sword off, leaving it hard and fast in the plank, and made a speedy departure. Even with the sword fast in the vessel, the vessel was able to get away, but being unable to do so, he charged at the vessel, and diving down, he cut the cable of the vessel, and succeeded in putting his sword through the two and one-half inch plank in the ceiling and a foot of the blade was broken off. The blow was felt all over the vessel. One of the crew below had just moved from where he was sitting, and a moment later the sword was driven directly through the spot where he sat. The vessel began to leak, and the captain decided to run for port. When put on the marine railway, the sword had been broken in two, and the vessel was badly shattered.

NORSE SEACRAFT.

Some years ago I was approaching the rocky coast of Norway in a barque-rigged ship. As it was blowing a heavy gale and as the sea ran high the captain determined to take shelter in the inner fiords. But to slip between immovable rocky islets and over others only just submerged, called for the knowledge of a pilot, and for a pilot, accordingly, we signalled. In about an hour's time an open boat was seen approaching, lifting and dropping over the rocks, and as we saw, manned by two young Norwegians and steered by the pilot we sought. The boat was not more than eighteen feet long and her low freeboard seemed level with the water amidships. It was a marvel that such a boat could live in such a sea. But the greater marvel was how the pilot could board us as we rolled heavily to leeward and to starboard with our main yards all aback. Still more surprised was I when I saw a rope reeved through a block at the yardarm and paid out and thrown toward the boat, which did not dare come too near to us. After a few minutes the men secured the rope, and quickly making a bowline or loop at the end of it the pilot put it around his body, and standing up in the tossing boat, prepared to jump. The next moment we rolled away to leeward and our yardarm was fifty feet nearer the sky. I looked again. The pilot had jumped. He was coming fast toward us, suspended high in mid-air. But before he could be swung on deck our ship had recovered herself and was now rolling toward him, and he fell with a hollow thud against her bulwark, thence to fall the third against her bulwark, thence to fall the fourth against the boiling surf. A few seconds of suspense and then once more we rolled to leeward, and this time with such a force and at such an angle that the dauntless Norwegian came flying up ward through the air and high over our bulwarks, where, after colliding with the rigging, he dropped down to an expectant group of sailors, who caught him in their arms. With a huge laugh he made his way up to the bridge, wiped away the blood that was streaming down his face, shouted a Scandinavian farewell to his comrades in the tossing shallop, and then turned to the captain and his business.—London Express.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO