THE WOOING OF ERNA

"Yes, I will," she replied. indignantly. "I was trying to have a little fun, and you did your best to turn it into a tragedy."

"Oh!" he said, sarcastically, "it was all my fault. Well, admit that. What has that to do with your perching yourself on a perilous ledge of rock and crying out for help?"

"I'm not a bird, and I don't perch anywhere," she retorted, saucily, not by any means freed of awe of her grim kinsman, but too angry to stop for anything. "I saw you going along, and I went down there and called out because I wanted you to come up here. I didn't suppose you would be so silly as to climb up the face of the cliff."

In her secret heart she admired him immensely for his daring feat. He heard her without any show of resentment, and then said, quietly, giving a sting to his words that made her wince:

"Is it your habit to use this method of attracting the attention of strangers. It would seem to me a most undesirable habit."

"It is not a habit. You have no right to say so. You are not a stranger. You are my cousin, and you know it, or you would never dare to say such things to me. What if you have spent your money to educate me! I didn't ask for your old money, and I would not touch a penny of it now."

Her brown eyes were black with wrath and they seemed to emit sparks as she hurled defiance and scorn at the young nobleman, who dared to accuse her of such an impropriety. He felt that he had done wrong, but to him it seemed such a tempest in a tea-pot.

"Very well," he said, carelessly, "accept my apology. You knew it was I, your cousin, and you chose this way instead of a rational one of seeing and talking with me. I remember now that you and your aunt live at Vinehurst. Why, if you had anything to say to me did you not come to the Castle?"

"Why!" repeated Erna, angry enough now to say anything; "because I was forbidden to go to the castle. You, who are so ready to impute wrong motives, may know why it was considered improper for even your cousin to go to the Castle while you were there."

Her head was up, her eyes flashing, and her voice tremulous with anger; but when she saw the change that came over the young nobleman, she would have given worlds to have unsaid that speech.

His blue eyes dilated as he listened, and then his face became livid under the tan of a tropic sun, and a look of mortal anguish passed over his handsome face. Was it possible? Oh, was it possible? Did they teach youth and innocence to avoid him?

He turned his head, that she might not see the misery that was in his face. She stood contritely wringing her hands. When he turned again his face was calm and stern. Erna stared. Could she have been mistaken? No—oh, no! And she would never forget that look as long as she lived.

"Was there anything in especial you wished to say to me?" he calmly asked.

"Nothing," she meekly answered. "It was only mischief, and because I was told—told—because I had been forbidden—you know. Indeed, Lord Aubrey," she said, impetuously, "I am awfully sorry I was so saucy. Won't you forgive me?"

She looked very wistful, very winsome and the moisture in her upturned eyes only made them gentler and softer—not less beautiful. He smiled down at her; the only look she had yet seen on his face that showed he had human sympathies. And she thought she had never seen anything so wonderful as the change that smile made in his face.

"Supose we forgive each other," he gently said.

"It would be very kind of you," she humbly answered.

"I will walk home with you, if I may," he said.

She flashed a quick look up to see if he were being ironical again. He was not, and she answered, in a low tone:

"I shall be very glad, but there is Aunt Augusta, you know."

His lip curled slightly.

"I fancy I shall come to no great harm at her hands," he said; but the mention of her brought the hard look into his face. "Do you walk as well as you ride? But I need not ask after seeing you climb."

Erna flushed. Somehow she was not very much in love with what she had done.

"I am very fond of walking," she said.

"Did you know I saw your famous leap over the wall, the other day?" he asked. She felt that he was only talking to her as he would to a child, and that he was not in the least interested. She pouted a little, but showed no resentment to him.

"I did not know it then, but I did afterward," she replied. "I am glad I did not injure Selim."

"Yes," he said, dryly, "it is very fortunate that Selim came through it safely. I don't know what they were about at the Castle to let you take that animal."

"It was my fault," she eagerly cried, thinking for the first time of Jim. "Did you—did you scold about it?"

"I don't know that I scolded. I don't think I ever do that. I made a slight change in the personnel of the stable, so to speak."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, miserably, "you mean that you discharged Jim. Did you?"

"I believe his name was Jim," he carelessly replied.

"But you must take him back," she cried, her wilful, imperious way, quite forgetting her awe again in her interest in Jim. "I promised him I would take all the blame."

"Yes, but I don't care for men who risk the lives of girls by letting them have vicious horses."

"Vicious! Pshaw! I can ride anything. Selim was like a lamb when I brought him back. Besides," she went on, coaxingly, "I did have such a time to get Jim to do it. How could he refuse when I begged him? Don't you see, they've all got in the way at the Castle of doing just what I wish."

"Oh!" he ejaculated, looking down at her with a singular expression in his blue eyes. "Well, I don't see that you have made out a very good case for Jim, but I will take him back, if I can find him."

"Oh, I can find him!" she joyously said. "I know his sweetheart. I should have felt so badly, if you had not taken him back," she added, with a sigh of contentment. "But it was a splendid jump, wasn't it?"

"Very."

"Some time," she ventured, studying his face as she spoke, "I would like to take it again."

"Thank you," he answered, dryly. "Once is enough."

"But it would be nice to know that he could do it at any time," she suggested.

"If I thought that view of it very important," he said, "I could hire somebody, whose neck was not valuable, to ride Selim."

"Are you always sarcastic in this way?" she abruptly demanded.

"Am I sarcastic?"

"You are; very. And it is not nice. I don't mean to criticise you, you know," she hastily added.

"Oh! I wasn't sure. But it wasn't exactly a compliment, either; was it?"

"No, I don't pay compliments. But I'll tell you something," she said, shaking her head emphatically; "that was an awful climb you had just now. Oh! I was so frightened when I saw you start that way. I was sure you would be killed. And it would have been my fault. You don't know how I held my breath."

Most of the talking was done by her as they walked along; though even she might have desisted in pique at his brief, inattentive answers, but for the burning desire to have Aunt Augusta horrified by seeing her walking and in familiar converse with the forbidden earl.

Aunt Augusta did not in fact see the couple until they entered the garden, and came side by side up the path. She was standing on the terrace, trimming some of the vines, an office she would not leave to the gardener. She turned in time to see Erna looking up in a most rapt way into the face of a tall and handsome stranger.

She did not know the earl, except through a very brief correspondence, and she did not in the least suspect that the approaching stranger was he. It was quite enough for her to see the attitude of Erna. She pulled off her gardening gloves and waited in majesty.

"Oh, Aunt Augusta," exclaimed Erna, with an air of mock candor that Mrs. Hudstone penetrated very easily, "let me present Lord Aubrey. Lord Aubrey, this is Aunt Augusta, of whom you have heard me speak."

"Lord Aubrey," said Mrs. Hudstone, austerely, "this is an honor. Erna, I beg that you will retire, to dress for the afternoon."

CHAPTER XII.

Erna was not disposed to make any useless opposition before the earl. She knew that Aunt Augusta would insist; and she made a merit of necessity, by retiring gracefully.

"I hope you will excuse me, Cousin Aubrey," she said, with saucy familiarity. "I will leave Aunt Augusta to entertain you until I return.'

"Certainly," he gravely replied, either unconscious of her sauciness, or determined to ignore it.

Mrs. Hudstone compressed her lips at this exhibition, but led the way with formal politeness to the little parlor. Mrs. Hudstone was not the woman to flinch from any act of duty. Let her be satisfied of the correctness of her course—and she was easily satisfied—nothing could move her.

"Lord Aubrey," she said, as they took their seats, "if you had not done me this honor, I should have presumed on our relations toward each other to call upon you. Perhaps I may say that I should have preferred to call upon you."

The earl sat with a grim, inexpressive face, though he comprehended full well what her meaning was. But that blow had already been dealt him, and he was prepared for it in the future.

"To what relations do you refer?" he curtly asked.

"I refer to our joint responsibility," she loftily replied.

"And that responsibility goes how far?" said the earl, grimly.

'It extends into her future," said Mrs. Hudstone, with icy meaning. "It should prevent our doing now anything that will mar that future. It involves a high and holy care, which I shall not, on my part, shirk, no matter what the consequences to me, or to her."

"Will you please to be explicit, Mrs. Hudstone? I won't deny that I catch your meaning in part, but not in whole. Please use plain terms."

"I will," answered the austere lady, shutting her thin lips in a manner to indicate that her terms would be painfully plain. "You, my lord, were appealed to to supply the funds for the maintenance of your cousin. You generously furnished them, and, in addition, rendered it possible for me to remain with my niece in a sort of luxury that would have been impossible without your assistance.

"I make no apology of accepting of your assistance on her behalf, since you were bound by ties of blood; but I will say that had I supposed that you would ever return to this country, I never would have appealed to you. Morally, you are now responsible with me, who also am legally responsible, for the upbringing and the future of my brother's child.

"You have been generous, but that generosity does not entitle you to any intimacy with my niece; and, as her legal guardian, I distinctly forbid such intimacy, even at the cost of forfeiting all your bounty. I have told her that she should no longer go to the Castle, and I now ask of you to make this the last time that you have any intercourse with my niece and ward. I trust you will not compel me to be more plain."

Mrs. Hudstone delivered herself of this discourse with the air of a Roman mother, prepared, on the instant, to sacrifice her only child on the altar of duty. A faint curl of the earl's lip was his immediate answer, but that she did not notice.

"Ah," he calmly said, "you wish me, as a libertine and an unprincipled scoundrel, to avoid your niece and my cousin. I think that is what you mean, put into few words.'

"I will not quarrel with your definition of my language," she said, with lofty virtue. "I think it my duty to protect my niece, and I do so in the best manner known to me.'

"I suppose," he coldly said, "that I have some right to inquire of you how you have maintained your office of guardian."

"It is fully open to your criticism. I trust it will bear it.'

"I trust so," he curtly said. "But tell me if you would consider the result of your guardianship excellent if your ward were to be permitted to go riding madly about the country on fiery animals unfit for a man to ride, jumping stony walls so high as to make her famous over the country?"

"Whoever has told you such a story, has told what is not true," said Mrs. Hudstone, drawing herself up proudly with consciousness of duty well done. "She has ridden a horse from your stables, but it has always been a steady old animal, and she has never ridden further than from here to the castle except in company with a groom."

"I, myself," said the earl, in quiet, cutting tones, "have seen your niece riding Selim, a fiery Arab, which but one of the stablemen would ride. I have seen her leaping the wall surrounding ridden from here to the castle, there to the castle grounds. Habitually she has change her old hack for a young hunter, and, mounted on him, and quite unattended, to go scouring the country, taking the widest ditches and the highest fences; and you have remained in ignorance of what I discovered within a week."

Mrs. Hudstone was scarlet.

"I cannot believe it," she said. "I will send for Erna, and she will contradict every word of this infamous—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the earl, "if I remind you, before you use the word infamous, that I have vouched for a portion of this story myself."

"I will send for Erna," repeated Mrs. Hudstone.

"One moment, please," said the earl, without departing from his grim tone. "I have one more question to ask: Would you still consider your guardianship perfect and wholesome if I were to tell you that your niece has been known by me to put herself in a place of danger—on a ledge of rock down the side of the cliff, in fact—and from there to pretend a fright which did not exist, for the express purpose of calling to her a strange man, walking on the sands below?"

"Impossible! It is a calumny!" cried Mrs. Hudstone, in a tone of horror that left no doubt as to her sensations on hearing of the thing.

"I was the man," said the earl; "and that is how I came to know your niece."

"I will send for Erna," said Mrs. Hudstone.

"Please do so," said the earl.

A servant was summoned, and sent for Erna. The earl sat looking calmly out of the window while waiting, but Mrs. Hudstone sat fuming and tapping her foot on the floor. It was monstrous that this young man with the awful reputation, and so shameless about it, too, should dare to arraign her, who had been so careful in her treatment of her wilful ward.

But suppose what he said should be true! It was really that thought that gave Mrs. Hudstone the worst pang. But, then, how could it be true? How could anyone be so indifferent to the high and lofty virtue which she exemplified more than any other woman she knew?

Erna entered the room, clad in a simple robe of white trimmed with pink ribbon, but looking more lovely than ever before in her life. Even the earl almost started at sight of her loveliness. She had seemed beautiful before, but now she was entrancing, and beyond belief. She smiled with friendliness at him, and looked inquiringly at her aunt.

"Did you send for me, Aunt Augusta?" she asked.

"I sent for you," replied her aunt, in such tragic tones that Erna glanced with sudden suspicion from her to the earl. He was confident that her brown eyes were full of reproachful inquiry. "Lord Aubrey has made certain accusations against you——"

"Pardon me if I interrupt," said the earl, coldly; "but I have made no accusations against Erna—only against your guardianship. I said that Erna had done certain things. You may repeat them if you wish."

"Erna," said Mrs. Hudstone, "have you ever ridden any horse but the one brought to this door for your use—the one selected by me after careful inquiry?"

"Have you told her?" flashed out Erna, her softness disappearing magically. "Oh, I did not think you would be so mean. Yes, I have ridden every other horse in the castle stables," she said, defiantly.

"You have ridden unattended over the country, jumping ditches and fences?" demanded her aunt, faintly.

"Every day," replied Erna. "And I have made the highest jump on record in the county. I suppose that is one of the things. He saw it done, and has told of it, no doubt," and she looked with scorn and contempt at the imperturbable man.

"And you inveigled— decoyed—how shall I say it?—entrapped the earl into joining you on——" Mrs. Hudstone choked.

"And you told that, too!" cried Erna, turning and facing the earl. You are the most horrid man I ever knew. I am sorry I ever spoke to you. I wish—I wish—I think a tell-tale is the meanest thing on earth. Well," she turned to her aunt defiantly, "yes, I did the things you speak of. Why don't you faint? Oh, I'm tired of being made a puppet of. You can't make an icicle of me, Aunt Augusta, and you might as well give it up. A pretty pair of guardians, I have," and she looked wrathfully at the earl. "One is too saintly for me, and the other is too wicked. I don't care! I don't care!" and stamping her foot in a paroxysm of anger, she burst into tears and rushed from the room.

"Is she a credit to you, Mrs. Hudstone?" inquired the earl, grimly.

"I wash my hands of her," said Mrs. Hudstone. "I shall apply to the proper authority to have a new guardian appointed."

"I think it would be wise, unless you are willing to spare yourself the mortification of a public knowledge of your dismal failure, and do as many other parents as well as guardians do."

"To what do you refer?" demanded Mrs. Hudstone, whose pride had had a mighty fall.

"There are finishing schools. Send her to one. Her manners will receive careful attention, and her mind will be no worse off. Of course, I will supply the proper means."

"It may be best," said the humbled paragon.

"And now let me say a word of myself. I did not seek to know your niece, and I shall not seek to know her. Her path and mine lie apart. I will give you the address of the Marquis of Romley, a kinsman of mine and of Erna. You may refer to him, in placing Erna in the school. I am afraid my name would not be an open sesame to a young lady's schoool."

(To be continued.)

HE LIKED HIS STRAIGHT.

Intemperance," said Horace Bixby, the oldest Mississippi pilot, "is what kills most of us off. Once we fished out a passenger who had been soaking in the river for half an hour. When the whiskey was brought, the victim's lips moved slightly, and I stooped to get his last words.

"'Roll me on a bar'l fust and get some o' this water out,' he said faintly. 'It'll weaken the licker.'"—Success Magazine.

SINGING EVANGLIST CURED BY ZAM-BUK

WIFE ALSO REAPS BENEFIT.

Mrs. Birdie Ellis Johnston, of 163 Christina street, Sarnia, Ont., gives the following testimony of what Zam-Buk has done for herself and her husband:—

"Some time ago my husband was touring through Michigan on the car, "Herald of Hope," as a singing evangelist. The minister in the car had a son, who in some manner contracted a serious skin disease, and my husband, unaware of it, caught this from him. He was all broken out in sores, which gave great pain, and he tried first one remedy and then another, but none of them did him any good.

"When all else had failed, we finally decided to try Zam-Buk, and see if this balm would succeed in healing the sores and stopping the itching and irritation. I am pleased to say that a few applications of Zam-Buk made a marked improvement, and perseverance for a short time with Zam-Buk effected a complete cure.

"About the same time sores also broke out all over my back, and spread rapidly, until my back seemed one big sore! This was very painful, and as Zam-Buk had proved so beneficial for my husband, I determined to give it another trial. My nurse rubbed my back well with Zam-Buk. We continued with this treatment, and in a remarkably short time, considering the seriousness of the case, my back was quite cleared of the awful sores.

"On still another occasion I had need to use Zam-Buk. While cooking something on the stove, I happened to burn my finger very badly. I applied Zam-Buk, and bound up the finger. In the morning the pain had ceased and the burn healed nicely."

For skin diseases, eczema, ringworm, blood-poisoning, and all kinds of eruptions, Zam-Buk is absolutely without equal. It also cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, scratches, ulcers, piles, salt rheum, prairie itch, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box, or post-free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Worth Knowing.

To remove cake readily from tins place them on a wet towel or cloth immediately on taking them from the oven.

Chopped pecan nuts, almonds and pine nuts may be sprinkled over lettuce and covered with French dressing for a dinner salad.

It is said that in sprinkling clothes if a whisk broom is used the clothes will be dampened much more evenly than by sprinkling with the hand.

If when salt and flour bags are emptied you will put them in the clothes hamper to be washed and boiled out, you will always have a supply of jelly strainers. The salt bag is just the thing for the odd glasses of jelly made all during the season.

A GUARANTEE OF SAFETY

Most of the "soothing" syrups and powders advertised to cure the ills of babies and young children contain poisonous opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. They can be given with absolute safety to a new born child. They cure all those minor ailments originating in disordered stomach or bowels. Mrs. F. Young, River Hebert, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and stomach rouble and when my baby was teething, and have found them the best medicine I know of for these troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Doesn't Now.

"I used to worry a good deal," said the boarding house philosopher, "over the national deficit. Often I've lain awake till midnight thinking about it. But one night when I was asleep I dreamed that George Washington, looking just as he does on the 2 cent postage stamp, came and touched me on the shoulder and said: 'My son, don't fret your gizzard about that deficit. You don't have to pay it.' And, by George, I haven't done any worrying over it since!"

A Germantown bride refused to take some brown eggs from the grocer the other day because they didn't match her egg cups.

Libby's Food Products

LIBBY'S EVAPORATED MILK

Contains double the Nutriment and None of the Injurious Bacteria so often found in So-called Fresh or Raw Milk.

The use of Libby's Insures Pure, Rich, Wholesome, Healthful Milk that is Superior in Flavor and Economical in Cost.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is the Purest, Freshest, High-grade Milk Obtained from Selected Carefully Fed Cows. It is pasteurized and then Evaporated, (the water taken out) filled into Bright, New Tins, Sterilized and Sealed Air Tight until You Need It.

Try LIBBY'S and tell your friends how good it is.

Libby, McNeill & Libby CHICAGO

WEIGHT OF THE BRAIN.

Diference Between Savages and Races Long Civilized.

Prof. Frederick W. Mott, lecturing before the Royal Institution of Great Britain on "The Brain," said that although in 88 per cent. of the cases in which the brains of great men have been weighed the weight was above the average, brain weight itself did always mean brain quality.

When there was lack of the functionating tissue, the lecturer explained, the structural material might receive more than its normal share of nourishment, and the extra weight be due to overgrowth of "brain scaffolding." This accounted for the very large and heavy brains sometimes found in congenital idiots. Pointing out that the brain weight of a race long civilized surpassed that of aborigines, the lecturer stated that whereas the ordinary European hospital patient had a heavier brain than a savage, the Chinese coolie laborer's brain developed by centuries of use, weighed 1½ ounces more than that of the European hospital patient.

Referring to the relative brain weights of Caucasian men and women, Prof. Mott said that the female brain had a good start; weighing nearly 1½ ounces more than the male brain at birth. In adult life, however, the average man's brain weighed about 5½ ounces more than the woman's.

The average weight of the European male brain was 2 pounds 15 ounces 9 drams to 2 pounds 16 ounces 9 drams, and of the female brain 2 pounds 10 ounces 11 drams to 2 pounds 10 ounces 14 drams. Among savages there was not this difference since in the struggle for existence the female had to apply her brain as fully as the male, hence it has developed at practically the same rate. —London Globe.

EYES ARE RELIEVED BY MURINE

When Irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Room. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,928 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain. Murine doesn't smart; soothes eye pain. Is compounded by experienced physicians; contains no injurious or prohibited drugs. Try Murine for your eye troubles; you will like Murine. Try it in baby's eyes for scaly eyelids. Druggists sell Murine at 50c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Will send you interesting eye books free.

THE OLD LADY AND THE BISHOP.

(Toronto News.)

Bishop and Mrs. Sweeny were strap-holders in a car the other day.

This disturbed an old lady who was comfortably seated. She did not feel able to give up her own place, but felt that the Bishop and his wife should not be permitted to stand, therefore nudged the man who was sitting next to her.

A nudge in a street car may be accidental or it may be given to attract attention. And after he had felt the old lady's elbow two or three times, the man awoke to the fact that he was being touched in earnest, and so he turned to the old lady.

"Don't you see who is standing," she said. "Why don't you get up and offer your seat. That is the Lord Bishop of Toronto and his wife."

The man looked at the lady for a moment.

"Don't you know who I am?" he replied. "I'm the Duke of Argyle."

He kept his seat.

A BOOK FOR MOTHERS

Every mother is naturally anxious for information that will enable her to keep little ones in good health. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., have issued a little book which contains a great deal of information on the care of infants and young children that every mother ought to know. The book will be sent free to any mother who will send her name and address to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NATURE'S SECOND THOUGHT.

Quaint Developments During Course of Organic Evolution.

In the course of organic evolution very many strange and quaint developments present themselves from time to time, not only in the history of a race or genus, but within the narrow compass of the life of a single individual member of such race or genus. Nature changes her plans, in fact, to meet co[illegible]ncies that occur unexpectedly. Probably few who have any acquaintance with marine fish, writes W. J. Murray in Harper's Magazine, have failed to notice something strange about the appearance of what are called flatfish, known, as the flounder family (or in zoology as Pleuronectidae), embracing the turbot, plaice, brill, sole, halibut, flounder, dab, etc. The conformation of the head and of the anterior portion of the body in the adult stage is characterized by a strained and unsymmetrical appearance. In this respect the flatfish differ from all other members of their zoological class.

The question naturally suggests itself why this particularly genus should be so different from all other fish, which, as a rule, are remarkable for their symmetrical and graceful appearance. And the answer is very simple. The flatfish, instead of swimming in an upright or vertical position, like all other fish, has for some reason or another taken to the unnatural habit of swimming on its side. It may be on either side, right or left. This enables it to take up what appears to be the lazy position of lying flat on the bottom of the sea, where it can move about freely in search of food as small marine animals, mullusks, worms, etc. The young fish swims erect in the ordinary manner for some time, but it early shows a tendency to become lopsided, and gradually falls over on one side—usually the left, but not invariably so by any means.

The eye on the under side, just so soon as the tendency is shown to fall over on that side, commences gradually to move round to the other side or uppermost side, and finally takes its place beside the other eye.

This process is strangely brought about through the twisting of a portion of the bones of the head, which gives the latter a decidedly deformed and unnatural appearance. The ventral fins become useless and degenerate. Unpaired fins are developed, the undulatory motion of which enables the fish to swim with ease, and even rapidly in the new and horizontal position assumed.

INDEED THEY ARE WONDERFUL

What Thos. McDonald says of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He Had Lame Back, Kidney Disease and Heart Flutterings, and One Box Cured Him.

Shubenacadie, Hants Co., N. S., May 10.—(Special).—"I suffered from Lame Back, Kidney Disease and Heart Flutterings, caused by cold and a strain, for three years. I was looking over some papers and saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised and I bought one box which completely cured me. Dodd's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

That is the simple, straightforward statement of Mr. Thomas McDonald, shows how quickly Dodd's Kidneys. Heart Fluttering is another symptom. It is caused by blood, from which the sick Kidneys have failed to strain the impurities, increasing the work of the heart. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the sick Kidneys well, the lame back disappears, the blood is purified, the heart is relieved and the flutterings stop.

If the case is of long standing, it may take longer to cure it, but Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to do it.

BEARS GENERALLY JOLLY.

But Sometimes One Comes Along With a Settled Grouch.

"Rarely are bears born ill tempered. They may show some resentment at the time of their capture when but two months old, but this feeling soon disappears, leaving a jolly rogue ever willing to box and wrestle. I once knew a cub that was a regular terror," says a writer in Collier's, "and he never reformed. He would attack anything, regardless of its size or strength.

"At the age of three months he would charge at me, snorting, sniffing and striking with his tiny paws, and when I did not protect myself he seized my trousers leg between his teeth and shook it violently.

"At first I thought that he had been abused by his former owner, and that by kind treatment he would soon outgrow his temper, but no, he just had it in him and he became more and more dangerous at time sped by.

"Finally he grew large enough to be put in with the mature bears without danger of his squeezing between the bars and escaping, and to the surprise of every one he immediately took charge of the den. Old bears twenty times his size, possibly from some sense of honor, if animals have honor, submitted to cuffs and slaps in the face and actually allowed him to snatch food from their mouths without resenting the insult."

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.

A "Maze" That Caused a Suicide.

About six years ago a travelling salesman, living in Philadelphia, developed a curiously unrestrained passion for puzzles. He neglected his business, and soon his position was taken from him. His days and nights were now passed with the subject that fascinated him, and a certain maze seemed to have driven him into insanity. He had been puzzling over it for some time, and finally it sent him mad and caused him to fire a bullet through his brain. Goodness knows what his difficulties could have been! But there can be little doubt that he had a disordered mind, and that if this little puzzle had not caused him to lose his mental balance some other more or less trivial thing would in time have done so.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

Still Held the Grudge.

Medium (at seance)—Is there a Mrs. Kersmith in the audience? Her first husband wishes to converse with her.

Mrs. Kersmith—There is, but you can tell him I don't care to have any confabulations with him. Tell him that when I went to collect his life insurance I found he'd let it lapse.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A Poor Salesman.

Carey Johnson Ludlam, the Southern philologist, said at a dinner: "I hope that the salesman who accosted me on my way here this evening will take in one of the many schools of salesmanship in eight or nine years' course. I'm sure he needs it.

"This salesman, a shabby young man, laid his hand on my arm and said:

"'Say, friend, leme sell ye a box of this here patent cement?'

"I shook off his filthy paw.

"'Cement!' I sneered, annoyed at his familiarity. 'What do I want with cement?'

"'Why,' cried the man, in apparent surprise, 'ain't ye broke? Ye look it.'"

AGENTS WANTED.

MEN AND WOMEN—TO SELL TITUS stocking darner; fits on any sewing machine; a boon to housekeepers; big profit. A. James Chember, Port Hope, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL TEAS; house to house; others are clearing twenty dollars weekly. Why not you? Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

RELIABLE, GOOD LOOKING YOUNG MEN to introduce and take subscriptions on our yachting, marine engines and boiler-maker magazines in the city and vicinity, on commission; easy to handle; good prospects. Write quickly, giving references and recommendations to Nil Asselin, General Agent, Box 86, St. Roch, Quebec City, Que.

AGENTS WANTED FOR A NEW WEEKLY illustrated paper, national in scope edited by experts and of the highest merit. Will be a winner. Liberal commissions. Write Courier Press, Box 158, Toronto, Ont.

Growing Maidenhair Ferns.

The secret of the cultivation of maidenhair ferns, to have perfect examples for house or conservatory decoration, with an ample supply for cutting, is contained in a nutshell:

Not to repot unless actually needed or division necessary to increase stock; abundant supplies of soft rain water and frequent feeding with stimulants during the growing season; a lower temperature than generally accorded, with shade from sun, and an immunity from an arid atmosphere or cold draughts. Plants grown as stated above are in capital condition for placing in the house.—Gardening Illustrated.

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 today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

Another Failure.

Tempted by the warm rain the angleworm wriggled out of the ground and started across the cement sidewalk.

When it was about half way over it there came a sudden change in the weather and the worm froze fast to the walk.

This thing of being a harbinger of spring is all right in poetry, but in reality it is rough on the harbinger.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

His Choice of Cheese.

Hussein Klazim Bey, the new Turkish Ambassador, discussed cooking at a dinner in Washington.

"Your cooking is better than ours," he said. "Still there are some things in it I decidedly dislike. I dislike, for instance, 'hung' game—game kept till it smells like cheese.

"And your cheese itself—I mean your more expensive cheese, the kind with mold in it—it isn't very——

"I cracked a joke about that cheese at a luncheon.

"'Do you prefer with the apple pie Roquefort or limburger' said my host.

"'Let them race across the table to me, and I'll take the winner,' said I.

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"

68 Front St. East, Toronto

Hint for Rock Gardens.

My main objection to rock gardens, which nobody ever seems to get over, is that too much stone is used. If those people who design this sort of work would study how rocks crop up in hilly countries, as they often do in our own, as well as in Switzerland, they would see that the prettiest come out of the ground. If the ground is suitable, it is by no means essential that the rocks should be everywhere to grow Alpine flowers.

Many Alpine plants are as hardy as grasses of the field, and want no more accommodation, while others want the protection of rocks and stones.—From Gardening Illustrated.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Couldn't Stop Him That Way.

Beautiful Maiden—Mr. Scrappie, I can't have you coming to see me any more under a misapprehension. Papa isn't wealthy now. He lost all his money last week on the board of trade.

Persistent Caller—That doesn't make any difference, Miss Flossie. I knew it already. I'm one of the fellows that got his money.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

OMITTED VITAL FACTS.

Assistant—I don't think this new reporter will do.

City Editor—What's the matter with him?

Assistant—Here he has written up that story of the execution down at Moyamensing and never mentioned that the condemned ate a hearty breakfast and what it consisted of.—Philadelpaia Record.

THE BEST WOODEN PAIL

Can't Help But Lose Its Hoops and Fall to Pieces. You Want Something Better Don't You? Then Ask for Pails and Tubs Made of

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

Each One a Solid, Hardened, Lasting Mass Without a Hoop or Seam Just as Good as Eddy's Matches

AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS.

Gipsy Smith Told Women of Their Responsibility.

Personal Testimony Has a Wonderful Effect.

Excursions Being Run From Outside Points.

Toronto despatch: Far back in the top gallery at Massey Hall was an intoxicated man, Gipsy Smith's appeal went home to even his clouded intellect.

"You're right," he shouted. An usher moved in his direction, apparently to quiet him, but the missioner's attention was attracted, and he quietly said, "Leave him alone. He has a right to hear."

On another occasion the call came for Christians to confess themselves and to help those still in doubt. All over the hall personal influence was brought to bear, and it was almost pitiable to hear a grey-headed man sob, "What's the good when you can't keep it." These are two incidents culled from the great meeting now being held. Day by day the mission gathers force. The hall was packed to its capacity last night. Striking was the putting into practice of Gipsy Smith's advice to get out into the streets and preach. More than one sermon was preached by individual workers to little knots of listeners around the hall.

A DEEP APPEAL.

Gipsy Smith swept his audience with his deep appeal. Again he emphasized the personal responsibility and the reward which would follow. "While I am no faddist about faith cure or any other quack," he said, "I say that when you let Jesus Christ save you from the stains of sin you will be on the high-road to eternal health."

Again: "A dead fish can swim with the stream, but it takes a man to breast the tide, look the world in the face, and say, "Christ for me."

To men and women he pressed the home influence of Christ in the family. Particularly did he appeal to the women, for it was they who could best influence the children. "And," he said, "if I were told I could take any section of this audience for Christ I would take the boys and girls, for they have their lives to come. You, mothers, some of you, will have to answer some day before the Great White Throne for the rearing and training of a half-damned child."

PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

People from outside points are commencing to flock in to hear Gipsy Smith. Yesterday afternoon the attendance was increased by the presence of two hundred people from Brantford. To-day three hundred are expected from Harriston and to-morrow Owen Sound will send a contingent of four hundred. Excursions from London, Woodstock and Paris have also been arranged for.

In the afternoon the missioner spoke on the value of personal testimony. At the outset he mentioned that when first he commenced his evangelical work he was much discouraged by an aged minister who had told him that he would never make a preacher because he was "too quick on the application."

They had, however, the value of personal testimony illustrated in the story of Naaman, the leper Syrian General, and the little Hebrew slave maid. That little girl had said, "I would God, my Master, was with the servant of God in Samaria." It was that little testimony which had led to a great conversion. "You're church-going, you're little bit of fuss, doesn't amount to a row of pins until you get down to business, until you admit Christ and testify to Him in your daily life. It is far easier," he declared, "to preach to a thousand people than to one soul, but Christ preached the most wonderful things He ever said to individuals, and when you and I get the right spirit we shall see in one person a multitude.

UNLIKELY INSTRUMENTS.

"I have myself again and again been surprised at the unlikely things that God uses in the way of personal testimony." Then he went on to draw instances from the wealth of his experience. He told how while driving in the old country he had dropped a word to the village blacksmith and reprobate in one of the hamlets through which he passed, and afterwards been surprised to find that man attracted by that stray shot to one of his meetings and converted. A professor in one of the theological colleges in England had emphasized the value of personal testimony, and when asked by his students gathered from city, town and country why he did so, told them to inquire among themselves. They did, and all but two confessed that they had been brought to Christ by some one who had taken them by the hand and looked them in the face.

"You preachers," he rapped, "it will do you good to talk specially to some of your young people about surrender to Christ. And you mothers do it with your child, and if you haven't got religion enough go and get some more.

"Let me give you a peep through the window. Just a glimpse. My dear father was under deep conviction for four or five years, longing for Christ but didn't know the way. We were travelling along one day and there was an old man mending the road. He had his shovel and his barrow and his face was inviting. He had a white muffler round his neck; his corduroys strapped beneath the knee, but his face was a quarter of an acre of sunshine. My father spoke of his trouble, and he said: 'I know what you want; you want Jesus.' We don't know that little man's name, but he helped to do something that day the result of which is on the platform to-day."

LIKE CHAMPLAIN.

The Steamer Tunisian Damaged by an Iceberg.

Monireal, May 17.—A marconigram was to-day received by the Allan Line from Captain Fairfull, of the Tunisian, stating that that vessel had suffered an accident almost similar to that which recently befell the Lake Champlain, and that he had been compelled to put into St. John's, Newfoundland, for safety. The Tunisian, while steaming slowly, inward bound, through a heavy field of ice, struck an unusually heavy mass, and started a plate under her forepeak.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO