W FLEET.

ROUND WILL BE IN
ORTH SEA.

e New Plan Due to
ategical Influence by
ill Increase Striking
e Navy.

N.—Agitation against
the present Admin-
g through several
onal flickers of en-
assumed a political
ems large in the
rfare. Critics of the
declared it was in-
s one-fourth of the
sion, to turn the
sels over to barracks,
ers on half pay. It
that the Govern-
policy of economy,
p upon the Admir-
quently there would
al efficiency.
reply to their critics
nature of the redis-
t which is about to

sto, as it may be
have issued to the
that, instead of be-
hard and other pa-
it to be, the redis-
a further develop-
which Lord Cawdor,
issued in November
lled for by the shift-
of strategical influ-
the late war.
going to be done is
new fleet based on
of the Thames and
sing ground the
will be formed by
certain battleships
the Mediterranean,
fleets and it will
those ships which
in commission and

et will be in readi-
from the locality
ctice will be even
enemy than any of

organized in all re-
three great fleets
al divisions of the
ll its ships will not
be less efficient and
ve what are called
is to say, crews
e ships in readiness
which can be com-
strength in emer-
erves.
tion of this fleet
redistribution of
onal security to the
gainsaid by profes-
it may not satisfy

alty maintains that
hip will be paid out
not a single officer
ed on shore.
ttack is political in
haps doubtful if the
will act as a
e naval service is
his matter.

IN MINE.

LED AT JOHNS-
N, PA.

ve Been Fired by
Bias"—No Damage
s of Shaft.

et. 29.—An official
Associated Press by
umbria Steel Com-

the rolling mill
Steel Company this
e dead and two are
not fatally. Up
e of the dead has
is an American-
mpson Luther. It
dead are all for-
wo injured. The
consist of burns on
arms, lacerated
d other parts of

place in heading
distance from the
on, where 114 men
four years ago.
known, but it is
was fired by the
st. All the men
safety lamps in
that the accident
caused by neglect
damage whatever
ngs, and the mine
row as usual."

AMARALAND.

ntation on Wire-
ard.

the conference on
n discussing the
ational bureau of
vocates the repre-
onomous colonies
power shall com-
fixed number of
declared to be a
ish rights.
that all colonies
which would place
abited wilderness,
anada, and enable
maximum number
gestions were re-
ee. The Morning
ay expects Britain

ONSUMPTIVES.

Appropriate $225,-
nitarium.

29.—The board of
ted a resolution
for the municipal
m at Otisville,
re are now 75
n. The additional
ble the institution
ses.
there were 137,00
n New York City
the city for such

HEALTHFUL, DELICIOUS

AND CLEANLY PREPARED.

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is all PURE Tea, and is rapidly taking the place of Japan teas.

Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

Won at Last

"Suppose we go and find him," said Kenneth to Mary, who blushed vividly, and saying, "If you like," rose and went to find her hat.

Kenneth followed her. As he left the room Mona's eyes met those of Waring. They both smiled, and she felt that Kenneth had been very confidential to his new friend in their frequent interviews.

"Now, what can I do for you?" asked Mona, gently. "The doctor says that you are to be amused, though not excited."

"Oh, if you would lap me in Elysium, read to me! I find I get awfully tired holding up a book."

"With pleasure; What shall it be? The papers?

"No, a book—any book."

"Do you deign to read novels?"

"I have liked some novels."

"We have nothing very new, but here is a volume of essays — Freemans Essays, which are more interesting than many novels. Perhaps you have read them?"

"No, never! Would you mind sitting oposite to me? I shall hear you better. Do you know it seems to me as if some queen of romance was condescending to comfort her wounded servant!"

"You were not wounded in my service!" said Mona, a smile dimpling her mouth. "Now, you must not talk, Mr. Waring."

He bent his head, and so disarranged his cushions.

Mona gently replaced them, and began her lecture.

