The Lover's Quarrel.

"I will not give you back your letters," said he.

"But you have no right to keep them," said I, "now that you are not engaged to me any longer, Mr. Howard."

"Oh, my dear," he answered, "you cannot have all the advantage. You have jilted me and you can say what you please, and I can prove the truth by our correspondence. I always kept the rough draft of mine, and there's no law in the land to make me give up my own letters."

"Gentlemen don't talk of law; they think of honor," said I.

"Ah, whatever you please, Miss Travis. I suppose the fact that my grandfather did not leave me his property has a good deal to do with things being as they are. Good-by, Miss Travis."

But I must have my letters back, and that night as I sat up in bed I thought of the way to do it.

Ben—I mean Mr. Howard; he was Ben to me no longer—lived with Sally Gray's mother.

Sally was a girl you could trust. She was a plain little thing, with something the matter with her spine, but just as good as gold. I told her everything, and now I intended to tell her the facts of the case and get her to let me go into Ben's room while he was away and look for my letters.

I knew that Ben—I mean Mr. Howard—was out by eight o'clock, and at nine I tapped on the basement window, and Sally, who was making a cherry pie, looked up and saw me and opened the door herself.

And then and there I sat down and told her all about it and about the letters.

"And I want you to help me to get them, Sally," I said. "Let me get into Mr. Howard's room and take what belongs to me. And you will, won't you?"

"It's a splendid idea," said Sally. "You'll have to wait until lunch is over and Miss Peck and Mrs. Jones go out. Then mother will lie down for a nap, and Biddy will be getting things ready for dinner and Sarah rubbing the forks and glasses. I'll get the passkey—of course we have one for every room. Now, do stay for lunch, darling."

And cold shivers ran up my back when Sally unlocked the door and we were really in the room—his room.

"I suppose he keeps his letters in his desk," said she. "I know he doesn't put them in his trunk, but this key unlocks all the drawers and desks in the house. We keep it to lend the lodgers when they lose their key rings. Now, I shall lock you in and sit on the stairs to keep watch, though nothing can happen. I'll come for you exactly at four."

I drew a chair to the desk, sat down, and turned the key in the lock.

There was nothing inside but some notepaper, and a little package of legal cap, and pens, and inkstand, and a blotting pad.

"I shut the desk and looked into the drawer. There was a cigar box."

"Oh, dear," I thought, "where can I look now?" And I was about to try my key on the drawers, when I heard the street door open and bang shut and feet ascend the stairs.

Then a key rattled in the lock, and I did the only possible thing to avoid discovery—at least for a moment.

There was a wardrobe cupboard with curtains before it. I ran toward it and stood bolt upright in the corner as Ben—I mean Mr. Howard—entered, followed by another man.

They shut the door and sat down. They lighted their pipes.

"Ben," said the strange person, "you are not looking well."

"I'm feeling wretchedly," said Mr. Howard. "I wouldn't tell another fellow but I believe my heart is borken—there, don't laugh. You see that photograph on the mantelpiece?"

"We were engaged to each other," said Ben, "and I loved her better then my life, and I thought she was very fond of me. But you know my grandfather cut me out of his will, and then a rich fellow began to call upon her, and she picked a quarrel with me—that's all. She's a mercenary little wretch, but I—I am a fool, Henry.

"I love her still. I shall keep her photograph all my life—and her letters to read and kiss. I would not give them up."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said this Mr. Henry—heartless brute! "You'll find a better girl in no time."

"There is but one woman in the world for me," said Ben. "There, now, I'm done. You know my trouble. I'll hide it from the world, and you will never speak of it to any one, I know."

"You'll not have any trouble in six months," said the horrible Mr. Henry. "Now, you'll come up and spend your holiday with me, won't you? I'll just step out and buy those things for my wife, and you pack up what you need and meet me at the station."

Then Henry walked away, and Ben—yes, Ben, my poor Ben—took a bundle of letters from his bosom and kissed them, and took down my photograph and kissed that, and then, having pulled a bag from the corner, he walked straight to the wardrobe and drew the curtain back.

The next moment he was staring at me and I at him.

"Is it her ghost?" I heard him say to himself, and I—well, there I was. It was not a situation to impart dignity.

"It is only me in the flesh, Ben," I said. "I wish I was a ghost so that I could vanish. And now you can boast all your life, if you like—and I will say something. Firstly, I did not care about your grandfather's horrid money. Secondly, I—I—only meant to tiff a little—not to break off, only to frighten you. Thirdly, I—I—oh, I've found out that you really and truly love me, Ben—and though it is broken off—I—I want to know—I used to love you very much—and I couldn't be going to marry old Mr. Javerill, because he is engaged to my Aunt Ophelia, and he never wanted me. I came to get my letters, but you may keep them. I—I've misunderstood you, and though we part forever, forgive me, Ben."

And Sally was my bridemaid when I married, and is to-day my dearest friend and the only one who knows how Ben and I came to make up our quarrel.

THE RIVER THAMES.

If the plans now under way are carried out as anticipated, the great work of widening and deepening the River Thames will before long be an accomplished fact, and the commercial importance of that river thereby greatly increased. It being clear to the authorities, on extended examination and consultation with engineering experts, that a twenty-six foot channel was required for at least nine-tenths of the shipping, it was decided that the work should be prosecuted, to be done solely by dredging. According to this plan, there will be from Gravesend up the river as far as Grayford Ness, opposite Harfleet, a channel width of 1,000 feet and a minimum depth of twenty-four feet at low water, spring tide, while from Grayford Ness to the Albert docks the width is to be about 500 feet and the depth twenty-two, and from the latter to the Millwall Docks there will be a channel at least 300 feet wide and eighteen feet deep.

A three hundred and ten pounder of nineteen turned up in this year's batch of French conscripts. He was active enough to be accepted.

THE TOMATO IN ITALY.

It is Popular With All Classes in King Humbert's Realm.

In every home and cottage in Italy the preserving of tomatoes is carried on. Terraces, balconies, and even the flat roofs of the houses are half covered with plates containing the deep red substance. After gathering the tomatoes intended for preserving are spread out for some hours in the sun until the skin has somewhat shrunk. They are then passed through a sieve so that they may be freed from both seeds and skins. As they contain a large proportion of water, the substance which has been passed through the sieve must be hung in bags, from which the water exudes, and soon a pool of dirty-looking water is formed beneath each bag. Strange to say, it is in no way tinged with red.

The mixture which remains in the bags has the consistency of a very thick paste. It is then salted, the proportion being a little less than 1 ounce of salt to a pound of preserve. The process now requires that it shall be spread on flat plates, exposed to the sun, and stirred from time to time with a wooden spoon, so that the upper part may not form a crust, while underneath it remains soft. It is a picturesque sight when the women are to be seen flitting about on the roofs and terraces, attending to the deep red preserve, their colored handkerchiefs flung on their heads to screen them from the rays of the burning sun when it is at its fiercest. In the evening the contents of the various plates are taken in and stirred up together, for if moistened by the night dew the whole would be spoiled. After being exposed to the sun for seven or eight days, the same process being repeated each day, the preserve is finished and placed in jars for winter use.

Though it is used by all classes of persons, it is more necessary to the poor than to the rich, for the latter can make use of the fresh tomatoes preserved in tins. Tomatoes may be tinned whole. But in Italy the fruit is usually passed through a sieve, the pulp being then placed in tins, which are immediately soldered down and then put in boiling water for five minutes. The cost of a small tin is half a franc, so it is as a rule beyond the means of the poor.

KINSHIP AND DIPLOMACY.

What the Relation is in Case of War and Rumours of War.

It is intimated in the despatches that the fact that the Dowager Empress of Russia is the sister of King George of Greece has had great influence in determining the course of Russia in the Cretan controversy. On the same theory the fact that the Duke of Edinburgh, son of Queen Victoria, married the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, daughter of Alexander II., should have had influence in promoting concert of action between Great Britain and Russia, but it did not. On the same theory the fact that the Princess of Wales is a sister of King George of Greece ought to influence Great Britain favourably towards Greece in the present controversy. The fact would seem not to have cut much figure. On the same theory the fact that the present Emperor of Germany is the grandson of Queen Victoria ought to have exercised great influence in promoting friendly relations between the two great powers. Has it?

In wars of rumours of wars relationship among the royal families of Europe has never counted for much. It is probable that the friendship between the Czar of Russia and Prince George of Greece would count for more than their relationship. It will be remembered that the two made a tour through the east together, and that when the Russian was attacked by a Japanese fanatic Prince George interfered and probably saved the life of the man who is now Emperor of all the Russias. The fact that Prince George is a gallant soldier, a thorough sailor and a modest man, a great favourite with the Greek people, as well as with the people of other nations, will count for a great deal in the settlement of affairs. If relationship is to count for anything, Greece ought to have the support of Russia, Great Britain, Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

RUSSIA AND THE ALLIES.

Commingling of Troops—An Interesting Incident of the Crimean War.

The friendly intermingling of Russian soldiers with the troops of the allies in the Crimea during the burial truce after the great sortie, and on some other occasions was an interesting but by no means unaccountable feature of the campaign. A correspondent of the Avenir Militaire, with the view of showing that there was no international antipathy between the Russians and the French at the time, but rather the contrary, gives an account of what occurred during the cavalry operations of Gen. d'Allouville, near Eupatoria, at the end of September, 1855. On the 29th of the month, the general, after a good deal of manoeuvring, succeeded in surprising a considerable body of Russian lancers and Cossacks, with horse artillery, in the ravine of Kanghil, and gave them a severe defeat. On the next day, when the cavalry were in bivouac, there was an alarm, and the approach of a Russian detachment was reported. A captain, who proved to have lost most of his men during the fight, advanced before the Russians, waving a white handkerchief. He was welcomed and said he had brought a sum of money for the comfort of his men who had been captured, and especially for his orderly, from who he greatly regretted to be parted. He further asked to be allowed to shake the hand of a young officer lately joined who was a prisoner, and an affecting scene followed between the two. French and Russians then, we are told ate biscuits, clinked their glasses, and warmly shook one another by the hand at parting. They even exchanged cards and promised to renew the acquaintance. The circumstances, says the correspondent, were well known to the officers of the three French regiments, and were examples of a courteous feeling which prevailed between the enemies, "save always the English."

ADVANTAGE OF SLEEP.

In reply to the question, Is it wise for a man to deny himself and get along with a few hours' sleep a day to do more work? Tesla, the great electrician, is said to have replied: "That is a great mistake, I am convinced. A man has just so many hours to be awake and the fewer of these he uses up each day, the more days they will last; that is, the longer he will live. I believe that a man might live two hundred years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes often live to advanced old age, because they sleep so much. It is said that Gladstone sleeps seventeen hours every day; that is why his faculties are still unimpaired in spite of his great age. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that it is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake."

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

A Chinese biographical dictionary containing the lives of 2,500 noted Chinamen and woman, living and dead, has been compiled by Mr. Giles, late British Consul at Ningpo.

Alexandre Dumas, fils, will appear on the tomb which the sculptor Saint Marceaux is executing, reclining at full length in the robe he wore when at work and with his feet bare, as was his custom.

Wheat grown in the North of France has from 11 to 26 per cent. less nitrogeneous elements in it then that raised there fifty years ago, according to a recent report made to the Academie des Sciences.

Saverio Altamura, one of the last of the Neapolitan romantic school of painting, has just died. He was a poet and an author as well. He took part in the revolution of 1848 and was exiled from Naples until the Bourbons driven out.

A German sugar trust has been formed at Berlin with the outspoken object of raising prices. A syndicate will control all sales, and will begin by hoarding a certain percentage of the sugar made. It will fix an international market price below which German sugar shall not be sold.

On the marble steps of a peasant's house on the island of Salamis have been found two lines of the epitaph composed by the poet Simonides for the Corinthian soldiers who fell in the sea fight, carved in Corinthian characters. It is hoped that the burial place of the Corinthians may soon be found.

Mr. Faithful Begg, M. P., suggests the incorporation in the royal arms of England of "a double-headed lion passant guardant, the heads crowned, one for India, the other for the colonies," as a suitable way of marking Queen Victoria's long reign by "drawing the outlaying portion of the empire more closely together."

A method of precipitating zinc in aqueous solution in the shape of dense plates of commercial thickness by means of electricity has been found at the zinc works at Duisberg in Germany. The process, which is kept secret, was discovered by Prof. Dieftenbach of Darmstadt. The economic difficulties in the problem have also been solved, as the works are turning out ninety tons of zinc a month and are to be enlarged.

