Sweet Norine

"Yes," assented Norine, never dreaming what her unfortunate answer would lead to.

Her companion had learned all he cared to know. He had intended lingering by Norine's side until ha was obliged by the lateness of the hour to tear himself away from her delightful presence; suddenly he changed his mind.

"It is too cold to permit you to remain longer with me, great as the joy of being near you is to me, little girl," he murmured. "Say that you will meet me here to-morrow at the same hour, Norine."

"I am very much afraid I shall not be able to come to-morrow," she answered, "for to-morrow is grandma's birthday, and all the neighbors will be coming to the cottage all day long to see her. For that reason it would be difficult to get away."

"Even for a few moments?" he asked, holding the little hands closer and drawing the slender, girlish form nearer to him.

Norine shook her golden curls.

"It is best not to make a promise, and then be obliged to break it," she said, thinking to herself he little knew what a hardship it would be to her to let a whole day pass without seeing him.

"Then I shall surely see you the day after, Norine?" he questioned.

"Yes," she replied, "I will be here."

Clifod Carlisle suddenly bent down and touched the lips that had never known a lover's kiss before; and that kiss burned Norine's lips long after she had left him.

"Cold," she murmured. "How could any one think it cold? Why, my heart and every nerve in my body are on fire, throbbing as though the blood in my veins were suddenly turned to hot, strong wine."

Meanwhile Clifford Carlisle had walked rapidly in the direction of the Barrison home.

"Thirty thousand in cash!" he muttered. "Now who will not say that the devil does not help his own?"

Miss Austin was passing through the corridor as he entered.

"Mrs. Barrison was just asking for you," she remarked. "I was about to send up to your room for you, thinking you were there.

He did not look any too pleased at the intelligence.

Clifford Carlisle had not been under that roof a week as yet, still he had told himself long since that the hardest work he had ever done was to dance attendance on this querulous old woman. He could not endure it much longer, even with the Barrison millions in sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Have you any what, Mrs. Barrison wants of me?" asked Carlisle, throwing off his sealskin coat, impatiently. "That is what I hear every hour in the day, it seems to me."

Miss Austin laughted a sweet little musical laugh.

"I should not wonder if it was to show you her new backgammon set that arrived an hour since. I—I may as well tell you a little tiny secret—the dear old lady is intensely fond of the game. In playing backgammon she never realizes the flight of time. She would play from now until midnight, ceaselessly, even forgetting that there is such a thing as meal time for herself or any one else."

Carlisle groaned.

"I see my finish if she were ever to find out that I understood the game, which, by the way, I have a great horror of," he declared, adding, eagerly: "Will you not come to my rescue in this affair, my dear Miss Austin? Say that I have gone to my room with a raging headache. Indeed, that would not be an untruth, you know, for the very thought of spending half an hour over that most stupid of games renders me in that condition. Induce her to look for a martyr elsewhere."

"If I play on the guitar for her that will cause her to drop to sleep at once, and that would deprive you of her society the entire evening," she murmured, artfully.

"Never mind me; do not consider me in the matter, I beg of you," he answered quickly. "To my mind, sleep is better than medicine for the indisposed. Play your guitar by all means, for this one evening, at least, and I shall appreciate it, I assure you."

Miss Austin blushed deeply.

He had not said it in so many words, but she understood from his remarks that he hoped old Mrs. Barrison would fall asleep that they might have a quiet evening to themselves in the parlor.

It is strange on what a light remark, falling from a man's lips, a woman who is desperately in love with him will build her hopes.

"I will try to have it as you desire," murmured Florice, and her heart beat with feverish triumph.

She told herself that the hour was not far distant when he would declare himself.

Already she could see herself in fancy the wife of this handsome, debonair young man, the heir of the vast Barrison wealth.

In Clifford Carlisle she had met her match—the one man on earth whom she could have loved madly, passionately, for himself, if he had not had a dollar on earth—and while he seemed to admire her as all other men whom she had met did, he seemed in no great hurry to make love to her; and this annoyed her visibly.

They dined together, alone in the big, bleak dining-room, as they had been accustomed to do.

But instead of Clifford Carlisle sauntering to Mrs. Barrison's boudoir, immolating himself upon the altar of duty by passing the evening there, he went instead quickly to his own apartment. Miss Austin lost no time in gathering her music together; not bright, tuneful, inspiriting music, but instead drowsy, dragging melodies, that would have the soporific effect of putting a person to sleep if anything could.

But for the first time since the young girl had been beneath that roof the old lady proved perverse.

"Put down your guitar and talk to me, Florice," she exclaimed, petulantly. "I am not in the mood for music tonight."

Miss Austin bit her lip, and a strange, angry gleam came into her sharp, green-blue eyes that the long yellow lashes had shaded so well.

"Shall I read the latest magazine to you, or—or would you prefer that I should ring for Mr. Carlisle?"

"Don't trouble yourself to do so just yet; he will come to me directly. You may read until he comes."

Miss Austin read until her throat ached. Mrs. Barrison was slightly deaf, and she had to pitch her voice in a very high key. "Read more distinctly, so that I can understand you. You mumble your words all together. I want particularly to hear that review on Dewey's work at Manila. Commence that page over again, and read slowly and very distinctly, please."

Another page with quite the same result. How could she read the tiresome old reviews calmly, with her thoughts elsewhere?

"You may as well stop right where you are," exclaimed Mrs. Barrisan angrily. "You murder the king's English in a most shocking manner to-night. Are you tired?"

"No, Mrs. Barrison," she murmured, "but to tell the truth, I have a very annoying headache I had hoped it would pass away, but I find I am doomed to disappointment."

"You had better lay down your book and rest a while," said Mrs. Barrison. "If Clifford does not come to me soon, you may ring for Esther to summon him here."

Again Miss Austin's heart beat with silent rage. That meant that the quiet evening she had promised herself with Clifford Carlisle would begin and end in her devastated hopes.

A sudden thought came to her. She would force this tantalizing old woman to go to sleep, whether she would or not.

She wondered that this way out of her difficulty had not occurred to her an hour before.

Of course Clifford Carlisle was waiting for her down in the parlor, wondering with all a man's impatience why she did not put in an appearance.

With the noiseless, gliding motion peculiar to her, Miss Austin crossed over to the cabinet at the other end of the room where the medicines and liquors were kept.

"Let me pour you out a glass of wine, my dear Mrs. Barrison," she murmured. "The night is so cold, it is even perceptible in this warm room; I think it will do you good."

"As you will, my dear Florice," replied the old lady; "I think myself something stimulating would not come amiss.

"Perhaps I had better give you a little brandy," suggested Miss Austin.

"No, the wine will do. The brandy might make me drowsy, and I do not wish to sleep; I have so much to talk with Clifford about."

"You shall sleep, and that speedily, too, if I can have my way about it," muttered Miss Austin, between her tightly shut teeth.

She poured out the wine and the woman at the other end of the room did not see her add a few drops of dark, greenish liquid to it; but she did notice as she raised it to her lips that it had a very bitter, brackish taste to it.

"That is only your fancy, my dear Mrs. Barrison," murmured Florice. "The taste is in your mouth after the bit of bird you have just eaten."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other, sharply. "I say it is the wine. Please do not suggest that I could make a mistake about liquors."

"Certainly not. I hope you will pardon me for intimating such a possibility," she remarked, with apparent innocence; but old Esther, who happened to enter at that moment, detected underneath her words a covert sneer.

"I think I will take advantage of Esther's presence to retire to my room to rest a little while, as you advised a few moments ago, dear Mrs. Barrison," she said, gliding toward the door.

Esther did not tell her mistress that instead of going to her room, she had distinctly heard Miss Austin going down the stairs, for they creaked audibly even under her cat-like tread.

A moment later she heard her turn the knob of the parlor door.

"A liar is the last person on earth to be trusted," thought old Esther, who by this time had a most cordial dislike for the strange young woman, who seemed to do pretty much as she liked with her mistress.

"What brings you here at this hour, Esther,' asked Mrs. Barrion, wonderingly, for the methodical old servant's habits were like clockwork. She had never been known to finish her supper dishes thus early and repair to her room.

"I thought perhaps you saw the fire, and would like to know about it," she replied.

"There has been many a fire in Hadley during the last twenty years, and have I ever had enough interest in them to inquire about them?" she asked, curtly.

"No, ma'am—no," responded Esther, "but I happened to see this one as I was returning from the post-office with the mail."

Old Mrs. Barrison saw at once that Esther wished to talk with her of the conflagration. Perhaps it was the wine she had just drunk which prompted her to humor the old servant.

"Was it much of a fire?" she asked, "and what was it, a house, or a shop."

"It was the pretty little cottage that you always admire so much from your window. The house where the young mother lived who was teaching her little baby to walk."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Barrison, her curiosity getting the better of her deep resolve not to allow any of the village happenings to interest her, "the mother and infant escaped of course."

"Their lives were saved by almost a miracle, ma'am," said Esther, solemnly.

"It appears that the young mother was subject to fainting spells. One of these spell same on suddenly as she was putting logs on the kitchen fire and she fell unconscious, with the dear little baby in her arms. Her clothing caught fire and—and the place would have been burned to the ground, and she in it with the baby, if the dense smoke had not been noticed by a gi—person who chanced to be passing; and at the risk of this person's life, an entrance was made through the blinding smoke, and the poor young mother and little infant dragged out in the nick of time.

"I happened along just then and stood guard over the two while this person went into the burning building and extinguished the flames by numerous pails of water, though I called loudly upon the person to come out."

"That was indeed heroism!" exclaimed Mrs. Barrison, greatly excited over old Esther's graphic account of the occurrence. "You must find out who the man was. I have a notion to reward such bravery. If I was burning in this room, Esther, who on earth would risk his life to save me?"

"This same person would, if—if the person knew who you were."

"Who is this, of whom you speak so mysteriously as that person?"

"May I dare to tell you, ma'am?" cried the old servant, trembling with excitement.

"Certainly, Esther, speak right out; I am anxious to hear."

"This person was your discarded granddaughter, Norine, ma'am," whispered Esther.

CHAPTER IX.

For a moment Mrs. Barrison stood fairly petrified.

"Have I done wrong in telling you ma'am, when you expressly forbade me long years ago to never mention the girl's name in your presence?" asked Esther.

"I had forgotten her very existence until a few days ago, when her name was spoken in my presence. Since that hour, do what I would, I have not been able to banish her from my thoughts. The girl's face—as I imagine it must look—haunts me, Esther."

"God knows it should," thought Esther, but she dared not give vent to this though in words, but said instead:

"I know it is an ampossibility, but oh! how I wish you could see the young girl, ma'am; it would do your heart good. The lass is so blithe and bonny; she looks the picture of you when you were a lass. I remember you well; your hair was as bright as gold then, and your cheeks red as my rose——"

"Hush!" cut in her mistress, sharply. "I cannot, I will not, listen to another word on this forbidden subject. How dare you make so bold as to pursue it."

"I had hoped time might have softened your heart, ma'am," replied old Esther, sadly, "when you come to remember in your lonely moments that the girl, Norine, is the only human tie you have on earth—I must have my say out, even though you turn me from your door this day for uttering it. You harbor strangers around you, who do not care a snap of their fingers for you, and are but too anxious for you to die to see what you have left them; and this young girl, your own flesh and blood, who should love you if anybody on earth would, has never been allowed to darken your door. I say it is a burning shame, ma'am, and you ought to realize it.

"Now I have said all that has been on my mind to say this many a year, and you can do with me as you like. A woman who would turn her own child and her helpless little baby out into the hardships of a bitter cold night to live or die as God saw fit, could have little compassion for an old servant like me."

"Stop, Esther—stop. I cannot hear it; not another word. Leave me. I would be alone. I—I am not angry with you for uttering the convictions of an honest heart. I will ring for you if I want you. But stay, pour me out another glass of wine ere you leave me; my head throbs strangely, as—as does my heart."

Esther did as she was bidden; poured out the wine, but the moment her mistress put it to her lips she set it down quickly again, muttering: "This does not taste bitter like the last. I knew there was something the matter with that last glass of wine, and I told Florice so, Esther," she added sharply, "I have taken something that does not agree with me. Give me an antidote, quickly."

Old Esther hastened to obey.

Her prompt action saved her mistress. She called no one to her aid, though Mrs. Barrison grew strangely ill during the next few minutes, but in half an hour's time she was so relieved that she was her old self again.

"Leave me now, Esther," she commanded again. "I—I want to think. As you pass Miss Austin's door, and that of my nephew, tell them that I have retired for the night and do not wish to be disturbed."

Esther never knew what prompted her to pause on the threshold and look back at her mistress; and as she saw her then, she remembered her all the after years of her life.

Mrs. Barrison had seated herself in an armchair by the fire, and was leaning her head dejectedly on her hands, gazing abstractedly into the glowing sea coal fire.

"Good-night, and may God bless you, ma'am," murmured Esther below her breath. "You have your faults, but beneath it all you have a tender heart. I am sure."

Long after the door had closed upon old Esther's bent, retreating form, Mrs. Barrison sat in the same position, gazing into the fire—gazing fixedly, without seeing.

"It is eighteen years ago to-night," she muttered. "I —I would give every drop of my heart's blood to turn time back to that never-to-be-forgotten night and live that one hour (which darkened all my after life) over again. I was mad. Yes mad!

"I have ever since hated even the memory of the man who took my treasure from me. It did not occur to me until old Esther spoke so plainly to-night that I should not have let my hatred descend to the child, who was not responsible for what occurred.

"I was the last, but for my child, of a proud old race, who valued blue blood above gold; and when she, my idol, forgot the pride of her forefathers so entirely as to wed the village blacksmith, no wonder I almost lost my reason.

"But years mellow all griefs, level all pride. What good are the ancestry to me now, of whom I was so proud. None whatever. If I sent for the girl whom I have neglected so long, they would not let her come to me. Indeed, she would not wish to come. What interest can she have in an aged grandmother who held herself aloof from her all these years, though in the same village?

"No, they would not let Norine cross my threshold. It is too late to make overtures of friendship now. But there is one way that I could retrieve the error of the past, and that is by changing my will—leaving half my fortune to Clifford, and the other half to the neglected Norine."

Rising suddenly to her feet, Mrs. Barrison crossed quickly to her writing desk, and, drawing a long, thin key from her bosom, fitted it to the compartment that was scarcely discernible to even a scrutinizing, searching gaze, this time revealing , as it opened to her touch a small secret drawer, in which lay a folded paper, upon which was printed, "The last will and testament of Frances Barrison."

"Here it has lain for nearly eighteen years," she muttered, "all duly signed and witnessed—made out to my child or her heir; that would mean this Norine. How strange it is that all these long years I have never had the courage to destroy this document, strong as my inclination was to do so!"

Taking it over by the fire, she sat down in her rocker and read it over slowly, carefully, twice—ay, and a third time—to fully refresh her memory as to its contents.

"The will I made yesterday, leaving everything to dear Clifford, would make this one null and void," she ruminated. "All that it needs is the signature of the lawyer and witnesses. It is not too late to give half of my fortune in the last one to the child my daughter left. Ah! if I could but see this brave little Norine. My heart cries out so yearningly to look upon her face that I cannot still its pleadings. I must, I will, gratify it. Ay, and this very night.

(To be continued.)

He stood on the bridge at twilight as the game drew near its close. In triumphant mood he steadfastly stood on the bridge of the half-back's nose.—Kansas City Journal.

TOO HOARSE TO SPEAK

An American Doctor Tells of the Grand Results Achieved With "Nerviline."

"I had a patient with Quinsy that I found great difficulty in curing," states Dr. Wilson. "Every time he caught cold or got chilled he suffered intensely from sore throat, huskiness, throat and chest soreness. After every attack his throat and chest seemed more sensitive. This patient lived in the country, and couldn't come to the city for treatment. I concluded that the best remedy would be an honest liniment, and because of its enormous sale and well-known merit, I advised 'Nerviline.' Morning, noon, and night Nerviline was rubbed over the neck and chest, and once a day diluted with water it was used as a gargle. In a day or two my patient reported an improvement, and by continuing the treatment with Nerviline he was cured. I can recommend Nerviline for breaking up colds, for chest tightness, throat inflammation, quinsy, tonsilitis and similar conditions."

NERVILINE CURES QUINSEY

Not a druggist or doctor who has examined the formula of Nerviline who won't tell you how good it is—why it contains the best medicaments known to science and for general family use has no equal.

PRIVATE HYGIENE.

What It Means to the Individual and to the Race.

Private hygiene is even more important, and means a revolution in our habits of living. It means fresh air perpetually flowing through our houses and more of our lives spent outdoors. It means common sense in diet—the avoidance of bolting food, from which dyspepsia springs, and the re-education of normal food instincts, the avoidance of gluttony on the one side, and body starvation on the other, the avoidance of alcohol, the most potent of the predisposing causes of tuberculosis, and the avoidance of dirty, infected milk and meat. It means the "simple life," free from over-exertion on the one hand, and indolence on the other; the habit of normal sleep, and the emancipation from worry.

In giving this prescription Dr. Trudeau once said to me: "It is as simple as bathing in the waters of Jordan, and that is why people are so slow to follow it."

But to-day people are following, and following rapidly. When they see a man, who only a few years ago was so ill of tuberculosis that he could scarcely drag himself out upon a porch, now run twenty-five miles for pure love of exercise, or when they see nine college men inside of half a year double their endurance through rational diet alone, or when they learn that ex-President Roosevelt developed from a weak and timid boy into the personification of strength and courage, and that Cornaro, about to die at thirty-seven, abjured all unhygienic habits and prolonged his life to one hundred and three, they begin to realize the practical value of personal hygiene.—From Professor Irving Fisher's "The War Upon the Great White Plague" in the September Century.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best:
Mathias Foley, Oil City, Ont.
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.
Charles Whooten, Mulgrave, N.S.
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S.
Pierre Landers, sen., Pokemouche, N. B.
Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N.B.

OVERSTOCKED.

Madge, as the eldest of a family of girls, has evidently heard and taken to chart the disappointment of her parents over the excessive femininity allotted by the fates of the family quiver.

When recently the fifth little daughter was born, Madge was playing in the garden with one of her sisters, and as a neighbor considered was decidedly rough with the child.

Madge, don't treat your little sister so," remonstrated the neighbor. "You might kill her."

"Well, if I did," was the cool response, "there's plenty more in the house."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Shifting the Loss.

Dittersdorf—Here come two evil-looking rascals. I shouldn't wonder if we were held up.

Heinz—I'm afraid so. By the bye, here's that dollar you lent me this morning.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in cows.

A SAILOR'S THRIFTY WIFE.

(NEW YORK SUN.)

Noah was taking the animals abroad.

"Be sure the lamb is Persian," cautioned his wife.

Herewith he realized she was the more foresighted.

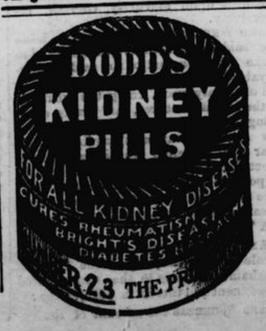
Lifebouy Soap is delightfully refreshing for bath or toilet. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

THE REAL LURE.

(The Wasp.)

English Girl—You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have. I cannot understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces.

American Girl—It isn't our white faces that attract them, my dear; it's our greenbacks.



DRAGON TREES OF TENERIFFE.

Giant Asparagus Said to be Thousands of Years Old.

The dragon trees of Teneriffe are really a species of gigantic asparagus. One tree, situated at Laguina, the ecclesiastical capital of the island, is said to be several thousand years old.

The growth of these dragon trees is very slow and they throw out no branches until they have blossomed, which seldom takes place before their fifteenth year and sometimes not until their thirtieth.

The oldest dragon tree known in the island was that at Orotava, which was at least 6,000 years old—some botanists say 10,000. It was about sixty feet high, with a trunk forty-eight feet in circumference at the base. The ancient inhabitants of the island, the Guanchos, performed their religious rites in its hollow trunk.

In 1867 the upper part of the tree was broken off during a storm, and though every effort was made to preserve the remainder it gradually decayed and there is now no trace of it left.

The sap of the tree, a resinous substance like dark treacle, is called dragon's blood. It becomes brittle and crumbling when dry and is an article of commerce used in medicine. There are other kinds of dragon trees in different parts of the world, but this particular species is peculiar to the Canary and Cape Verde Islands.—From the Wide World Magazine.

FARMER TELLS INTERESTING STORY

Whether Sick or Well, in Good Weather or in Stormy, He Is Obliged to Work Always.

Market people complain about prices they have to pay for farm produce. They forget that rain or shine, warm or cold, the farmer must keep at it or else the narrow profit, his bare living, will be lost for him.

A well-known Haldimand farmer, Mr. J. P. Pelletier, writes: "For nearly three years I was in poor health. A drenching storm caught me in the fields and wet me to the skin. I got home only to find I was threatened with inflammation of the bowels. I never got over it and felt weak and heavy and by system never worked quite right. But a farmer has to work—and I found myself going down hill with stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Failure seemed to follow everything. I remained wretched and sick until advised to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. It is not easy to describe the sort of feeling a sick man gets when he strikes a medicine that he can see is doing him a lot of good. I was overjoyed—Hamilton's Pills put new life into me and everything worked right. Since cured with Dr. Hamilton's Pills I haven't had a single symptom of stomach, liver or kidney trouble. I am free from headaches, languor and weakness, as strong, robust as a man could be." No better medicine for general family use than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are mild, healthful and certain to cure. Sold in yellow 25c boxes, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

SPURIOUS QUOTATION.

In concluding a disquisition on plagiarism, an English writer mentions as something worse the fabrication of spurious quotations. He quotes in illustration a story of Samuel Warren, who once took part in a debate during which Roebuck boasted that he was not a party man. "Warren rose and said that 'my learned friend's boast reminds me painfully of the words of Cicero. "He who belongs to no party is presumably too vile for any.'" At the conclusion of the debate Roebuck came over to compliment his adversary on having made a successful his, adding: "I am fairly well up in Cicero, but I have no idea where I can find the passage you quoted.' 'Neither have I,' said Warren. 'Good-night.'"

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instrutions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

REVISION IN ROME.

(New York Sun.)

Caesar was revising the calendar.

"So the janitor will know when to begin being polite," he explained.

Thus he filled a long felt want.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. · · · 25 cents.

He Would Get Away.

Wife—Dearest, if you and I were thrown on a desert island, what would you do?

Husband—Thank heaven, I can swim.—Fliegende Blatter.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

THE WICKED CADDIE.

Among Mr. Carnegie's innumerable Scotch stories is one about a caddie of St. Andrew's.

This caddie's wife—so Mr. Carnegie's story runs—was much troubled by her husband's loose way of life. He could never have a good day on the links but he must end it with a wet night at the tavern. So, to cure him, the woman lay in wait on the road one evening dressed in a white sheet.

When her husband appeared she rose from behind a hedge, an awful white figure, with outspread arms.

"Who the de'il are you?" asked the intemperate caddie.

"I'm Auld Nickie," said the figure, in a hollow voice.

"Gie's a shake o' yer hand, then," said the tipsy caddie. " I'm married tae a sister o' yours. She'll be waitin' for us up at the hoose, an' nae doot she'll mak' ye welcome."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DEMORALIZATION.

(Exchange.)

"What makes that parrot so profane?"

"Well, mum," answered the sailor man, "I s'pose it's part my fault. Every time I hear him speak a bad owrd, it makes me so mad that he gets a chance to learn a lot of new ones."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

HOUSE CLEANING

Instead of being a monotonous drudgery becomes a labour of love when Sunlight helps you. Remember—Sunlight does all the work, at half the cost and in half the time of other Soaps.

MUSHROOM POISONING.

Symptoms and Treatment—Rule to Observe in Gathering Edible Fungi.

Considering the frightful consequences of gathering and eating poisonous mushrooms in mistake for the edible variety it is little short of marvellous that a person without knowledge should dare to go into the fields and woods and pick and eat any of the fungi growing there.

If you are thoroughly familiar with some eparticular variety of edible mushroom and can distinguish it at sight from all others, however similar in color and form, it is safe to eat that particular variety; but you must beware of other kinds that resemble it, for however slight the difference in appearance one may be edible and the other poisonous.

There is no absolute rule for distinguishing the edible from the poisonous kinds, and it is better therefore to give no general rules, but to follow only one. Suspect every mushroom which you do not know positively to be edible. To this rule perhaps may be added a second: Learn to distinguish the white spored agaries and avoid them all, for although there is an edible species it requires an expert to tell it, and the poison of another species is deadly and there is no known antidote for it.

The chief poison in mushrooms are two in number—muscarin and phallin. The first of these produces symptoms resembling those of alcoholic intoxication, followed by convulsions or paralysis, collapse and death from heart failure. These symptoms come on soon after the mushrooms have been eaten.

In poisoning by phallin the symptoms do not appear until several hours after the meal. They resemble cholera, beginning with severe abdominal pain, soon followed by vomiting, purging and collapse.

In all cases of mushroom poisoning vomiting should be induced as soon as possible, and a large dose of castor oil may be given to hasten the elimination of any as yet unabsorbed portions of the mushroom.

Stimulants are needed to support the heart, and milk containing an abundance of magnesia or bicarbonate of sodium may be given.

Injections of a salt solution into the veins and—in case of muscarin poisoning—hypodermic injections of atropin are often employed by physicians, with benefit.—Youth's Companion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

The record price of $75 has been paid for a butterfly at an auction in London.

ISSUE NO. 52. 1909

REAL ESTATE.

HAMILTON ONTARIO IS GROWING FAST—buy suburban lots while they are low. Building lots 25 x 100 for $75 and upwards. Terms—$5 down and $1 per week. Write for booklet A—Burke & Co., 204 King street east.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOYS and GIRLS

This Snap Shot Camera, complete, for taking photos 2¼x2¼, free for selling 30 of our 10c packages of beautiful post cards. Send us your name and address and we will mail you the cards to sell.

Bijou Specialty Co., Dep't. S, Hamilton, Ont.

SHEEP FOR SALE.

Dorset Horn Sheep AND Polled Angus Cattle

Breeding Ewes and Ewe Lambs for Sale
Also Two Young Bulls
Write for prices
Forster Farm, Oakville, Ont.

WHAT A YACHT IS.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a dinner at Bar Harbor, in honor of his sloop Aurora's victory in the squadron run from Portland to Rockland, said aptly:

"Yachts like these, then, don't come under the cynical definition I once heard a Camden lobsterman give.

"'What, exactly, is a yacht?' a lady said to this old lobsterman.

"He plugged a lobster's claws and answeerd mockingly:

"'What's a yacht? Oh, ye just take an' old tub or craft, an' fill her up with whiskey an' chicken an' cigars, an' git yer friends all on board, an' hev a high old time—an' that's a yacht.'"

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c

Straining Her Eyes.

The maiden dropped her lovely eyes. Later she cast her eyes far down the rocky slope of the mountainside. After she had rested them upon the topmost branches of a near-by tree she let them fall upon the waters of a placid lake. Then a visit to an oculist was imperative.—Judge.

FURS Do you trap or buy Furs? I am Canada's largest dealer, I pay highest prices. Your shipments solicited. I pay mail and express charges; remit promptly. Also largest dealer in Beefhides, Sheepskins, etc. Quotations and shipping tags sent free.

JOHN HALLAM, TORONTO

In Her Own Way.

"Would you like to marry a widower, Elsa?"

"Rather not. When I marry I mean to train my husband myself."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The Young Idea.

Papa—Don't be afraid of that dog, Eddie. Haven't you heard that a barking dog seldom bites?

Little Eddie—Yes, papa; but perhaps the dog hisn't heard it.—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"Women as a rule," remarked the moralizer, "have por heads for mathematics." "True," replied the demoralizer; "but they try awfully hard to make their own figures count!"—Chica-

FREE TO BOYS

This FINE AIR RIFLE, nickeled steel barrel, peep sights, polished walnut stock, shooting BB shot or darts with sufficient force to kill birds, squirrels, etc. Boys, this is the best Air Rifle made, and we give it to you FREE for selling 3 boxes, only, of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills, at 25c. a box. These Pills are the best remedy known in all cases of weak and impure blood, indigestion, stomach troubles, constipation, nervous diseases, rheumatism, etc.

Just send your name and address plainly written, and we will send you 3 boxes of our Pills and 3 Fancy Pins to give away, as a premium, with each box sold. When you have sold the 3 boxes, send us the money $3.00 and we will, immediately, send you this handsome Air Rifle. We do not ask any money before the Pills are sold and we take back what you cannot sell.

Address—THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 57. Toronto, Ont.

Everybody Who Eats Bread

Should avoid danger of impurities in delivery from the oven to the home. Insist on your baker wrapping his bread in

EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS

We are the original manufacturers of bread wrappers now used by leading bakers of Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and other cities.

The E. B. EDDY COMPANY, Limited, Hull, Canada

FREE

Violin

This is a fine, handsome, clear-toned Violin, highly polished, richly colored, complete with string bridge, three gut strings, ebony finishpegs, long bow of white horse hair, and box of rosin. Everything complete sent securely packed in a box. Just send us your name and address, and agree to sell only 3 boxes of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills, at 25c. a box. A grand remedy and cure for weak and impure conditions of the blood, indigestion, stomach troubles, constipation, nervous disorders, diseases of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, and Female troubles. A mild laxative, Grand Tonic and Life Builder. They are easy to sell as each customer buying a box of pills, from you, receives, at the same time, a nice fancy Pin, which we send you with the Pills. Do not miss the chance of your life.

Don't send any money—Only your name and address, at once, and we will promptly send you by mail, postpaid, the 3 boxes of Pills and the Pins. When sold, remit to us the $2.00 and we will send you this handsome Violin, etc. just as represented. Write to-day.

Address: THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 156. TORONTO, ONT

HANDSOME WATCH FREE.

A Gents or Ladies Solid Gold Watch costs from $25 to $50! Do not throw your money away. If you desire to secure a Watch which to keep time and last well will be equal to any Solid Gold Watch, send us your name and address immediately and agree to sell 10 boxes only, of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills, at 25c. a box. They are the greatest remedy on earth for the cure of poor and impure blood, indigestion, headaches, constipation, nervous troubles, liver, bladder and kidney diseases, and all female weaknesses; they are the Great Blood Purifier and Invigorator, a Grand Tonic, and Life Builder. With the Pills we send 10 articles of jewelry to give away with the pills—this makes them easy to sell. This is the chance of a lifetime. Do not miss it. Send us your order and we will send you the 10 boxes, post paid. When you have sold them, send us the money $2.50 and we will send you

A GENTS' or LADIES WATCH

the same day the money is received. We are giving these beautiful Watches to advertise our Remedies. This is a grand opportunity to secure a valuable Watch without having to spend a cent. And our Watch is a stem wind and stem set and not the cheap back wind article generally given as premium. Send for our pills without delay. Address THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Watch Dept. 20 Toronto, Ont.

GUELPH GETS THE CENTRAL

Five Farms Bought For Central Prison Site.

Will be Built by Prisoners—Ta[illegible] Two Years.

J. M. Lyle the Architect—To A[illegible] commodate 500.

Toronto Despatch—Early in Jan[illegible] a number of men from the Central P[illegible] on will start to work about two an[illegible] half miles from the city of Guelp[illegible] the spot that has been chosen by [illegible] Government as the site of the new [illegible] vincial reformatory. The six hun[illegible] and three acres of land which the [illegible] ernment has secured are situated [illegible] east of the city and nearly adj[illegible] one portion of the grounds of the [illegible] tario Agricultural College. The de[illegible] to build the new reformatory [illegible] Guelph was reached at a meeting [illegible] the Cabinet last week, but owing [illegible] fact that options on the land [illegible] had not been closed, no announ[illegible] of the Government's action was [illegible] until yesterday. The last options [illegible] closed during the afternoon.

The Guelph site was chosen only [illegible] months of investigation, during [illegible] one hundred different places wer[illegible] sidered. This work was placed in [illegible] of Mr. C. R. W. Postlethwaite, ins[illegible] of asylums and prisons, and und[illegible] directions about fifty prospective [illegible] were visited and reported upon. [illegible] places inspected were all over the [illegible] vince, from Kingston and Belle[illegible] the east, Lindsay in the north and [illegible] ford in the west. The reports wer[illegible] on five important points: the so[illegible] ing material, water, building st[illegible] railway accommodation. They [illegible] classed as fair, good and excellen[illegible] it is worthy of note that the reg[illegible] the site selected carries the "exc[illegible] classification in nearly every part[illegible]

A branch of the Speed River run[illegible] through the property, as does the [illegible] dian Pacific Railway. The Grand [illegible] runs along its northern boundary [illegible] a spur line will be run into the [illegible] on. Added to all these advant[illegible] the fact that the new prison [illegible] within a few miles of the centre [illegible] imal population, an advantage th[illegible] mean much in the reduction of [illegible] expenses for taking prisoners to [illegible] stitution.

The new reformatory will be [illegible] prisoners from the Central Pri[illegible] it will be embodied all that is [illegible] prison construction on the co[illegible] Since the last session of the Leg[illegible] a committee composed of the Hon [illegible] Hanna, five members of the Hou[illegible] Mr. Postlethwaite visited a num[illegible] the largest reformatories in the [illegible] States, and the plans of Ontario [illegible] institution are the result of the [illegible] tion gathered on the trip.

The plans for the building, whi[illegible] yet to be finally approved, were [illegible] ed by Mr. J. M. Lyle, of Toron[illegible] main enclosure will be 1,172 fee[illegible] feet, and the site will contain [illegible] twelve to fifteen acres. The [illegible] tory will face south, and the [illegible] four in number and two stori[illegible] will be at the southern end of [illegible] closure. The trade shops are [illegible] north.

A new feature will be the [illegible] buildings for tubercular prison[illegible] for the criminal insane. They [illegible] situated to the east and [illegible] parade ground.

There will be room in the [illegible] atory for between 450 and 500 [illegible] the plans are such that additio[illegible] be made at any future date, [illegible] intention of the Government [illegible] the farming land and quarries [illegible] more trusty prisoners, and [illegible] will probably be enacted to a[illegible] authorities to shorten the sen[illegible] men who prove themselves [illegible] and trustworthy. The payment [illegible] for work done at the reformato[illegible] other scheme on which the [illegible] Hanna is working.

The reformatory will probably [illegible] finished in much less than [illegible] The work, however, will be [illegible] soon as possible. The first gan[illegible] selected from the more trustwor[illegible] oners will be sent up during [illegible] of January, and they will occ[illegible] ary quarters for those to follo[illegible] twenty or thirty men will be [illegible] work during the winter, prepa[illegible] and teaming sand, in order [illegible] everything in readiness to star[illegible] operations in the spring. The [illegible] of men at