Waring listened,apparently with much interest, and occasionally made an observation which proved it; then she herself became absorbed in the charm of style and idea, and she read on for some time without looking up. When she did so, Waring's eyes were closed, and his head rested against the pillow. Mona thought he slept, and presuming, lest a sudden break might wake him, read a few sentences in a carefully-subdued voice, and then ceased and sat gazing at him with an expression of tenderness and compassion of which she was unaware.

Suddenly Waring opened his eyes and fixed them on her for a moment, with a look of pain and sadness—but only for a moment, the next, he exclaimed—

"You thought I was asleep, but I was not; I was only dreaming heavenly dreams."

"That implies sleep," said Mona, shaking her head.

"I can repeat the two last sentences," said Waring, and he did so. "I like books better than I did," he continued. "I used to be an awfully stupid chap at school. I fancy I was exceedingly youthful, not to say backward, for my years. Now you are tired, you must be tired; don't read any more."

"I read much longer to Uncle Sandy; but you must have some jelly now. I wil get it for you."

"Was ever any fellow in such clover!" exclaimed Waring.

Then she brought it, daintily set forth on a snowy cloth, and held it for him; nor did he eat it up too fast.

"I did not think I should put our new friendship to the test so soon," he said.

"This is not a test, returned Mona, gravely, "it is only the exercise of ordinary humanity.'

"Then how—" he was beginning, when Uncle Sandy came in full of pleasure and congratulations, and Mona left them together

CHAPTER XXV.

Uncle Sandy had rarely appeared to such advantage as he did on this occasion. Leslie Waring was associated with perhaps the only well-spring of romance that had ever bubbled up for him in the somewhat arid plain of his life.

To him there were but two really great men in modern society, they were Maceachern & Leslie—the creators of the house with which he was so proud to have been connected. To have the grandson of one of these potentates under his roof, treating him with kindly respect, and making himself pleasantly at home, was a treat to Sandy Craig's loyal, if rather rough heart.

Waring's character and bearing too was calculated to gain upon such a nature as his hosts. Society of the higher order had left its stamp upon his simple, unaffected manners, and the ready courage with which he turned from a life of mere pleasure to one of hard work, when he had still enough left to idle on, delighted the sturdy old "man of the people." Waring was, to his idea, a sort of glorified incarnation of middle-class merit, the result of plebeian energy, which even conquered and appropriated the graces of good-breeding.

This satisfaction was reflected on all around him.

The monthly settlement of housekeeping accounts—a crucial test which even Mona dreaded—was accomplished without a single growl. Poor Kenneth's arithmetical errors were passed over with a slight expression of contempt, in the term "blunderin' gowk," and the contradictions of Robbie Sanders, the gardener, were overlooked.

To Mona this was an unaccountably delightful break in the monotony of her existence. To be good friends with Waring, to see that he was a better and a stronger man than formerly, these were sources of purest pleasure.

Then he was so very reasonable. He had not worried her with any expressive looks or words which insinuated lover-like feeling. He liked her to read to him, or to write for him; but he was nearly as well pleased with the services of Miss Black—nearly, not quite; and when in a talkative mood, he used to describe the wild beauty of his Californian home quite eloquently. He really had more in him than she at one time could have believed. He really had grown quite good-looking, too (Mona was keenly alive to exterior advantages), and she often thought, as he lay back on the sofa cushions, what an honest, strong face he had, and how much the thoughtful sub-expression of sadness it had developed, beautified and ennobled it.

Then the temporary weakness of his strong frame appealed to the tenderness of her most womanly heart; there was undoubtedly a friendly sympathy between them. Her voice never sounded so sweet, so expressive, as when she read or sung to him. But they were rarely alone together. Mary Black was not behindhand in delicate attentions, and, as Kenneth observed, both young ladies vied with each other who should spoil the invalid most.

To Mary, however, most of his talk and good-humored chaff was directed. He praised her songs loudly, and said but little about Mona's, except now and then an imploring exclamation of "Do go on', 'Another, please, another."