An experiment with cordite at Woolwich recently shattered a church and a number of shops in the neighborhood, and broke windows, tore down telephone wires, and alarmed the country for ten miles around. A case of cordite was fired to see what the effect would be on twelve other cases placed at some distance. They contained 1,400 pounds of the explosive and made a hole fifteen feet deep and twelve feet wide, sending earth and stones to a distance of a mile.

Power for the Jungfrau Electric Rack Railroad will be supplied by two waterfalls producing 4,500 horse-power. the magnetic fluid in his body, is at feet. The conductors will be overhead. Three trains, holding 200 passengers, will be kept moving at the same time. The length of the line is 7.6 miles, and the total rise is 6,555 feet. The speed is limited to 5.3 miles an hour, the trip taking 96 minutes. The cost is estimated at $2,000,000.

Pere Jourdain, an old peasant, who cures disease miraculously by means of the magnitic fluid in his body, is attracting crowds in Paris. The fluid is attracted out of him by lump sugar, which patients are required to bring with them. He operates in a large room, round which are wooden benches for the patients; in the centre are a stove and two other benches, on which the bags of sugar are placed. Jourdain fumbles over the sugar and then returns the bags to the patients, who give him whatever they choose in return.

COSTLIEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

The Official History of the War Cost $22,785 per Volume.

The most expensive book that was ever published is the official history of the war of the rebellion, which is now issued by the Government of the United States. It has cost up to date, $2,334,328. Of this amount $1,184,291 has been paid for printing and binding, alone. It will require at least three years longer and an appropriation of perhaps $600,000 to complete the work, so that the total cost will undoubtedly reach nearly $3,000,000. The history will consist of 112 volumes, including an index and an atlas. Each volume will, therefore, cost an average of about $26,785.

Copies are sent free to public libraries, and 1,347,999 have already been so distributed. The selling price of the atlas is $22. The remainder of the edition is sold at prices ranging from 50 cents to 90 cents per volume. There does not seem to be a popular demand since only 71,194 copies have been sold, for a total of $60,154.

JUDGE WITH CARE.

It is extremely difficult to dissassociate the individual and the act. We may as well be frank and say that it is an impossible task. An act becomes the interpreter of the heart's purpose where the intention is not to deceive. Straightforward purpose within, presents itself outwardly in clean, broad, generous living. It must always evidence itself in deeds of tenderness, philanthropy and holy sacrifice. Pure living in the breast, in its outward flow, pours upon the world, the sweet blessing of pure living. The individual is correctly judged by the fruits of his living. All criticism become harsh, dishonorable and un-Christian which forgets the outward act in its rush to climb back into the chamber of the soul, where purposes are born. There alone should be heard the footsteps of the Divine.

Many Women

No. 4

DON'T BELIEVE

In quack medicines. YOU DO BELIEVE that you are weak and ill.

DO YOU KNOW that you can easily regain health, strength and vigor?

MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Miles' Sanative Wash

for sale by all Druggists at 75c and 25c, | part vitality and energy, and make the life of the "Mother Sex" worth living.

Explanatory pamphlet, "Woman's Triumph," sent free on application.

Orders filled promptly from the laboratory.

"A. M. C." MEDICINE CO., 378 St. Paul St., Montreal.

CENSUS OF THE WORLD.

Gigantic Project Planned for Opening the Twentieth Century.

As impossible as it may seem at first glance, it is nevertheless certain, remarks a foreign newspaper, that an earnest effort will be made to take a census of the whole earth in the near future. This gigantic project is to become a fact with the advent of the twentieth century. The plan was put into tangible shape at the recent convention, held in Berne, Switzerland, of the International Statistical institute, the original proposition having been made by Dr. Guillaume, the director of the Swiss bureau of statistics. The convention appointed a committee of ways and means, consisting of prominent statisticians, savants, travelers and geographers, who are to propose an acceptable method of realizing this grand scheme and report to the convention at its next biennial meeting.

Nationally it is an impossibility to secure even approximately the exact data in many regions, such as the polar, many parts of Africa, Asia and elsewhere, which have never been visited by the explorers, and which a census enumerator would never reach. The population of the globe is now estimated at 1,700,000,000, these being the figures of Profs. Behm and Wagner, of Gottingen, recognized as the leading authorities in this department. Both, however, concede that these figures are not absolutely reliable, and are largely calculations based on the more or less reliable reports of travelers. This is, for instance, the case with such countries as China, Persia, Arabia and Turkey. They acknowledge that as far as China is concerned the figures may be

MILLIONS TOO HIGH OR TOO LOW,

and that the estimate of Africa may be 50,000,000 out of the way, and that errors in proportion may exist in the figures claimed for Persia, Siam, Afghanistan, Turkey and other lands. China, however, has decided to undertake an official census. This promise was made by Li Chung Tong in Berlin only lately. The governments of Turkey, Persia, Siam and Afghanistan are to be petitioned to assist the agents of the statistical institute in taking the census of these countries.

Quite naturally the scheme of the institute can be realized only by the expenditure of considerable money and the application of a great deal of diplomacy. But the institute is sanguine. Then, too, quite a number of lands must yet be explored before 1900. But if geographical research is pushed in the next years as vigorously as it has been during the past decades, then there will scarcely be a mile of territory in Africa which will not have been explored by travellers before the beginning of the twentieth century, and a census can be made, at least approximately. Then, too, in the year 1900 Russia will have almost completed her two vast systems of railroad across the continent of Asia, traversing all Siberia and the wild regions of Thibet, and these districts will be open to the traveler. It is, accordingly, proposed to send a large colony of energetic travelers to these regions in 1900 to make a report on the unnumbered millions that live there. It is hoped that this census, notwithstanding its greatness and vastness, can be completed in a single week, in all the civilized nations of the globe. The attempt is even to be made to have the census taken on one and the same day.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

IGNORANCE WAS NOT BLISS.

Say, old man, Miss Hugus told me last night, that I reminded her of the Venus of Milo. Who was he?

It isn't a he, it's a she, and—I—don't—see—. Oh! yes, I do; the Venus of Milo hasn't any arms, you idiot.

STINGING CORNS

Next to a stinging conscience, makes life a misery. The stinging pain of a corn may be speedily and painlessly removed by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Twenty-four hours after Putnam's is applied the corn may be removed.

UNANSWERABLE.

Mamma—Oh, Ethel, don't ask mamma so many unnecessary questions! Ethel—But, mamma, what can I ask you if I don't ask questions?

GRAVEL IN THE BLADDER

Used Eighteen Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills—The Stone Dissolved and Removed—Knew of Others Cured.

Shelburne, Mar. 29—(Special.)—Mr. John Medill, known locally as well as far and near as physical giant and glorying in his strength came to be a great sufferer and tells his cure as follows:—

"I do not hesitate to speak of Dodd's Kidney Pills or anything else exactly as I find them. If a medicine cures me and if I think it will cure others why not say so?

"It is true I had been suffering for some time with Bladder trouble and learning of a cure made in a similar case, by Dodd's Kidney Pills I commenced using them.

In all I have used eighteen boxes and they have dissolved the stone and have entirely cured me of any sign of such difficulty. I do not hesitate to speak of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the highest terms of praise for I know of many persons who have been cured by them.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Wouldn't you feel helpless, Emeline, if you heard the wolf at your door?

Not much; I'd pull him in by the ears and make a lovely rug out of him.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they can not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional 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. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

CUTTING.

She—What a keen little creature that Miss Wisely is.

He—Yes, she cuts me every time there is a chance.

PILL POINTS

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are a Purely Vegetable Compound—A Scientifically Studied Formula—The After Effects of the Medicine have been Given as Much Consideration as the Immediate Results.

Not so With Many of the Ancient Formula—Painful Purgers and no Healing Powers—Think of These Points.

If you must use medicine, look for the most pleasant, safest and surest to take. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are supreme in cases of Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sallow Skin, Constipation, etc. 40 doses, 20 cents.

A VICTIM OF ASTHMA

HAD NOT SLEPT IN BED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Seemed Doomed to Torture and Continual Misery—Father, Grandfather and Great Grandfather Had Died from the Trouble—Release Comes in Old Age—The Cure Looked Upon as a Miracle.

From the Whitby Chronicle.

For years stories of famous cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have appeared in the Chronicle. During this time we have been casting about for a local case of such a nature as to leave no doubt of the efficiency of these pills. We have found several, but in each case it proved to be a sensitive body who could not bear to have his or her name and disease made public. Recently, however, a most striking case came to our ears.

Mr. Solomon Thompson lives on a beautiful farm on the west shore of Mud Lake in Carden township, North Victoria. He has resided there for forty years, being the first settler around the lake. He was reeve of Carden and Dalton townships thirty-five years ago, before the counties of Peterboro and Victoria were separated, and he used to attend the counties' council at Peterboro. Mr. Thompson has been a victim of asthma for forty years or more. However we will let him tell his own story, on that head.

On October 15th, 1896, we took a trip to Mud Lake to visit the haunts long familiar to us, and made it a duty and found it a pleasure to call upon Mr. Thompson and learn from seeing him and hearing his account of it how he had been cured. For twenty-five years we had known him as a gasping, suffering asthmatic, the worst we ever knew who managed to live at all. We often wondered how he lived from day to day. On calling he met us with a cheerful aspect and without displaying a trace of his old trouble. Being at once ushered into his house, we naturally made it our first business to enquire if it were all true about the benefits he had received from using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "Beyond doubt," said he. "How long have you used them, and how many boxes have you used?" he was asked. "I started a year ago, and took eight boxes." We next asked him if he felt that the cure was permanent. "Well" said he, "I have not taken any of the pills for three or four months. Still I am not entirely satisfied yet. You see my father, grandfather and great-grandfather died of asthma. My people all take it sooner or later and it always ends their days. I have lost three brothers from the fatal thing. Knowing my family history it is hard for me to gain faith, but I can tell you for nearly thirty years I never slept in bed until I took Pink Pills. As you must have known, I always slept sitting in the chair you now occupy. I had a sling from that hook in the ceiling and always sat with my head resting in it while I slept. I now retire to my bed when the other members of my family do." "How old are you, Mr. Thompson?" "Seventy-six," was the reply, "and I feel younger than I did thirty years ago, I was troubled a great deal with rheumatism and other miseries, probably nervous troubles arising from want of sleep, but nearly all the rheumatism is gone with the asthma."

During the conversation Mrs. Thompson, a hale old lady, the mother of thirteen children came in and after listening to her husband's recital of these matters, she took up the theme. "I never expected that anything could cure Solomon," said she. "We were always trying to find something which would give him relief, so that he would be able to sleep at nights, but nothing ever seemed to make much difference. At first he took one of the the pills after each meal, but after a time he increased the dose to two. We noticed he was greatly improved after taking two boxes and began to have hopes. Later on when we saw beyond doubt that he was better, I recommended the pills to a niece of mine, Miss Day, whose blood had apparently turned into water and who had run down in health and spirits so bad that she did not care to live. Why, she got as yellow as saffron, and looked as if she would not live a week. You would hardly believe it," said Mrs. Thompson, "but that girl was the healthiest and handsomest girl in the neighborhood before three months had passed, and all from taking Pink Pills." Mrs. Thompson was called from the room at this juncture to attend to some household duties, and Mr. Thompson resumed the subject of his marvellous cure. "You have no idea," said he, "what it is to go through twenty-five years without a good night's sleep without pain. I can find no words to make plain to you the contrast between the comforts I now enjoy and the awful life I had for so long. I had a big family of mouths to feed and had to work when at times I felt more like lying down to die. I would come in at night completely tuckered out, but even that was no guarantee of rest. Then was no rest for me. I seemed doomed to torture and continual misery. When my folks urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I thought it would be useless, but I had to do something or die soon, and here I am as right as a fiddle." The old gentleman shook his head to add emphasis to his last sentence, and looked like a man who felt joyful over a renewed lease of life, with all his old miseries removed.

After congratulating our old friend on his divorce from the hereditary destroyer of his kindred, we drove away. At many places in the neighborhood we opened discussion upon the case and found that all regarded it as a marvellous cure. Where the Thompson family are known, no person would have believed for a moment that anything but death would relieve him from the grip of asthma. Every word that is written here can be verified by writing Mr. Solomon Thompson, Delrymple post office, and an intimate acquaintance of twenty-five years enables the writer to vouch for the facts narrated above, and for the veracity of Mr. Thompson in any statement he may make.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Ruskin's favorite recreation is chess, and he devotes his evenings to it. Chess is also a favorite game with George Meredith.

FAST LINE TO NEW YORK.

The Lehigh Valley, R. R., in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, have the first through train service between Toronto, Hamilton, London and principal points in Ontario, to New York City. Only line running Pullman buffet sleeping cars. Time two hours ahead of all other lines.

Passengers from Europe via this line are landed in New York at Desbrosses or Cortlandt streets, in close proximity to all European steamship docks. Don't fail to ask for tickets and sleeping car accommodation via Lehigh Valley route, at all Grand Trunk city and station offices.

Exhibitions of fat women are called "an offensive trade" by a London landlord who wants an injunction against their being held on premises he had let.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure cures where others fail. It is the leading Cough Cure, and no home should be without it. Pleasant to take and goes right to the spot.

Unwonted activity is reported in the British dockyards.

Stop that Cough! Take warning. It may lead to Consumption. A 25c. bottle of Shiloh's Cure may save your life.

Scott's Emulsion

is the result of years of science. When made in large quantities and by improving methods, an emulsion must be more perfect than when made in the old-time way, with mortar and pestle, a few ounces at a time. This is why Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil never separates, keeps sweet for years, and every spoonful is equal to every other spoonful.

50c. and $1.00 at all Druggists.

In other emulsions you are liable to get an uneven benefit—either an over or under dose. Get Scott's.

TRAVELLED HALF THE GLOBE TO FIND HEALTH, WITHOUT SUCCESS.

Took the Advice of a Friend and Now Proclaims It From the Housetop—"South American Nervine Saved My Life."

Mrs. H. Stapleton of Wingham writes: "I have been very much troubled for years—since 1878—with nervous debility and dyspepsia. Had been treated in Canada and England by some of the best physicians without permanent relief. I was advised about three months ago to take South American Nervine, and I firmly believe I owe my life to it to-day. I can truthfully say that I have derived more benefit from it than any treatment I ever had. I can strongly recommend it, and will never be without it myself."

DISCRIMINATING AGREEMENT.

George describes the girl he is engaged to as a perfect vision.

Yes. And his sister says she is a sight.

IN PENETRATING POWER

No remedy in the world equals Nerviline—nerve pain cure. Neuralgia and rheumatism are relieved almost instantly, and the minor aches and pains are cured by a single application. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—is sure to cure.

EASY.

Do you really have a snap as Chumpley's private secretary?

Well, I should say so. All I have to do is to keep him in good excuses for staying out late.

"I HAD NO FAITH."

But My Wife Persuaded Me to Try the Great South American Rheumatic Cure and My Agonizing Pain Was Gone in 12 Hours, and Gone for Good.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years—confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, Druggist, in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain—inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and I now consider myself completely cured.

PROMOTING AN INDUSTRY.

John L. Sullivan, Boston's pride, has had an operation performed on his throat. The particulars of the operation are not stated, but we suppose it consisted in having a funnel inserted.

W. P. C. 858

HIS IS THE TIME of year when men and women become weakened by the weather, and run down generally. The first parts that the weather affects are the kidneys. The urea is not thrown off, but is forced back upon the lungs, and disease results—caused by weakness of the kidneys.

HERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY known to medical men for promptly checking troubles of the kidneys and restoring these great organs to health and strength, and that is by the use of

Warner's Safe Cure

It has stood the test of time; it has saved thousands of lives; it has restored millions of sufferers to health; it has done what was never done, never attempted before; it has made men stronger and healthier; it has made women brighter and happier; it stands alone in all these qualities. Do you not think it would be wise for you to use it and thus avoid the dangers of the season? Insist upon having it.

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A Welsh Congregational minister in the Rhondda Valley cut his finger recently and was so badly frightened that he died within two hours.

Cure the Cough with Shiloh's Cure. The best Cough Cure. Relieves Croup promptly. One million bottles sold last year. 40 doses for 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

A sheriff's jury at White Plains, N. Y., has decided that George W. Palmer, who murdered his mother, brother and sister, is insane.

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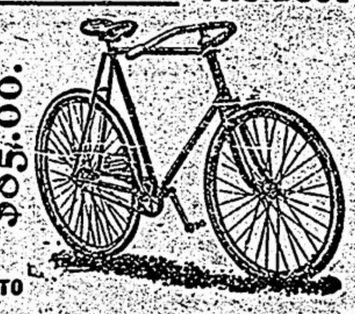

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