

Rich in Love.

"I say, Tom," said one of a group of young men who had been consulting with much chuckling and laughter as they stood in a circle in the basement of a large wholesale house, "have you heard the news?"

"No," said Tom, "I have heard no news. What is it?"

"Why, Julia Elme is engaged to be married."

Tom started visibly, in spite of a certain sturdy fixity that belonged to him, and his associates exchanged sun-dry winks.

"Yes," said one young fellow insinuatingly, "she is engaged, and I call it good news. Julia Elme is a nice girl. Don't you think it good news, Tom?"

"Well, I should say not," said Tom, stoutly, and walked away.

That was a little too much for them, with all their knowledge of Tom's peculiar way. They looked at each other blankly, for a little while, and not quite as comfortably as a few minutes before. One of them expressed his mind in a long, low whistle, and another said:

"Well, I thought he would weaken at that, anyway."

He recalled the fact that it was in association with the same girl that Tom had perpetrated one of his out-spoken eccentricities during his stay at a resort on a small lake the previous summer, and the story had leaked out in some way. Tom had declined all invitations and suggestions to join in the excursions, picnics and such like gayeties of the other guests at the hotel, and one evening Miss Elme asked him why he so secluded himself.

"Because I have no money," said Tom, bluntly.

The young girl flushed painfully.

"Oh, don't be troubled," said Tom, kindly; "you have done no harm with your question. It does look a little odd that I keep so away from everything. But, you see, I have just enough money to pay my vacation of two weeks here, and get back to the city. So I can have no extras."

"I think, Mr. Marvin—that is, perhaps—" began Miss Elme slowly.

"No," Tom interrupted, "no one can give me anything or lend me anything. But I would like to spend an hour in a row on the lake, Miss Elme, if you will go with me."

Uncertain whether she were more amused or touched, the girl accepted the invitation, and had occasion to remember that little excursion happily, for Tom could talk well, and she had a quick imagination, and the moonlight stillness was a good halitation for both thoughts and fancies. And Tom, who had often looked at her with respectful interest, began to love her from that hour. Her hands, her exceedingly truthful and gentle gray eyes, and a mouth which, though not perfectly shaped, was sensitive and expressive, were the only features noticeably about the girl, but she had a pervading charm which made one think of Emerson's saying, "There is no beauteer of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain about us."

Tom betook himself straightway from the disconcerted jokers to Miss Elme's abode, and no sooner was he seated in the girl's presence than he began, without preface,

"Miss Elme, I have been told that you are engaged to be married, and have come to ask you whether it is true!"

The girl's start and flush disturbed Tom not at all. He was simply intent on the facts in exactly the same natural way that the atmosphere is accepted when flowing in at an open window.

After a long pause, to abate which Tom proffered no help, Miss Elme said:

"You are asking a strange question and very abruptly, Mr. Marvin."

"Yes," said Tom.

"It seems to me a matter of my own private life."

"Well," said Tom again.

"Well," said the girl at last, somewhat amused, "I don't know why I should not answer you if I please; but I think I ought to know your motive in asking before I trust you with the information."

"Because I myself want you," said Tom.

Fearfully blunt, very inelegant. But Tom, you know, was not a diplomat, and at that moment every feeling and use in him went its natural way and took the shortest course without reservation or sense of proportion.

After a little, the surprised and novel girl said softly, but with no steady voice:

"Then, why have you not told me before?"

"Because I am poor."

"I am not rich," the girl replied, with a look of admiration.

Then there was a silence in which Tom was as obstinate as before, but he was pale and his expression wholly assuming. Then, the girl, who had an originality and directness of her own, not unworthy of Tom's said:

"Well, I will answer your inquiry honestly. I am not engaged; but I think I shall be."

"And Tom, a shade paler than before withdrew without a word."

After he had gone, the girl cried a little. Then, with misty eyes, she sat down at her window, which though in a city, commanded a view of one tree that had become very commanding to her. There she continued examining herself, which process she continued for a week, with intervals deliberately turning and fixing her eyes to other matters, for she

knew that the eye must not stare too long at any object which it would pine for.

Then she wrote to Tom as follows: "My friend, I told you I was not rich, which was true. But even then I was beginning to grow rich. I have made some progress, but can go no further without your aid."

Tom's humility was not sure of the meaning of this dear epistle, but he lost no time in finding out, and when he did so he was happy.

EDUCATION OF SERVANTS.

"I am trying to educate my servants up to a higher standard of culture and appreciation," remarked a housekeeper to a visiting friend.

"I wouldn't," was the reply of the visitor, who had had experience of her own in that line. "I'd just make them comfortable and give them good wages. How are you succeeding so far?"

"Splendidly. You would be surprised to know how really and truly refined in their tastes are those girls who work in kitchens. You have seen my second girl, Ida, and know how pretty and gentle she is. I am persuading her to take mandolin lessons, and attend a class in mental culture. Then my cook used to be so shabby, but now she speaks the purest English."

"Aren't you afraid they will be looking for a different occupation when they are educated up to your standard?" asked the friend.

"Oh, no. I have taught them to elevate their work, and make drudgery divine. I wish you could hear the improvement in their conversation. They—"

She was interrupted by a yell from the basement. It was the voice of the cook.

"Hello, you Ida! Hey you flew the coop?"

"Now, no such good luck. What's allin' yer?"

"Has the freak gone out?"

"Yep. What's up?"

"The bread is n.g."

"What ails it?"

"It looks as if it had whiskers on it."

"You've knocked it silly with cult-h.b. Bounce it in de ale wen de cop is out of sight."

The mistress of the house made a gesture of despair.

"Think of being called a 'freak' after all I have done for them," she said, and her friend, who is a wise woman, forbore to say, "I told you so!"

SLEEVES WILL BE SMALLER.

English sleeves are even smaller than they appear in Paris, and a good majority of evening gowns have the most excuse for a shoulder strap, according to a letter from London. When flowers are used for the trimming of the gown it is a pretty fashion to use them for a covering to this strap and among other odd devices that we see on evening gowns are waistbands and a pair of fur and flowers. Rather a bizarre appearance is given to a gown of white satin by a flock of lace butterflies in various sizes, irregularly arranged on the front and sides of the skirt. The butterflies are of black lace and colored stones are cunningly interwoven into the lace. Instead of being entirely applied to the gown some of the wings are stiffened so as to stand away from the satin. The corsage is draped with white tulle, held by more of these butterflies, and the sleeves are of pheasant green velvet, this shade appearing in the embroidery on the butterfly wings. Colored sleeves are the only features noticeably about the girl, but she had a pervading charm which made one think of Emerson's saying, "There is no beauteer of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain about us."

AN IMPORTANT CASE.

A Pedlar Sent to Prison for Representing an Imitation Pill to be the Same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills — A Far-reaching Decision.

Montreal, Jan. 24, 1898.—A case of more than ordinary interest to the public came before Judge Lafontaine here to-day, the facts being as follows: For some time past one H.E. Migner has been going about peddling a pill which he represents as being the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The Dr. Williams Medicine Co. placed the matter in the hands of Detective Haynes, of the Canadian secret service, who soon had collected sufficient evidence to warrant the arrest of Migner on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. Meantime Migner had left Montreal, going to St. John N.B. On his arrival in that city he was at once placed under arrest and an official sent to bring him back here. He was brought before Judge Lafontaine this morning on two charges and pleaded guilty to both. It was pointed out that his offence was a grave one and left him liable to a lengthy term of imprisonment. The counsel for the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. stated that his clients did not wish to press for severe punishment at this time; they only wished to establish the fact that the representing imitation pill to be the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic medicine. By their use the blood is renewed, and the nerves made strong and vigorous, and in this way disease is driven from the system. As a spring medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed. If feeling languid or "out-of-sorts" a box or two will restore you to vigorous activity. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and take nothing else.

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ASTRONOMICAL. What is a meteor, mamma? Well, it's just one of your father's excuses for staying late at night.

Cold Was Found

In the discovery of so wonderful a remedy as Nervine—nerve-pain cure. No remedy in the market affords such prompt relief for toothache, neuralgia, and rheumatism. Its action in cramps, colic, &c., is simply marvelous.

SATISFACTION IS A PRACTICE

NOT A THEORY WITH

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA.

We buy a package, and if not satisfactory your grocer will return your money.

Lead packages.

Troubled Sleep.

Nightmares and Dreams Filled the Nights With Terror.

Danville, Que., Man Tells Something of His Experience.

"It is with much pleasure that I testify to the value of the medicines which has caused a remarkable change in my condition. I was troubled with sleeplessness and headaches at night. I could not sleep naturally. I had horrible nightmares and dreams. My sleeping hours were to my times of terror. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The use of this marvelous preparation soon produced the very best results. My health is improved in every respect. I am stronger and sleep better. I am pleased to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sick people as it is the best medicine in the world."

ALEX. MUNRO, Danville, Que.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is Canada's Greatest Medicine. Sold by Druggists. Price, \$1; six for \$5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

POETRY VS. PROSE.

The post raves of the beautiful hair That crowns his fair idol's head, And calls the man a prosy old bear Who ignores its splendors in stead Yes, the poet of it makes a fad, Its glories in verse he will group, But like other mortals he's mad For a strand of it gets in the soup.

Shattered Nerves.

THE MOST PREVALENT TROUBLE OF THE CENTURY.

It Attacks People of Both Sexes and All Ages — A Complete Breakdown Follows Unless Prompt Measures For Relief Are Taken.

Canada's Golden Heritage

Does not consist in mines alone. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a boon. It goes right to the root of the trouble and acts quickly and painlessly. Beware of substitutes.

HIGGIN'S WISDOM.

When I was in the country last summer, remarked Hunker, I discovered that a cow is always milked on one side.

And I know which side that is, replied Higgins, who was never in the country in his life.

Which?

The outside.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a chronic and continual disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine, but was described by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription of one of the best physicians, combined with the best home purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh and other complaints, free.

J. L. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DIDN'T PROPOSE.

Tom—So you did not propose to that dear girl last night, as you intended to. Ah, my friend, I am afraid you were not fired by the divine spark of love.

Dick—I was fired by her father.

W.P.C. 905

4,000 People

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Gout,

Eczema, Salt Rheum, Skin Eruptions, Long Standing Sores

Cured by

Contains New Ingredient

Bright's Disease, Kidney Complaints, All Stomach Troubles.

PRICE

\$1 per bottle, 6 bottles, \$5.00

From your druggist, or direct.

The S. S. Ryckman Med. Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

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