Uncle Sandy, however good-humored, did not admit of any neglect, and always demanded an hour or more of Mona's time after their early dinner, while she read to him the better part of the famous "Scotsman," and some portion of the Times' weekly edition, which reached them every Saturday. Sometimes Waring slept on the drawing-room sofa during this exercise—sometimes he came to listen, while Mary and Kenneth disappeared; but occasionally the former took her work and sat with the "ill mon." The murmur of their voices while thus engaged, with occasional bursts of merriment, came through the door of communication to Mona one afternoon, as she toiled through a heavy "leader" on "municipal" government, and presently Mary put in her head.

"Mr. Waring says it's so fine and bright, he would like a little turn, and I'm going with him," she said. "We will be down the drive."

"Dinna let him do too much!" cried Uncle Sandy. "We will come along and meet you."

Waring was now permitted to take exercise, and was rapidly recovering.

"What shall I read next?" asked Mona. "There is an article on the Soudan—"

"Naw," said her uncle—one of his most negative "naws," which always seemed to Mona as if it could stop a torrent—and he sat in thought for a minute; then he roused himself.

"I'm thinking,' he said, "that Mr. Leslie is growing ower fond o' Mary Black. They are aye at havers wi' ane anither, and I am no 'varra pleased. She's no match for Leslie's grandson; and yet the lassie is a guid lassie. I wadna see her vexed. He is a weel-spoken lad forbye—the sort to win ony woman's love. Eh, Mona?"

"I do not think Mary cares much about him, uncle. Tastes differ widely, you know. As to her being no match for him, you must remember that Mr. Waring has not much in the way of a home to offer. His——"

"Hoot, toot," he interrupted. "It will be a fair home enough. Young Leslie is going to be a successful mon after a bit."

"I am sure I hope so; but I do not think you need trouble about Mary. As to Mr. Waring, I dare say he admires her—she is very sweet and charming; but these fancies do not trouble men long."

"Ay, the sort o' hempies you've been used to. But, my lassie, a real thoucht-fu' mon, if luve. taks hold on his heart, it grips it hard and fast, and wilna let go. If young Leslie has let himself love our Mary, he'll no leave her behind him. He doesna come of the sort that gives in."

"Well, I do not think that Mary is in love with him."

"I hope you are right," said her uncle, slowly; then, after a pause, he began to struggle to his feet. "Come," he said "we will go and meet them."

"As it is but a short way, uncle, could you get on without me? I have never answered madame—I mean Mrs. Fielden's—last letter, and I should like to do so this afternoon."

"So do, my dearie, so do. I'll just gang a bit down the road. Maybe I'll meet Kenneth.'

Mona escaped as quickly as she could to her own pleasant room, from the window of which she could catch a glimpse of the sea between two hills, and having hastily put out her writing materials, she sat down, leaned her head on both hands, her elbows resting on the table, and fell into profound and painful thought.

Her uncle's words had suddenly bared the recesses of her heart, and lo! there lay an unsuspected root of pain and mischief.

That Mary was completely guarded by her warm attachment to Kenneth, Mona did not doubt. That Waring admired her was possible, but she did not believe it was more than a kindly liking.

The revelation to her was this. If Waring really loved Mary, or any other woman, how was she to endure it? The mere idea filled her with despair. The terrible conviction grew upon her that she loved her rejected lover with all the warmth and tenderness of her fine rich nature, not in any half-hearted way, but glowingly, completely. She loved him for the straightforward, honest affection which made him hasten to offer her all he had in her hour of need. She loved him for the delicate consideration which had guided him in their brief engagement, for the forbearance with which he had offered her his friendship when she had refused his love, for the stand he had made against his own follies and weakness, and for the resolution which he had cast off his attitude of lover to herself. She admired and loved his quiet, unpretending strength, his sunburned face, his big brown eyes that could say so much if they chose, Never again could she touch his hand without an electric thrill. She loved him! loved as she never before dreamed she could love, and all in vain. He had put off the lover forever. She was from his life a thing apart; and he was, or could be, her whole existence. Yet, through all, she did not regret that she had rejected him.

"Then, I should have misunderstood him; we should have drifted apart, as we shall now; but at least I do him justice. All that remains to me is to hide my own feelings (he shall never pity me), and bid him good-bye forever with tolerable composure. Forever! Ah! it is a hard, cruel fate!"

She was not of the sentimental, weeping order of young ladies. She sat, very white and still, and thought it all out, and resolved on her own line of conduct. She would be a kind, pleasant friend while they were together—and after! Then, indeed, would come anguish and despair—a brief parting, probably to meet no more on earth.

Slowly she gathered herself together, and collected her ideas. Then she wrote a long, gossiping letter to Mrs. Fielden, telling all the events of their little world. This accomplished, she gazed critically in the glass, smoothed her hair, and looked for her hat, hoping to efface any sign of emotion before meeting any of the party.

It so happened that Waring asked for one or two particular songs that evening. Mona sung them easily and sweetly.

"You have not had any bad news?" he asked, coming over to stand by the piano.

"No. What made you think so?"

"Ah, that I can not tell! You look so pale. There was something—I do not know what—in your voice that made me fancy you mere—not so bright as usual."

"Why, Mr. Waring, are you growing fanciful? You will be writing poetry next."

"Perhaps I may! Do you and Miss Black never sing duets?"

"Oh yes, we have one or two. Would you like us to sing together?"

"Yes, very much.'

"Come, Mary, and try 'Oh, Wert Thou In the Cauld Blast.' I do not think we can do much in this way."

When this was over Mary was called to play chess with her host, Kenneth stole away to enjoy a private smoke, and Mona and Waring were effectually tete-a-tete.

"You are wonderfully better, Mr. Waring," said Mona, who for once was doing nothing, and sat ensconsed in a deep armchair, which was well in the shadowy recess of the window, away from the lamp, near which the chess players were seated, Waring somewhat weary after his walk, lounged on the sofa, from which, being still more in darkness, he could see her profile against the moonlighted window.

"Yes"—suddenly, as if out of his thoughts—"that is exactly what I have been saying to myself. In short, I feel as if I were staying here on false pretenses. I ought to be on the move."

"I am sure my uncle does not think so!"

"No, he has been wonderfully kind, though I have been troublesome enough to tire you all out."

"We are not quite tired out yet."

"Oh, you and Miss Black are a brace of angels; and, in short, I must stay till my arm is as strong as ever, which Donaldson promises it shall be. A right arm is important everywhere, but particularly in my new abode. Do I like the idea of returning? Oh, I shan't be sorry to be at work again; but the mere going will be awfully hard. I mean I shall be very sorry to say good-bye to you all."

They were both silent for a few moments after this. Then Mona asked, in a low, dreamy sort of voice—

"What is the chief work on a ranche."

"There is so much that is chief, I hardly knows which come first. There are cattle and sheep to be looked after; and fields (we have wheat fields) to be plowed and sown, and reaped; and horses to break, etc., etc."

"You have plenty to do, then."

"Oh, plenty, and then, lots of sport—such heaps of deer, and birds and bears."

"Bears, That must be rather fearful. Do they ever come near the house."

"Yes, they come after the hogs. Part of our stock—a large part too— is a big drove of hogs."

"Your partner is not exactly a gentleman."

"Well, one would hardly invite him to a South Kensington aesthetic evening party; but he is a very good fellow, a gentleman as regards keeping his word, and a first rate shot."

Another pause. Mona leaned her head against the back of her chair, and gazed dreamily at the moonlight, which slumbered in silver radiance on the opposite hill-side.

"When was Lisle here," asked Waring, with startling abruptness.

"Oh, let me see. In the autumn— in September and October."

"I suppose he is the same cool hand as ever."

"I see very little change in him, except that he looks a good deal older."

"And he has the family estate now? I dare say he will make a good landlord. He understands his own interest."

"I have no doubt he does."

"I dare say he will be in town when I go there, but I shall not try to see him. I have done with that world."

"It is a pleasant world when one is in it, yet I do not regret it either."

"You? Oh, you will flourish in it, I have no doubt."

"I imagine I am as much cut off from it as you can be."

"No, no! Women like you must always be at a premium—in an ornamental, pleasure seeking society; some one will persuade you to enter the ranks once more."

Mona laughed—a low, mocking laugh—but did not reply.

"How is that capital woman Madame Debrisay—I mean Mrs. Fieldon? I always liked her."

"She is very well, I believe, and must be at Biarritz by this time. Yes; she is the kindest, truest soul. How good she was to me, I can never forget."

"And I shall never forget her either. And Lisle—have you not seen him since."

"Not since the autumn, or early winter. He called once or twice when I was with Madame Debrisay when she was so ill."

"Oh, indeed."

Another pause. Then Waring proceeded to inquire for Bertie Everard and many of their former mutual acquaintances, most of whom were lost to sight, and were by no means dear to Mona's memory.

"I suppose I ought to clear out of this in about a fortnight," said Waring, as if to himself.

"Do not think of travelling until you feel sure of your strength," returned Mona, earnestly. "It would be dreadful to be laid up in such a place as you describe your home to be."

"Home. It certainly is not one's idea of home."

"But if the place improves under your hand, you will grow fond of it."

'I suppose so," rather dejectedly. "Of course, I do not intend to end my days there."

"Oh, no! Of course not. When you make a fortune you will come back to England."

"A fortune. If I can screw competence out of it, I shall be lucky."

"Competence is enough for any one," said Mona.

"Yes. I know you do not care for money," returned Waring, quickly.

Then they both blushed and there was a silence of some minutes.

"I suppose Lisle will be up here again," resumed Waring, rather abruptly.

(To be continued.)

BABY'S GOOD DAYS.

One of baby's good days means that your child is thriving and well. Baby's Own Tablets brings all good days into your child's life, for they make little ones well, and keep them well. Mrs. Jos. Ferland, St. Tite des Caps, Que., says: "Since giving my little one Baby's Own Tablets she has been in splendid health, is growing plumper every day and has beautiful rosy cheeks." These Tablets cure indigestion, colic, constipation, simple fevers, teething troubles, and all the minor ailments of little ones. They do not contain one particle of the poisonous opiates found in all soothing medicines and most liquid preparations. The Tablets can be given with absolute safety to the babe just born, as well as the child of advanced years. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sells "Broken-In" Shoes.

(New York Globe.)

One clerk who had earned the reputation of being the best saleswoman in the shoe department was asked the secret of her success. "I sell all the shoes that have been returned," she explained. "The other girls are afraid to show them, but I find them the best sellers. Our house is liberal in treatment of dissatisfied customers and we get back a good many pairs of shoes that have been worn around the house until they are partly broken in. These shoes are much more comfortable than a brand new pair. The soles may be a trifle soiled, but the customer who puts ease above every other consideration does not mind that; consequently I sell shoes while the other girls only fit them on."

Distressingly Hard Luck.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Blobbs—He's the most unlucky fellow I know. He has just had his watch stolen.

Blobbs—Oh, lots of fellows have had their watches stolen.

Blobbs—Yes, but not under such distressing circumstanes. He was just going to pawn it.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed *Scott's Emulsion.*

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES

Recommended by the best medical men. The public may rely on Dodd's Kidney Pills. Sold only in boxes. Trade Mark on each box.

HORSE INDUSTRY OF ONTARIO.

INVESTIGATION BY THE ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

At the last session of the Legislature the Minister of Agriculture secured an appropriation for the purpose of making an investigation into the condition of the horse industry in the Province of Ontario. This work is now being undertaken by the Department of Agriculture of Ontario, and will be commenced early in October. The object of this investigation is to obtain information to be used in deciding as to the best policy to adopt to encourage more extensive breeding of a better class of horses.

Following are the principal points which will be considered in the course of the investigation:

1. The number, type, quality and breeding of stallions and brood mares in the Province.

2. What conditions have affected or are affecting the quality and number of stallions and brood mares in the various sections of the Province, and if the effect is for good whether or not the some conditions could be applied in other sections, and if the conditions have not a good effect what could be done to improve them.

3. What class of horses can most profitably be raised in different sections of the Province under the natural conditions found in those sections.

4. The system of owning horses by a syndicate and any other plan at present adopted in Ontario other than private ownership.

5. The views of horsemen generally as to the advisability of a stallion inspection act.

6. Suggestions from those interested in the horse business as to what can be done to improve conditions of the horse business generally.

In order to procure this information the Province will be divided into eight districts. Two competent and expert horsemen have been selected and allotted to each district. From five to six weeks will be spent in each district by the committee appointed for that district. The districts will be composed of a number of counties grouped together, the number making up each district being decided by the length of time required to go through a county. Each county will require from four to nine days. The information regarding stallions will be as detailed as possible, each stallion in the Province being inspected. The information regarding mares cannot be got so accurately, but a great deal of information can be procured from the stallion owners in each district as to the number, type and quality of the brood mares, the committee having an opportunity of confirming this by noting the appearance of the mares seen while travelling through the district. Regarding the other matters of a more general nature, information will be procured by close observation and by conversation with those met by the committee who may have any knowledge of the local conditions.

In addition to the work as above outlined, it is being arranged to have one public meeting in each county at some point centrally located, and where a special interest is taken in the horse industry. The object of the meeting is to give any person who so desires an opportunity of expressing his views to the committee. The meeting in each county will be held immediately after the committee has completed the work in that county.

In each Farmers' Institute district the secretary has been asked to assist in the work of procuring the names and addresses of the stallion owners and laying out the most convenient route for the committee to follow while in his district. He has also been asked to accompany the committee, and to arrange for the public meeting in the county. In cases where the secretary was unable to do the work, the president of the Farmers' Institute has been asked to make the necessary arrangements. The dates and points at which the public meetings will be held have been selected. Arrangements have also been completed for the dates allowed for each institute division, and the points at which committees will transfer from one institute district to the one following.

The work should have the sympathy and co-operation of all owners of stallions and of all who are interested in the horse industry. It is hoped that the committees will be given every facility for procuring the information required, and that every person interested will take advantage of the opportunity being given to express his views as to how the horse industry of this Province can best be improved.

A CALCUTTA MYSTERY.

Many Strange Theories to Account for a Bulge in the Pavement.

The other day a portion of the pavement near the steps of the general post office began to bulge and one of the heavy stones of the steps was found to have become loose. Immediately an immense crowd gathered on the spot. Stories went round that there was once a temple of the Hindu god Shiva on the spot and that the god was rising to the surface. Some Mohammedans, on the other hand, said that the Block Hole tragedy occurred there and that the dead bodies of the brave Europeans who were cruelly massacred by the Nawab Siraj were rising up to wreak a deadly vengeance upon the Mohammedans. Another timid person invented a curious story which spread great consternation among the up-country Ooryas and Hindus. He declared that underneath the stone pavement there was once a grave and the spirit of the dead was coming out of the earth to produce great havoc among the peaceful citizens of Calcutta. This story made a great impression on many of the bystanders, some of whom cheered off lest the ghost lay his hand on those near him. Some superstitious Hindus went so far as to lay flowers and garlands on the spot with the object of worshipping Shiva. During the latter part of the day the crowd largely increased and traffic was much inconvenienced. The European police officer on duty had a lot of trouble in dispersing the crowd and the scene was altogether very amusing. People were sometimes running away for fear the ghost should devour them, and then coming back to the spot out of curiosity to see whether any further development had taken place. Indeed, curiosity and timidity were in conflict with each other throughout.

The matter was at last brought to the notice of the municipal authorities. In order to remove all doubts the place was excavated. At the time of excavation the people round remained spellbound and anxiously awaited some timid Ooryas ran away in fear. The the image of some god which they seemed to expect to rise high up into the sky, and coolies engaged in the work of digging were hesitating every moment whether they should proceed any further in their hazadous enterprise. But alas! There was nothing inside. The portion of the footpath was dug up to the depth of some four feet but in vain.

The crowd had rather thickened and the excitement had not subsided. Some eight constables were appointed to clear the traffic and secure order.

A fresh sensation was caused among the Mohammedans by the discovery below the flagging of the impressions of a hand—Punjab, as the Mohammedans say. This is the Mohurrum standard, certainly in Bengal, and a strong belief prevails among some of the unlettered of the community that underneath is the tomb of a pir (saint), and it is taken by some as a sign of the return of Mohammedan ascendency.

The prosaic explanation of the occurrence is that the flagging was laid some years ago above a trench of the old fort. It is assumed that an accumulation of water under the pavement caused a large flagstone to bulge, assuming the appearance of a tomb.—From the Calcutta Statesman.

LACK OF ENERGY.

A Common Trouble Among Growing Boys—A New Blood Supply is Needed—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make New Blood.

There are thousands of young men just approaching manhood who have no energy, who tire out at the least exertion, and who feel by the time they have done their day's work as though the day was a week long. In some of these cases there is a further sign of warning in the pimples and disfiguring eruptions which break out on the face. These are certain signs that the blood is out of order, and unless it is promptly enriched, a complete breakdown or perhaps consumption may be the result All these young men should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make rich, red, blood, clear the skin of pimples and eruptions, and bring health, strength and energy. Here is a bit of proof. Adolphe Rolland, St. Jerome, Que., is a young man of 9 years, who says: "For more than a year I suffered from general weakness, and I gradually grew so weak that I was forced to abandon my work as a clerk. My appetite failed me, I had occasional violent headaches, and I began to suffer from indigestion. I was failing so rapidly that I began to fear that consumption was fastening itself upon me. Our family doctor treated me, but I did not gain under his care. I was in a very discouraged state when a friend from Montreal came to see me. He strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so, and inside of three weeks I began to feel better, my appetite began to improve and I seemed to have a feeling of new courage. I continued the pills until I had taken ten boxes and I am now enjoying the best of health I ever had. My cure surprised many of my friends who began to regard me as incurable, and I strongly advise other young men who are weak to follow my example and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

There is no mystery about the cures Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make. These pills actually make rich, red blood, which braces and strengthens every organ and every nerve in the body. That is why these pills cure all common ailments like anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, headaches and backaches and the special ailments of women and growing girls. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

How tiresome it all is. When you get there, breathless perhaps, because somebody is dreadfully sick at home and needs the doctor in the worst way, you may be told that the doctor is out, but is expected in every minute. Will you wait? Or he may be at supper and will see you shortly. You sit down, and if there are others waiting, you count the number of people who are ahead of you, and then as the minutes accumulate you begin to look at your watch and wonder why he doesn't come, and how the sick one at home is feeling. There is generally an awful silence in that waiting room, except when the bell rings and somebody else comes in and wants to know if the doctor is in. By this time the waiters are feeling mighty blue, thinking hard thoughts about the callousness of the doctor. A few papers and magazines are lying around and you pick up one of them, but you cannot concentrate your mind on it. You keep turning over the leaves and listening for the sound of the bell or the footfall of the doctor. And what a relief when he does make his appearance. It feels as if a heavy load were lifted off your shoulders, the world looks brighter, and as you see the man of medicine bowing you into his laboratory or reception room you forget the long, weary wait, and talk to him as pleasantly as possible, he never suspecting the uncharitable thoughts you were harboring against him a few minutes before.

Give Capital a Holiday.

Might it well be done to set aside a holiday for downtrodden capital? This would afford the capitalist an opportunity, now notable by its absence, for the expression of his views. Just as on Labor Day the radical leader makes a point in his public utterance of emphasizing his conservatism, so on Capital day the possessor of vast accumulations might dwell with convinsing earnestness upon his innate sympathy with his presumably less fortunate brethren and point the way for his associates, at any rate, to live better and broader lives. Under present conditions the millionaire is at a disadvantage as contracted with the spokesmen of the toilers.

SUNDAY AT HOME

Shine Just Where You Are.

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight,
Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun.
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done.
You may never be called to brighten
The darkened regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission,
By shining just where you are.

Just where you are, my brother,
Just where God bids you stand,
Though down in the deepest shadow
Instead of the sunlit land:
You may carry a brightness with you
That no gloom or darkness can mar,
For the light of a Christlike spirit
Will be shining wherever you are.
—Exchange.

The Key of God's Silence.

Thou who are crying for a new revelation of heaven art thou ready for thy wish? Would it be to thee a joy if there were revealed to thee the pleasures at God's right hand? What if these pleasures should be what the selfish man calls pain? Knowest thou not that the joys of love are not the joys of lovelessness? Love's joy is the surrender of itself; the joy of lovelessness is the keeping of itself. If heaven were open to thy vision, the sight might startle thee; thou mightst call for the rocks to hide thee, for the mountains to cover thee from the view. To make the revelation a joy to thee thou thyself must be changed into the same image. It is not every soul that can repoice to be a ministering spirit sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation; to rejoice in it fully we must all be changed. If death were abolished to-day it would not free thee from that end. It is not death that demands thy change; it is life. It is not death that brings thy change; it is the Spirit of the Christ. Thou needst not wait for death to find thy change, for the Spirit too can transform in a moment in the twinkling of an eye. Blessed are they who shall not taste of death until they shall see the kingdom of God.—George Matheson.

Thinketh No Evil.

She was a bright little woman, and when someone apologized for an occurrence at which she might have taken offence, she laughingly disclaimed any such thought. "I am honest, you know, and so I never pick up things that don't belong to me—not even slights," she said, merrily. "I don't like them, anyway, and I have to be quit certain that one is intended for my use before I appropriate it." So many people spend wearisome days and nights in nursing grievances that they have only "picked up," and in brooding over slights which were never designed for them, that this sort of honesty is heartily to be commended.—Christian Globe.

Wm. Allen White's Sermon,

The American Magazine, under its new editorship, publishes in its October number a remarkable article on "The Partnership of Society," by William Allen White, the brilliant Kansas editor, essayist and novelist. It is an essence of great sermon, full of stimulating and strengthening wisdom for every man and woman—so clear and seizing in its philosophy that it carries the awakened and eager mind along with absorbed attention to a splendid and uplifting conclusion. Every paragraph is as interesting as the following:

"Money does not pass current in the real world of service. It is false coin there. Churchmen need not worry about tainted money. If it is tainted, God will not accept it. For what God needs in this world is not money—but service—service that comes from the God-implanted instinct to help one's fellows. The failures of this life may heap the golden evidences of their failures mountain-high, and donate them to the cause of righteousness, and they will avail less than the testimony and the honest service of one poor man who has succeeded by living manfully. Men cannot cheat and steal and kill and oppress their fellows, and then buy their way into the happiness that comes from real usefulness to mankind; the peace that passeth understanding is not to be purchased with stolen money, even though the robber shall present it as a sacrifice, and even though he shall lay it upon the altar in even figures. The millionaire of to-day may not buy indulgences any more than the rich man of Martin Luther's time. Christ said to the Magdalen: 'Go, sin no more,' and to the rich young man, 'Sell that thou hast, give to the poor,' and then 'come and follow me.' Christ had no more thought of spreading his cause by the money of one sinner than by the money of another. And the chiefest proof of Christ's divinity is not in the miracles, nor in the signs and wonders, but in the fact that He knew that the gearing of the world is not turned toward the milennium by money or by the power that comes through worldly success, but by service of man to man, without money, and without the power that money can buy. Money has its place in our social organization. It can feed the bodies of men; but a dollar nor a million dollars never fed a soul. For souls grow only as life has grown on this planet, by service to one's fellow creatures."

Prayer.

Almighty God, we, Thy unworthy and sinful children, praise Thy marvellous grace in that Thou hast called us to the faith of Jesus Christ. We bless Thee for the redemption that is in Him, for the pardon of sin and the hope of life eternal. We bless Thee that our Lord and Master has counted us worthy of His service, and that He has committed to our hands the affairs of His kingdom. We confess our weakness and folly and our unfitness to do the Master's work. Yet we would not draw back because of our unworthiness. Rather we would come with those talents which Thou hast given and pray that Thou wouldst use us for Thy glory. Help us each day to do our best for Thee in all life's relations. Enable us to be faithful and, at the last, may the reward of the faithful be ours. Amen.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO