HIS LORDSHIP'S ROMANCE

"Do the Lynnes go out much into society?" asked Julia.

"Not at present," replied Mrs. Godwin. "Lady Lynne is in delicate health; besides, you know, they are so very exclusive; they mixed in the highest circles in London. There are very few English in Rome they would know. They are the cre de la creme, you understand."

"Oh ,yes; certainly," said poor Mrs. Cadwell, with the most amiable of smiles, and without the least notion of what Mrs. Godwin meant.

"Really, that is strange!" said Mrs. Godwin, with a smile. "Speak of — you remember the old proverb. There are the Lynnes! over there, near tht large arch, where that fine shrub grows. Is she not lovely? Why, see, Mrs. Cadwell, they are crossing this way!—and he looks quite smiling and excited. Do you know them?"

"No," cried the three ladies, with something like a pang at the denial.

"They are coming to us!" cried Mrs. Godwin, in great excitement. "What can it mean?"

Words are feegle to depict the surprise, the mingled exultation and mortification of the assembled party, when they saw Lord Lynne, with a beaming face and excited manner, hasten to the companion and clasp her hand in his own, saying, as he did so, "Lady Florence, I cannot express my delight at seeing you. Lady Lynne and myself have searched Rome to find you."

"Lady Florence!" cried the Misses Cadwell and Mrs. Godwin in one breath and in one key, while Mrs. Cadwell sat too dismayed to speak.

Then a handsome lady, with an air of dignity, stepped forward, and clasping the young girl in her arms, kissed her warmly, uttering, in a sweet, musical voice, the kindest of greetings.

After that a younger lady, with a sweet, fair face and golden hair, whom Lord Lynne introduced as his sister, as Miss Lynne, welcomed her just as kindly, while the lookers-on were petrified with amazement. The Lynnes—the best and most exclusive people in Rome — were positively in raptures at meeting with their companion!—calling her Lady Florence, too! What could it mean? Like a flash of lightning the recollection of the magnificent dress ran through Maria's mind. What if, after all, she were mistaken, and the despised companion proved to be a "lady" instead of an adventuress! They heard every word of the dialogue.

"Where are you staying?" asked Lord Lynne.

"I am travelling companion to three ladies," answered Florence, with a smile. "We are staying in the Via Gregoriana."

"You must go home with us," cried Lady Lynne. "If you only knew how we have searched for you! We will not lose sight of you again."

"Why did you not write to me?" said Lord Lynne, reproachfully. "Was I not your father's friend? I can hardly forgive you."

"Come with us for the day, at least," said Lady Lynne, watching the sweet face as it alternately paled and plushed. "We can arrange for the future. I am not willing to part with you."

"You are very kind, Lady Lynne," replied Florence; "but I am engaged; my time is no longer my own. I will ask for the day, but I am not quite sure if I can be spared."

"Do not speak so, Lady Florence—you horrify me," cried Lord Lynne. "Introduce me to your friends, and I will arrange that."

He noted the half-reluctant expression that came over her face, and smiled as he did so.

"Am I to take the law into my own hands, and introduce myself?" he asked, with a smile.

"No," she cried, hastily. "But, Lord Lynne, I call myself Miss Wyverne—to to these people. It seemed so absurd for a Lady Florence to go out as companion."

"It is absurd, indeed," he replied, dryly. "We must alter that. I will make it straight for you at once."

Then Lady Florence brought Lord and Lady Lynne up to the fluttered and agitated group, and introduced them to each individual composing it. Mrs. Godwin went through the ceremony like a lady; the Cadwells were nervous. They had attained the end and aim of their existence at last; they were introduced to a real lord and his lady.

Lady Lynne was most gracious, and her smiles bewildered them. Lord Lynne spoke very pleasantly for a few minutes about Rome, and then turned to Mrs. Cadwell with a polite bow.

"Mrs. Cadwell," said he, "this young lady, I find, has been masquerading. You must allow me to introduce her as Lady Florence Wyverne. Lady Lynne and myself," he continued, "have been seeking all over Rome for her. We heard she was here, and now that we have found her, I am sure you will allow us to monopolize her for the day."

"Certainly, my lord," replied the poor lady, whose ideas were all disarranged. "I hope Lady Florence will make no stranger of me, but do just as she likes."

"You are very kind," said Lady Lynne, replying for her husband. "if Lady Florence goes with us now, she will return this evening, and to-morrow—if you will allow us—we will call upon you and arrange for the future."

It was with feelings of envy and wonder that they saw the Lynnes disappear, taking with them the very companion whose respectability they had that morning doubted.

"An earl's daughter!" said Maria, as she watched them disappear. "Well, I always thought there was something very distinguished about her."

"I knew she was an aristocrat the first moment I saw her," said Mrs. Godwin; "anybody accustomed to good society would know that at once."

"I am sorry to lose her," sighed Mrs. Cadwell; "she is the most amiable girl I ever knew."

"It is a grand thing for you," said Mrs. Godwell; "you will be quite sought after when it becomes known that the Lynnes' friend, Lady Florence Wyverne, has visited you."

"Has been our companion, you mean," interrupted Maria.

"If you are wise, you will not allude to that," replied the woman of the world ,"or people will know at once she was incog. If you have treated her kindly, she will repay you, and you will so gain a footing in the very best society. A more fortunate thing could not have happened."

Something like a pang of remorse went through the hearts of the Misses Cadwell as they remembered how they had treated their companion. What must she think of them after all they had said of her "class" and her "position?" Each red face became still more red as the remembrance of many such words flashed across them.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Lord and Lady Lynne had been nearly two weeks in Rome. Inez herself decided upon the place as being at once beautiful, nitersting and quiet. It was, too, she thought, the last spot where Count Rinaldo would think of looking or them. Not one word had Lord Lynne said of their journey; no one knew where he had gone. At Paris he told Agatha he thought Rome would be the best place for Inez to hest in, and she acquiesced cheerfully in his decision. Quiet had a great charm for Agatha Lynne. The day before he started, Lord Lynne, who made constant inquiries about Lady Florence, heard that she had gone with some family as companion to Rome.

Inez and Agatha were as much interested in finding her as the young lord himself. As soon as Lady Lynne had somewhat recovered from the excessive weakness that prostrated her, they went out every day visiting the different places of interest in Rome, hoping to meet her, but day after day they were disappointed.

One morning Agatha suggested a visit to the Colosseum. She was longing to see it. They went, and were gazing in speechless admiration at the circle of shattered arches and corridors overgrown with shrubs and green grass, when Lady Lynne cried, "Philip, look! there is a picture! Do you see that beautiful, sorrowful young girl leaning against those old stones? If I had but my pencil. What a sketch that would make. I never saw a more exquisite face."

Lord Lynne looked; and then, to his wife's surprise, cried out, "Inez, that is Lady Florence Wyverne. I am truly thankful. Let us go over to her at once."

All that day they lavished upon the friendless, solitary girl the most loving care and attention. Not one word did she say to them of the unpleasantries of her present life. She spoke of the constant kindness of Mrs. Cadwell, and said but little of her daughters. They would not hear of any return to what they called her slavery. Lady Lynne had promised she should go back that evening; but she repented having said so, and was glad to hear her husband and sister strongly prohibit any such measure. A polite note was therefore written and despatched to Mrs. Cadwell, who had not expected to see the late companion again.

It was wonderful how much Julia and Maria found to praise and admire in the young girl they had previously disliked. The whole evening was spent in discussing the morning's adventure. The arrival of the pretty scented billet, with a coronet upon the envelope, was but another charm.

The day following Lord and Lady Lynne called upon Mrs. Cadwell. They little knew the preparations that had been made for that event—how many dresses the girls had tried on; how the salon had been arranged; how the card-basket was weeded of all obnoxious and commonplace names, and the Hon. Mrs. Godwin's card placed where it was sure to attract attention.

Mrs. Godwin gave some very plain hints that she considered she ought to be present at the interview; but Mrs. Cadwell discreetly refused to understand them.

Lord Lynne explained as much as he thought proper of the circumstances that had caused Lady Florence to act as she had done.

"I consider myself her guardian," he continued. "I was her father's intimate friend; and Lady Lynne wishes her to make her home with us at present. Some arrangements will be entered into with the present Earl of Wyverne, who is bound to allow Lady Florence an income from the estate. If you can find some one as substitute for her, Mrs. Cadwell, you will confer a great favor upon Lady Lynne and myself."

"You must not think," said Lord Lynne, with the kind courtesy that ever distinguished him, "that we intend to deprive you altogether of Lady Florence's society. I hope you will sometimes call at the Palazzo Giorni. We shall be happy to see you."

It was a triumph to be able to tell Mrs. Godwin that they were invited to visit Lady Lynne.

"I tell you," returned the lady, "a more fortunate thing never happened to anyone."

Both Agatha and Lady Lynne had the kindest affection for the beautiful young girl who seemed to have no friends. She was happy with them; but she never felt quite at home with Lord Lynne. She had not forgotten those few days at Severnoke Castle, when he had seemed to care so much about her.

Lady Florence admired the superb beauty of Lady Lynne. She understood row much the graceful, dignified Andalusian loved her husband. Lord Lynne was kind and courteous to her, as to every one, and she was wonderfully happy in that new home where every loving care and attention was lavished upon her. A correspondence was opened with the Earl of Wyverne. Lord Lynne refused to listen to any argument Florence brought forward, and declared she must be guided by common sense, not pride, and that her father's daughter should receive a suitable provision from her father's estate.

They had now been three weeks in Rome, and Lady Lynne was beginning to recover her spirits, nothing having been heard of Rinaldo.

"He will see," she said to herself, "that there is no chance for him, and he will be satisfied to leave us alone."

Alas! she was too sanguine; as well hope to divert a tiger from its helpless prey, as expect Count Rinaldo to relinquish any plans he had once formed. She had not quite regained her old spirits and brilliancy; and there were times when her cheek was pale and her eyes were dim; but as days passed on and no news came of the man who tortured her, she began to take courage. The danger was not present, and she feared it less.

Lord Lynne could not quite understand his wife. He was proud of her, and fond of her; but he wondered why she so frequently seemed to lose all health and strength, why those sudden and mysterious fits of illness seized her, why at times she was her own brilliant, bright self, and again so sad and spiritless that he hardly knew her. He was never certain of her; if he saw her in the morning and felt pleased because she seemed bright and happy, in a few hours afterward she would be pale and silent. Yet no woman ever strove to bear her pain so bravely as did Inez Lynne.

Her husband was never sure of her. He found relief in the unvarying sweetness of Agatha Lynne, and the bright, cheerful spirits of Lady Florence. The two young girls were warmly attached to Inez. Florence resembled Agatha in many things—she was fair, but her face was brighter, and her hair of a deeper and more golden hue. In place of the sweet repose that characterized Miss Lynne, she charmed by the varying expression of her bright face. She was of a more decided character than Agatha. She had more pride, more genius, deeper capability of loving; she was less patient and amiable.

"Good news," said Lord Lynne, as he perused a long and closely-written letter from his mother; "the Leighs are coming to Rome. They have our address, and will call first upon us."

With a rapid glance Inez noticed the flush that overspread her sister's face when she heard the name. She did love Allan, then, and that was the reason she cared nothing either for Lord Hirtington or Count Rinaldo.

"If that only happens," said Lady Lynne to herself, "I am saved. If Allan comes, and they are engaged, Rinaldo would see it was of no use to torture me, and I should be left in peace."

Her spirits rose again—she would be happy. There was freedom in the present, and a prospect of relief in the future.

Lord Lynne proposed that they should visit that day the beautiful gardens of the Pamfili Doria Villa.

"They are like fairyland, Inez," he said; "you will be charmed with them. The oaks and bay trees meet overhead, and form beautiful green aisles, down which you may walk, lost in dreams. The rippling fountains and the magnificent statues and vases are half hidden in the luxuriant foliage. Would you like to go there?"

"Above all things," replied Lady Lynne. "But when are the Leighs coming?"

"There is no certain time fixed," said Lord Lynne. "Whenever we go out we must leave word as to our whereabouts, and they will follow us."

So Lord Lynne left orders with his servants that if any friends came from England, they were to be told Lord and Lady Lynne were at the Pamlifi Doria Villa, and asked to follow them there.

It was a bright, cloudless day, such as one only sees in Italy; the sky was blue, the sun bright, and the gardens were perfection. Lady Florence lingered, like one fascinated, by the side of Inez. She had never seen her look so handsome and so bright. There were numerous strangers in the gardens, and many were the admiring glances that followed the beautiful Andalusian. She had thrown off her troubles and cares, and given herself up to the charm of the day. Her husband looked at her in admiration, her glowing beauty, gay spirits, and musical laugh, all seeming to have a new and more potent fascination for him. They were as happy as children. No one could have guessed that over one among them there hung the blackest cloud and the most bitter sorrow.

All day they lingered in the gardens, admiring the relics of antiquity that greeted the eye at every turn; the long terraces and the beautiful views seen from thm.

"I am tired," said Lady Lynne, with a smile. "If you will persist in going over those terraces again, Agatha, take Philip with you. I will rest here, at the foot of this statue. You will know where to find me."

They laughed at what they called her indolence, and then went away. Lady Florence begged that she might remain with Lady Lynne.

Inez sat at the feet of the statue, and Florence gazed admiringly at her beautiful, smiling face.

"How happy you are, Lady Lynne! I think no one in the world is so happy as you," said Florence.

Florence did not detect the bitterness of the laugh in which her companion indulged.

"My best wish for you, Florence," she said, "is that you may be happier than I am."

"That would be impossible," she replied; and then she sprung to her feet in terrified astonishment.

A change, almost ghastly, had come over the face of Lady Lynne. Her eyes grew dim and full of horror; her white lips parted and quivered.

"Dear Lady Lynne," cried the young girl, "are you ill? What is it? Shall I call any one?"

With a desperate effort Inez recovered herself.

"I am faint and tired," she replied; "do not say anything, Florence, not one word. It distresses Lord Lynne and Agatha. See," she continued, carelessly, as a gentleman sauntered slowly down the path, "here is one of my husband's friends, the Count Rinaldo Montalti."

There was a dark frown upon the count's face, but it vanished when he saw that Inez was not alone. He bowed most courteously.

"I am happy to find you, Lady Lynne," he said. "Your servants, when I called, directed me to the villa."

"How long have you been in Rome?" she asked.

"I only arrived this morning," he replied. "I left London hurriedly and on important business. I found that a friend, in whom I had placed great reliance, had deceived me, and played me false."

"How unpleasant!" said Lady Lynne, coldly, seeing that he stopped and awaited her reply.

"It will be so for my friend," he said, sneeringly; "but I am forgetting. Lady Lynne. I must ask for an introduction to your companion, whose face seems strangely familiar to me."

Lady Lynee complied with his wish with a very ill grace."

"Florence," she then continued, gently, "Lord Lynne and Agatha are over there on that large terrace. Will you be kind enough to tell them that the Count Montalti is here. I am so tired, I can go no further."

Lady Florence hastened to comply with her wish, and then Inez found herself alone with her enemy.

CHAPTER XXX.

"You thought you had escaped me," said the count, as soon as they were alone. "How foolish and blind you are, my lady! You cannot fly from your fate"

"So I begin to perceive," she replied coldly. She might dread the danger, but face to face with it, Lady Lynne was no coward.

"I shall not repeat all I said before," he continued. "I never change—my purpose is inflexible. I am here to marry your sister, by your help and aid. Unless you give that to me, and use your influence to such good purpose as to persuade her to accept me, I shall tell all I know to Lord Lynne, and claim you and your fortune from him."

"Then, in reality, my fate lies in my sister's words, not yours," she replied. "If she accepts you, I am saved; if she refuses you, I am lost. So be it. I would rather take death from her hands than life from yours."

There was a dreary pathos in her tone that might have moved a heart of iron.

"Be reasonable, Inez," he said, more gently, "and you will have nothing to fear. I shall not wait long in suspense. This very evening you must begin the work I have given you to do."

"If I tell you it is all in vain," she replied, "that Agatha loves some one, else, and that her lover is here in Rome, what shall you say or do?"

(To be continued.)

ASTHMA

Mrs. Farndel, of Clementsport, N.S., Suffered All Her Life From Asthma, But Was Permanently Cured by Catarrhozone After All Other Means Failed.

Mr. Farndel gives the following statement of her case for the benefit of others who are suffering from asthma, and hopes that many will follow her example and use Catarrhozone.

"I am now in my eightieth year, and cannot recall the time when I was free from the asthma. I had always a shocking cough, feverishness, spasms, difficulty in breathing, headache and nausea. My druggist advised Catarrhozone one day, and I bought a large outfit. It gave relief in five minutes, and helped me very much in one day.

"I inhaled Catarrhozone ten minutes every hour, and by the time two bottles were used I was entirely cured. I am as free now from asthma as if I never had it. My perfect recovery is due entirely to Catarrhozone. I prize my Catarrhozone inhaler next to life itself."

Catarrhozone

Relieves at Once ---- Prevents and Cures Quickly.

For the nose, throat, lungs and bronchial tubes, Catarrhozone is unrivalled. Try it yourself—both pleasant and safe. Two months' treatment guaranteed to cure; price $1; medium size, 50 cents; small trial size, 25 cents, at all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

In the West Virginia Mountains.

Hello, dear readers, here comes little Chatterbox again; hope she is welcome.

Courting seems to be all the go this week.

Who was it that went fishing Sunday night and caught a string of suckers?

Look out, J. M., for a package from a couple of girls. They say they are going to send you a pair of sox!

Give some people their pick and they will pick flaws every time.

Miss Ida Chafin and Miss Roonfo Hall were out walking last Sunday.

T. C., get down to business and don't keep the fair sex in suspense any longer.

The only thing a lazy man can do successfully is nothing.

It's a matter of coure we have all done things we should not have done and left undone things we should have done, but nevertheless that does not justify a minister of the Gospel to pass his neighbors and not speak to them.

Daniel Mason is sick at this writing.

Uncle Tom Steele went to Logan last Thursday for the first time in twelve months. Uncle says that Logan looks more like New York every day.

William Wuest is better at this writing.—From the Logan Democrat.

THE "CHAMPION"

GAS and GASOLINE ENGINES

It must give satisfaction or you don't pay for it.

SOLD ON TRIAL

Is the only Gasoline Engine that you can try before you buy. I know what the "Champion" will do, and I want you to be fully satisfied with it before you pay for it. The price is low. Full particulars free.

Wm. Gillespie, Dept. "M"
98 Front St. East, Toronto

Waiting for the Last Act,

Not long ago a portly gentleman seated himself upon a bench in one of the public squares, drew forth a newspaper from his pocket, and was soon absorbed in reading.

After a while he began to be annoyed by a small boy, who persisted in staring at him steadily. At last the man demanded sharply:

"What are you looking at, boy? Is there anything funny about me?"

"Not yet," replied the boy; "but there'll be a whole circus full of fun when you get up. Them benches has just been painted."—Tit-Bits.

$11 Washington, D. C. and Return, via Philadelphia.

From Suspension Bridge, Friday, February 19th, via Lehigh Valley R. R. Tickets good ten days. Particulars, 54 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

Correct.

Teach—Now, Willie, how many months have 28 days?

Willie Wise—All of them.

"It's always the bold and reckless swimmer who is drowned," observed the Wise Guy. "Yes, especially in the sea of matrimony," added the Simple Mug.

RAW

FURS and HIDES

Write for Weekly Price Lists. Shipments Solicited.

JOHN HALLAM - TORONTO, ONT. 7

THE FAVORITES

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

"Silent as the Sphinx!"

THE MOST PERFECT MATCHES YOU EVER STRUCK

Always, everywhere in Canada, ask for Eddy's Matches

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

A Helpful Bulletin Issued by the Dominion Government.

A timely bulletin entitled "Sheep Husbandry in Canada," by Mr. J. B. Spencer, B. S. A., has been issued by the Live Stock Branch at Ottawa. Mr. Spencer has taken up the task from practically all the standpoints that concern the sheep raiser in whatever province he may dwell. After describing the ideal mutton sheep he gives a brief, though comprehensive, history and description of eleven of the popular breeds. Next he covers in a practical way the establishing of a commercial breeding flock. Mutton production as a highly specialized industry, is dealt with by reviewing the methods in vogue in Great Britain. Nor does the treatment of the subject stop when the animal is fattened for it is followed right through the butchering and curing processes until the joint is ready for the cook. Then come sections on handling, dipping, wethering, feeds and feeding, housing, weed destroying, enemies, etc., each subject exhaustively treated according to the practice of the most successful shepherds. As a practical home doctor book for the flockmaster this work will undoubtedly become a helpful standby. A review of the wool industry concludes the text of the work of more than 125 pages of reading matter, illustrated by some sixty beautiful plate illustrations printed in sepia and a number of line drawings. This attractive, comprehensive and practical "Bulletin, No. 12 of the Live Stock Branch" is ready for free distribution to all those interested in the sheep or its products who care to apply for it to J. G. Rutherford, Live Stock Commissioner, Ottawa.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

Mrs. T. Osborn, Norton Mills, Vt., says: "I have no hesitation in saying that Baby's Own Tablets saved my baby's life and I cannot say enough in praise of this medicine. He was so weak and sickly that he took no notice of anything, and cried so much that I was worn out caring for him. After giving him the Tablets there was a great change, and he is now a bright-eyed, laughing baby, the pride of our home." Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, destroy worms and keep little ones healthy and happy. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Ireland's Unstable Bog Land.

The bog slide in county Galway, which beginning after heavy rains on Sunday has already overwhelmed the village of Kilmore and threatens disaster to a whole countryside, is unfortunately not a new experience for the sister isle.

Owing to the low level of the interior and the excessive rainfalls, huge areas are merely peat bogs, and one such area, the bog of Allen, in King's County and County Kildare, is over 200,000 acres in extent. The worst bog slide of recent years happened during boxing night, 1896, when the Knocknageeha bog, in county Kerry, gave way and sweeping everything before it carried away a cottage and a family of eight persons, some of whose bodies were afterward found in the Lower Lake at Killarney.—From the Westminster Gazette.

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

Not Within His Jurisdiction.

A well-known New York judge invited a friend of his, a lawyer from Boston, to go for a short trip on his yacht. A storm came up and the boat began to roll and toss in a manner which the Boston lawyer did not relish.

The judge laid a hand on his friend's shoulder and said, "My dear fellow, is there anything I can do to make you comfortable?"

"Yes," was the grim reply, "overrule this motion!" —Brooklyn Life.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

True Deduction.

Wife—I had it in mind to ask you for a new gown, dear, but I see you can't afford it.

Husband—How did you discover that, my love?

Wife—Why, I peeped into your cheque book this morning and saw you had only one cheque left!—New York Herald.

Plans for the Future.

"I'm going to be a lawyer when I grow up," said Walter.

"I'm not," said Jimmy; "I'm going to keep a candy store, and be rich enough to eat it all up myself."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

JUST THINK!

With half the labor, and at half the cost of other soap, Sunlight does the whole washing in half the time, yet without injuring the most delicate fabric.

Doubts Ericssons Invention.

In an effort to replace the name of John Ericsson by that of Theodore R. Timby as the inventor of the revolving turret of the Monitor, the Patriotic League of the Revolution is circulating a petition for signatures. This will be presented to Congress requesting that a commission of army and navy men be appointed to investigate Mr. Timby's claim. The purpose of the action, remarks the New York Herald, is said to be that the histories of the league may have the sanction of official authority.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

PALTERING WITH THE ETERNAL VERITIES.

The uncle from the west took his little Boston nephew on his knee.

"Wadsworth," he said, "once there was a man——"

"Then he still exists, Uncle Peter," interrupted the little Boston boy. "No sentient, reasoning being within whom the vital spark has found a lodgment on this mortal plane ever ceases to be, albeit his activities may seek expression in another form. Annihilation is abhorrent to the esthetic sense. Matter may vanish from the sight, but the elements of which it is composed are imperishable. In like manner the intangible essence that constitutes the real man, the ego, survives all changes and mutations. It is the indestructible, sempiternal self, that persists through the ages. A little reflection, Uncle Peter, would convince you that the timeworn phrase, 'once there was a man,' is a solecism."

Uncle Peter, after a little reflection, put the boy down from his knee and began to talk of something else.

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

Hef Fatal Error.

He was supposed to be a poor but otherwise honest young man, while she was admittedly a thing of beauty.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"You are very short," he muttered.

"Ditto," she replied. "That's why there is nothing doing in the matrimonial line."

"Oh, I don't know," he sneered, as he extracted an obese billbook from an inside pocket and displayed a number of $1,000 bills, "I'm not so short."

Whereupon the unwary maid tried to fall upon his neck, but he gracefully sidestepped and she fell to the floor in a faint.—Chicago News.

FREE GOWGANDA DIAMOND GOLD SHELL RING

for selling only 2 1-2 dozen Gold Point Inkless Pens at 5c. each. These pens write a beautiful color by simply dipping in water. Write to-day and we will send pens and big premium list. In a short time you can win this "Electric Sparkler" and also an elegant chain.

QUEEN CITY SUPPLY CO., Dept. 201 Toronto, Ont.

Can't Beat Your Wife.

(Toronto Globe.)

It is worth recording that nothing in Judge Riddell's charge to the jury in the Blythe wife murder case could, taken with the context, suggest that a man has any right to "chastise" his wife. In sentencing Blythe yesterday the Judge made the point quite plain. "It cannot be too well known and recognized," he said, "that our law gives a man no more right to strike his wife than to strike any other woman."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The Cowboy Serenader.

There ain't no encores when I sing,
And there ain't no ladies fair;
There ain't no light guitars to ring,
And no one's nigh to care;
I've got one song—'twould make you creep—
It's all I ever knowed;
But the cattle allus go to sleep
When they've been Old Black Joed.

These here Eyetalians, so they say,
Has voices made of gold;
I'll meet 'em even, night or day,
A-makin' cattle hold;
'Cause opery music don't fit steers—
Caruso's voice be blowed—
There's nothin' quiets cattle's fears
Like bein' Old Black Joed.

One night our foreman he gits gay
And takes me off the herd,
And lets a new hand try my lay—
He sung just like a bird—
At 12 o'clock a steer grunts "Woof!"
And how that stampede growed!
I'll bet they wouldn't stirred a hoof
If they'd been Old Black Joed.
—Arthur Chapman in the Denver Republican.

The World's Telephones.

The number of telephones in the whole world is estimated at 9,500,000, of which 7,000,000 are said to be in use in America, and 2,000,000 in Europe. The industry of statisticians is so great that possibly some one will turn his attention to the number of despairing entreaties made to the young ladies at the exchange in a year in London alone.

HELP WANTED.

TRAVELLERS WANTED. I SELL DIRECT to consumers at wholesale rates. Nothing better than a route of regular customers. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

WE WANT RELIABLE WOMEN, ALL over Canada to work for us during their spare hours, selling our high grade Perfumes, Toilet Requisites, Teas, Coffees, etc. No experience necessary. Work pleasant and remunerative. The Home Specialties Co., Tranby Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

FARMS TO RENT.

STOCK FARM FOR RENT—A FINE STOCK farm of 125 acres, five miles north of London, on Proof Line road; grand opportunity for right party. Enquire Wm. Sifton, Arva P. O., Ont.

FOR SALE.

TIN SHOP FOR SALE—RETIRING ON account of age; best place in all Canada for good plumber and tinner. Vivian Vance, Essex, Ont.

LAND WANTED.

$460.00 CASH

PAID FOR

South African Volunteer Land Warrants

If substitute papers properly executed. Make sight draft with papers attached.

First National Realty Co.

Winnipeg, Man.

Reference—Merchants' Bank.

A Bernard Shaw Joke.

After addressing an Edinburgh meeting for ninety minutes, Bernard Shaw remarked that the time was a quarter to 10, and he had intended to finish at 9 o'clock. He did not seem in the least fatigued; the audience was also quite fresh, and when the speaker was about to sit down, loud cries of "Go on" were raised on all sides.

"Do you really wish me to go on?" Mr. Shaw asked.

He was answered by renewed cheering and more shouts of "Go on."

Great was the disappointment, therefore, when he replied, "That is the exact point at which an experienced speaker sits down," which he accordingly did.—Judge.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

He Was Satisfied.

"A Maine man, notorious for his 'nearness,'" says a New Englander, "one day went into a meat shop in Portland and inquired the price of a certain soup bone.

"The proprietor of the shop, himself a generous fellow, said in answer to a question from the old man, "Oh, I'll give you that.'

"The old man, who is hard of hearing, put a hand to his ear, as though he had but faintly caught the butcher's reply. 'Can't you take something off that?' he asked, querulously.

"The dealer took pity on him.

"'Yes,' said he; 'call it 10 cents.'

"Whereupon the old man went away with the comfortable sense of having driven a good bargain."—Harper's Monthly.

Gold Laid Watch

Guaranteed for 20 years FREE for selling 4 doz. Cobalt Gold Inkless Pens at 5c. each. These pens write a beautiful color by simply dipping in water. No ink required. Write to-day. We trust you with the pens, sell them and return the money and win this little beauty Gold Finished Watch and also a lovely Tea Set Free

COBALT GOLD PEN CO. Dept 230 Toronto, Ont.

Coldest City in the World.

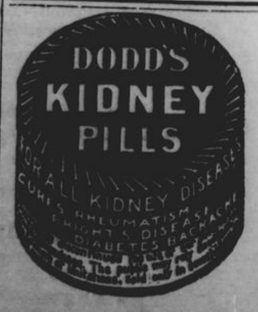
Yakutsk, in Eastern Siberia, is said to be the coldest city in the world. It is the great commercial emporium of Eastern Siberia, and the capital of the Province of Yakutsky, which in most of its area of 1,517,063 square miles is a bare desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great depth. Yakutsky consists of about four hundred houses of European structure, standing apart. The intervening spaces are occupied by winter yoorts, or huts of the northern nomads, with earthen roofs. The doors are covered with hairy hides and the windows are of ice.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

At the Zoological Gardens.

She—If the lion were to break out, which would you save first, the children or me?

He—Me.



ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO

TO DETHRONE THE CZA

Plot Discovered to Establi Regency in Russia.

Grand Duke Vladimir Was to the Czar's Place.

The Duke Died Suddenly That Put an End to It.

EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 22—A sensa story of a reactionary plot to de Emperor Nicholas and proclaim gency in Russia is being related Petersburg to-day in connection the recent death of Grand Duke mir Alexandrovitch, the Emperor est uncle.

The authority for the story is a judicial official of St. Petersburg cording to this individual the afta uncovered in connection with the ations concerning the Azef and kine cases. While investigating t lation between Azef and the ro ary organizations, Azef, who is the who was condemned to death by t ganization because of his alleged t ery, the prosecuting department Government found indications th organization was dissatisfied wit present moderate policy of the t ment, and desiring to substitu strong-handed reactionary regime formed a plan to establish a regen der Grand Duke Vladimir. Whethe Grand Duke was cognizant of scheme is not set forth, but the in question said to-day that a sear the documents in Vladimir's palac about to be undertaken when the Duke suddenly died. This put an to the project.

FROZEN IN ICE

Whaling Schooner Fast Near Barrow, Alaska.

New York, Feb. 22—Herman C. pus, director of the American Mu of Natural History, received a yesterday from V. Stefansson, who Dr. R. M. Anderson, left Edmonto berta, May 2, 1908, on a trip u Mackenzie River to the Arctic to to explore the eastern islands for nological and zoological data. Mr fanson wrote from the whaling s er Olga, in command of Captain W Mogg, who left Port Townsend, W ington, in June, 1907, on a whalin through unexplored regions of the tic. Mr. Stefansson writes, under of September 25, 1908, that Ca Mogg and his crew are safe, but th will have to abandon his ship, wh frozen in the ice three miles off Hal near Point Barrow, Alaska.

Mr. Stefansson and Dr. R. M. A son left New York in April last to a year and a half or two years a the Esquimaux living along the ern coast of the North American nent, particularly east of the del the Mackenzie River. Some of tribes had never seen a white ma fore Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Ande appeared among them.

COULDN'T STEER

Boy Killed While Coasting— University Men Hurt.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 22.—Ma Dwyer, thirteen years of age, die day from injuries received in a co accident last night. The lad was to steer on the glassy surface of a hill and his sled struck a tree. He was broken, chest crushed and h ceived internal injuries.

A despatch from Hornell, N. Y., "As the result of a coasting ac at Alfred last night six professor students in Alfred University we jured. Professor C. L. Clark is hospital in a critical condition. The took a bob-sled out on a hill and riding down or the snow crust. A foot of the hill Professor Clark lost trol of the sled and it plunged i river, throwing the men against stone abutments of a bridge."

A PHILANTHROPIS

Passes a Night in Chicago Mu pal Lodging House.

Chicago, Feb. 22.—Edwin A. B of Denver, brother of the Preside the New York Central, has spe night in the Chicago municipal lo house, as one of the leaders of a m ment in his home city to establish ern municipal lodging. He made th periment here to gain inside know of what Chicago does for her poor says he has found more humanit sentiment in Chicago than there Denver.

Mr. Brown is on his way to Wa ton to urge the framing of a bil make a national playgrounds of the million acre White River reserva In the middle of the park it is pro to have the government erect a tarium to care for its indigent and valescent soldiers and sailors, espe those who incur illness in the P pines.