A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Kitty and Gretchen Tremaine are two most charming girls. Kenneth Dugdale, crippled in a hunting accident is staying with the Tremaines and is Gretchen's especial charge. He marries her. Kitty marries Sir John Blunden. Arthur Blunden, Sir John's cousin, is immeshed in the toils of a charmer by the name of Fancy Charteris, a flame of Sir John's prior to his marriage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As dinner hour approaches, Kitty relents. A sort of tender coquetry induces her to put on her prettiest gown—the gown in which he has so often admired her—and to trick herself out in all the little fineries and innocent gegaws he has at various periods spoken kindly of.

She goes down to dinner, and, though still constrained in manner, in spite of herself is almost happy in that she can see him, and be near him, and hear his voice again. After dinner, passing through the hall, she sees on a table in an anteroom, near the drawing-room, a lovely bouquet lying, frail pink blossoms, and little dainty buds that peep out knowingly, as though to claim a kiss or at least a caressing touch.

"Dear Jack! After all, he is grieved at this horrid coldness between us! And he has brought these charming flowers to help to make friends. How sweet of him!"

Not to be outdone in generosity, she takes up the fragrant bouquet, and returning to the dining-room, to where Jack is standing, reading the evening paper, she says, softly, yet with some hesitation born of the late estrangement.—

"I like my flowers so much. Pink is such a favorite color with——"

"Pink!" says Jack, laying down the paper. "Those flowers are not for you. I know you prefer white to any. I sent yours upstairs to your room an hour ago."

"Not mine!" says Kitty, paling. "Whose, then?"

"They are for Mrs. Charteris. I made a bet with her last night, and lost. My payment was to be made in these pink blossoms."

"Never!" says Kitty, passionately; and flinging the flowers upon the ground: she places one small foot upon them and tramples them out of all beauty.

"You are mad!" says her husband, laying his hand upon her arm. But it is too late; the charm of the flowers is ruined and lost forever. "I have a great mind to make you pick them up again," he says, slowly, with a look in his usually gentle eyes she has never seen there before. A moment's reflection would have prevented his making this speech, which is both ill-advised and unworthy of him.

"Do not go too far," says Kitty, with a little pale smile of defiance. "I am not your slave. What! was it not enough that you should spend all last evening alone with her (I learned from Cyclamen that neither she nor Laura was to be present); that you should haunt every place you think it likely she may be at; but that now—now—when I am most unhappy, you should——" She pauses, and, raising her hand to her throat,—unable to proceed, — points to the crushed bouquet at her feet, that in its painful death exhales its richest perfume.

"Do you mean to tell me you are jealous of Fancy Charteris?" demands Sir John, who is very white and stern, after a full minute's pause, during which they have gazed steadily into each other's eyes.

"It is true," says Kitty, standing back, and leaning against a chair for support. "Have I not good reason?"

"It is too horrible for belief," — coldly. "As for these," taking up the flowers and casting them into the street through the window, "they are of no account; they can easily be replaced; but faith and trust are more difficult to restore."

"They are impossible to restore."

"If you are wilfully blind, I cannot help you. As for me, how can I ever forget this hour?"

"Have I nothing to forget?" retorts she, with a heaving breast. "All the pain and torture of the past month. Shall I retail to you the anguish I have endured? But why speak to you," cries she, "with sudden passion; "it is too late. Go!" — pointing with one exquisitely rounded bare white arm to the door; "you have no heart."

"If that is so, I ought to be a happier man than I am," replies he, bitterly.

"Is a man ever happy with his wife? I am learning every day; and it seems to me any other man's wife is preferable."

"Once for all, Kitty," says Sir John, confronting her quietly, and addressing her in a low but firm tone, "I forbid you to speak to me like that again. Your insinuation a moment since about Mrs. Charteris was, I thought, too disgraceful to be repeated. You insult yourself even more than me when you so speak."

Kitty is white almost to pallor. The hand resting on the back of the chair is tightly clenched.

"If you are going to the opera tonight," she says, "I shall not go. I shall not sit in a box with you."

"I should be sorry to inconvenience you in any way," returns he, coldly, with a slight shrug. "You shall certainly have your box to yourself. When I take Mrs. Charteris her flowers, I dare say she will give me a seat in hers."

After which he leaves the room, and presently the house, in a most unenviable frame of mind.

Kitty, going up stairs, with her new mood still upon her, — erect and handsome, but very pale, with her eyes brilliant, and her breath coming quickly through her delicately curved nostrils, — finds upon her dressing table the flowers intended for her. They are—she has to confess this truth even to herself— far lovelier than those she had so cruelly ill used below; they are all pure white, exquisitely arranged, the monotony of their beauty relieved here and there by little feathery branches of rare ferns of a vivid green. She acknowledges their charm; yet, lifting them remorselessly, as though she hates the innocent things, she carries them into Sir John's dressing room and lays them on his table.

Throwing her cloak round her, she takes up her fan and gloves and goes down to her carriage.

She finds Gretchen before her in her box, and Brandy. Dandy has gone over to Mrs. Charteris to receive some imaginary message from that coquette.

Fancy, in spite of her rupture with her lover, is looking charming. The black velvet gown she wears renders even more youthful her mignonne features. Her golden hair is carefully arranged; a few simple silver chains are clasped around her throat. She has Cyclamen with her, and Dandy, who is plainly rapturously happy. But his happiness is of short duration; presently, it dies in a sudden death, as the door opening admits Sir John Blunden, and, close behind him, Arthur!

Fancy, as she sees the latter, in her heart of heart laughs aloud; but outwardly she is frozen dignity itself. In fact, it is plain to all beholders that she does not see Mr. Blunden. He might as well be in the moon, or in any other remote and impossible region, for all the notice she takes of him; while she receives Sir John cordially, bestowing upon him her brightest smile, and accepting almost tenderly the flowers he lays before her, a facsimile of those destroyed by Kitty's demon.

Sir John stoops to say something —no doubt uncommonly flattering—as he presents his debt; Mrs. Charteris raises her face to his with an expression on it meant to madden Arthur beyond endurance. It is a perfect tableau. Kitty even at this distance sees and marks the pretty scene, and draws her breath quickly.

Gretchen, with her great blue eyes fixed upon the "Diva," who is singing her sweetest, knows of nothing that is going on around her, being wrapt in a musical ecstacy; she is for once blind and deaf when her gentle influence is so badly needed.

Turning her gaze from the opposite box, Kitty lets it fall slowly upon the stalls beneath, and presently becomes aware of a lorgnette fixed immovably upon her. The owner of it, seeing her glance attracted, politely removes it, and then she sees it is Cecil Launceston who is so intently watching her with evident though restrained admiration.

The demon, not yet slain, moves her. Her lips part in a careful smile. She makes the very faintest motion with her fan, and Launceston, rising, makes his way slowly past old ladies and innocent maidens and fat men to her box.

She makes him welcome. She is, indeed, specially good to him. Yes, he may stay, if he cares to,— with a bewildering smile. "What a good house it is, and how magnificently she is singing! And how lovely Mrs. Charteris is looking to-night. No? He doesn't admire her? How strange! But he is without taste, every one admires her."

Every one may admire her if they choose; he doesn't. And he is sorry for "every one;" there is no knowing where a lead will carry some people. She is too bizarre, dolly, soulless, for him. And he cannot think he is without taste. He has his own ideal, and must worship it, not this or any other man's idol. And so on, and on.

And Kitty listens, and approves, and in her heart thinks him wearisome to the last degree, but encourages his vapid talk until Sir John notices their earnestness and grows distrait,—so distrait that at the close of the evening he forgets to offer his arm to Fancy, and, opening the door, lets Arthur take the reluctant little beauty to her carriage in spite of herself. Dandy has gone on with Lady Cyclamen, and Sir John, making his way to the hall, finds Kitty there with Launceston, awaiting her carriage. Gretchen and Brandy have disappeared.

He goes calmly up to her, and gently, but in a manner not to be mistaken, draws her hand within his arm. Launceston bows to some one in the crowd, and then to Lady Blunden, and then retires; and Jack, bending to arrange a fold in Kitty's cloak, says, in a low tone of regret:

"Are things to go altogether wrong with us, Kitty?"

And Kitty, because of something in her throat, and because her eyes are so full of tears that she cannot raise them, makes him no answer, but presses her fingers upon his arm. The pressure is warmly returned, and then, their names being called, they enter their brougham, and she cries her heart out in his arms all the way home.

Yet let no one think that the glazing over of a deep wound can heal it. Sooner or later it will break forth again, to wring the sufferer's soul with anguish. Only the surgeon's knife, the sudden probe, the baring to one's sight of the bullet that has cut so treacherously into the tender flesh, can restore peace and happiness and comfort.

But to return to Fancy and her undesired companion. Finding herself actually entrapped into accepting Arthur's assistance, she loses all patience, or at least pretends to.

"What brought you to my box to-night?" she demands, imperiously, as they make their way through the landing. "I understood we were to be strangers for the future; and I am no wit better now than I was this morning, when you so much objected to me."

Arthur is silent. He evidently considers discretion, when with a woman, the better part of valor.

"And why did you offer me your arm just now?" goes on she, with some indignation. "You knew I wished to go out with Sir John; at least you knew perfectly I did not wish to go out with you!"

Mr. Blunden still maintains a discreet silence. It irritates his companion far more than words. "You did it on purpose," she says, aggravatingly. "I saw it in your eyes! You were determined to compel me against my will to accept your services!"

Even at this thrilling moment Mr. Blunden declines to speak.

"Are you deaf?" asks Mrs. Charteris, with much disgust. "If so, of course I'm sorry for you. But if there is one thing on earth I hate, it is a person who won't answer. You know you are dying to tell me you don't wish to be with me now or at any other time, and, just to vex me, you won't say it. I can't bear such meanness."

"I'm not dying to say anything of the kind," retorts Arthur, stung into making some reply. "I never tell lies. Why should I? I am most certainly (in spite of all my resolutions to the contrary) very desirous of being with you not only now but always. I accepted most thankfully the chance thrown in may way of being of some small good to you just now. After all,"—mournfully, "I should have been wiser had I thrown myself upon your cousin's mercy."

"You would indeed," — remorselessly, — "and far happier."

"Oh, no, not happier," — very earnestly. There is a humility, a want of pride, about this speech eminently flattering. Fancy, in her turn, is silent.

Presently, the corridor becoming more crowded, and she having relinquished his arm some time since in the heart of her argument, Arthur says, gently:

"I think you had better take my arm again."

"No, thank you," — coldly; "I like walking by myself."

"But not here, surely. A little farther on you may be crushed."

"I should rather be crushed than touch you," returns she, with all the air of a spoiled child,—which she is.

Presently, however, getting into the press of people, and finding that gradually the crowd is separating him from her, Arthur with some determination takes her hand and holds it fast,—unrebuked! Doubtless madam is rather relieved than otherwise that he has so peremptorily disobeyed orders.

In the hall Cyclamen is nowhere to be seen.

"She has gone; and she half promised to come home with me," says Mrs. Charteris, looking vaguely round her. "She must have forgotten all about it. How careless, how thoughtless of her!" turning up two distressed blue eyes, that still sparkle with resentment to Arthur.

"If you will allow me I will see you home."

"Oh, no! Not for the world would I give you so much trouble,"—coldly.

"Well, then, may I try if I cannot hurry your carriage?"—quite as coldly.

"I came in Cyclamen's," explains she, dejectedly. "Now, how am I to get home? I said something to her, early in the evening, about going to supper at the Lestranges', and I suppose she altogether misunderstood me. How awkward it all is!"

"My brougham is somewhere outside. It is yours, if indeed"—bitterly—"you will deign to make use of it."

"I suppose I must," returns she, ungraciously, yet with surprising alacrity, and presently suffers herself to be conducted to it by this ill-used young man.

Having seen her comfortably settled, Mr. Blunden raises his hat and says "Good-night" and moves aside that the door may be closed. But beauty, as we all know, is at times capricious. Mrs. Charteris, with the most unexpected concern in her tone, with surprise,—

"Are you not coming too?"

"Oh! thank you, no. I should not dream of intruding. Pray do not give yourself an instant's thought on my account."

"How unkind of you!" says Fancy, with a charming pout, turning her face towards him, and leaning a little forward, so that the gaslight above falls upon her, revealing every charm,—the softness of the sapphire eyes, the archness of the lips, the sheen of her yellow hair, touching even, though faintly, the pale rose that nestles in it. "How unkind of you, when you know how I detest driving by myself, and how I abhor my own society!"

Then, with a slight drawing back of her skirts, as though to make room for him, and a sudden smile that dazzles him, she says, "Come."

And he goes.

(To Be Continued).

JOHN COULD PREACH ECONOMY

A clergyman, who enjoyed the substantial benefits of a fine farm, was slightly taken down on one occasion by his Irish ploughman, who was sitting on his plough in the wheatfield. The reverend gentleman, being an economist, said, with great seriousness :

"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a pair of pruning shears here, and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horses are resting a short time ?"

John, with quite as serious a countenance as the divine himself, said :—

"Look here, wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and while they are singing to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot ?"

The reverend gentleman laughed heartily, and left.

A Guards regiment has three battalions, an ordinary line regiment two only.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

A Great Cure in Welland.

An Old and Highly Respected Resident Cured of Kidney Disease and Liver Troubles by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. John Wilson, a retired carpenter who has lived in Welland, Ont., for 30 years, writes :—"Some years ago I was attacked with kidney trouble, and I became so run down and emaciated that my entire appearance was suggestive of physical decline. As time went on the complaint grew worse and became complicated with liver trouble. I had bad pains across the back and up the spinal column, bad spells with my heart, pain under the right shoulder, bilious headache about half the time, indigestion, fever and restlessness at night and depression of spirits.

"At times I was incapacitated for work, and had spent probably one hundred dollars in different medicines with no perceivable results. Doctors' advice proved likewise of no avail.

"Finally on the advice of a friend I began taking Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and in a short time the bad symptoms began to gradually disappear, and by the time I had used five or six boxes I was enjoying better health than I had in many years, all of which is due to the virtues of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

"Since my recovery I have advised others to profit by my experience. Some have done so and are well, while others did not and have succumbed to this dreadful disease. I am a living witness to the value of this great medicine, and I am full of enthusiasm in imparting the good news to others who are afflicted as I was."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To Recognize Purity.

Adulteration has grown to such a fine art, that it is almost impossible for a woman now-a-days to detect the false from the true; but a chemical analysis will always detect adulteration. Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, after a number of analyses, reports that "Sunlight Soap is a pure and well-made soap." Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see that Prof. Ellis is right. No one should know better than he. 210

ROYALTIES' RECORDS.

Performances in Oratory, Travel and Literature.

Royalties seem to possess more records in proportion to their number than most other classes.

The German Emperor is, of course, in the van. He has made 280 speeches in a single year, a number probably unequalled by any of his subjects. He probably holds also the travel record for any one except an engine driver. In one recent year he travelled on 199 days, covering in all 18,750 miles by land and sea. His average journeyings for the past seven years have been 18,000 to 14,000 miles a year. Another record of the Emperor's is the ownership of the greatest number of estates held by any one person on earth. He has no fewer than eighty-three.

The Shah of Persia speaks three languages, but the Khedive leads the list with a good knowledge of six different tongues. His Arabic, Turkish, French, and English are perfect, and he is sufficiently well acquainted with German and Italian to make himself understood without the least difficulty, though he is not really a fluent speaker of these tongues. Few men alive can do more.

The young King of Italy is the possessor of a magnificent collection of coins. There are 50,000 specimens kept in twenty-four great cupboards. These coins come from 200 different mints. The old Roman coins are unequalled.

Besides being in the very first class as a writer of romantic word pictures, the talented Queen of Roumania is believed to be unequalled anywhere as an embroiderer. That this is no idle boast on the part of his admirers is proved by the fact that her work took the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition in open competition with that of all the best seamstresses in Europe.

Nor was Carmen Sylva the only royal exhibitor at the great Paris show. King Carlos of Portugal sent a very beautiful pastel drawing, for which he, judged as an artist, and not a King, received a silver medal.

Mention has been made of the Emperor's large number of estates. The Czar beats him in acreage. He owns more land, than any other human being. Russia's crown estates comprise over 650,000,000 acres of cultivated soil, to say nothing of uncounted square miles of forest, and about sixty-five mines.

A queer record belongs to Princess Sophie of Prussia. At her wedding she had to kiss 146 different royal friends and relatives. She is said to have accomplished the task in three-quarters of an hour.

The tallest reigning queen is Wilhelmina of Holland, who measures 5 feet 5½ inches, the shortest the German Empress. The tallest king is Oscar of Sweden, the shortest, the Czar of Russia.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

Careful Mothers Should Keep at Hand the Means to Check Ailments That Otherwise May Prove Fatal.

When the weather is hot the sands of the little life are apt to glide away before you know it. You can't watch the little one too carefully at this period. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum and disorders of the stomach are alarmingly frequent during the hot moist weather of the summer months. At the first sign of any of these, or any of the other ailments that afflict little ones, give Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets will speedily relieve and promptly cure all hot weather ailments. Keep them in the house—their prompt use may save a precious little life. Mrs. Herbert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., says :—"When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and was at death's door. My doctor advised me to use Baby's Own Tablets, and in twenty-four hours baby was better; the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly. I have used the Tablets for other ailments of children since and always with the happiest results. I can sincerely recommend them to mothers as a medicine that should always be kept in the house."

Little ones thrive, are good natured and grow plump and rosy in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. Children take them as readily as candy, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest infant with the best results. Sold at drug stores or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A UNIVERSAL PANACEA.

In an Irish town the lads of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal the habit from the master. In this they were successful until one evening, when the master caught them puffing most vigorously.

"How now ?" shouted he to one of the culprits. "How dare you be smoking ?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you ? And you ?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging tooth" ; another "colic"; the third a "cough"; in short, they all had something for which the weed was an unfailing remedy.

"Now, sir," bellowed the master to the last boy, "pray, what disorder do you smoke for ?"

Alas ! all excuses were exhausted ; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, and looking up into his master's face, said in a whining, hypocritical tone :

"I smoke for corns, sir !"

LONG AND SHORT MILES.

English-speaking countries have four different miles : the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical mile of 6,085 feet, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there are the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet—four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their mil passuum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length. The German mile to-day is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as ours. The Dutch, Danes, and Prussians' mile is 18,449 feet, three and a half times as long as ours; and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 yards long.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

NEWS AT ABBEY CHURCH

PATHETIC SCENE WHEN KING'S ILLNESS WAS ANNOUNCED.

Just Before Noon the Sad Intelligence Was Given to the Assembly.

It befell with a strange and awful fitness, says a writer in the London Mail, that the Abbey Church of Westminster, in all points ready for the solemnities of crowning, was still the central place of symbolism. At a dramatic juncture of preparation the news came, and broken parts of the proud service of to-morrow were an intercession for the hour of sudden peril.

It wanted half an hour of noon. In the place at the crossing of choir and transept, splendidly arrayed for unction and the delivery of royal ornaments, a few clergymen and ceremonial officers were gathered.

There were the Bishops of London and of Bath and Wells, the Dean of Westminster, Canons Duckworth and Robinson. There were the Marquis of Cholmondeley, joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain, and the Marquis of Londonderry, bearer of the sword of State. There was Lord Esher, Secretary to the Board of Works; there were Gen. Sir Hugh Gough, Keeper of the Regalia; the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Erskine, who is Groom of the Robes; the architect, Mr. Micklethwaite, and his clerk of works, Mr. Loske. Sir Frederick Bridge and Sir Walter Parratt were in their places, and other distinguished musicians in the Abbey were Sir Herbert Parry, Sir George Martin, Dr. Villiers Stanford, Professor Randegger.

A DRAMATIC CLIMAX.

If you think of it, every part, phase, and meaning of the ceremony, and all that has been done to prepare the scene of it, were represented in these persons.

In the afternoon there would have been a larger assembly. A full rehearsal, attended by all who were to take part in the solemnization, had been fixed for three o'clock. The slow was not withheld till then. Irony would have been too scorching. It fell at a time when the great Abbey was almost empty, except in that portion where divine worship is offered; yet it fell dramatically, compelling veneration and fear.

The choir was assembled in its galleries by the organ screen, and the orchestra upon the stand by which the screen is hidden. The sacrist had placed the communion plate and the service books upon the high altar. There was to be a rehearsal of the musical service.

Sunlight poured in through the richly stained windows, and the brilliant and joyous march of Saint-Saens had just been played.

AT THE EMPTY THRONE.

A messenger seeking the Earl Marshal from the Lord Great Chamberlain came hastily into the transept. He was not noticed. The Duke of Norfolk had not arrived, and he gave his message to Lord Esher. Then the high state officials and the clergy suddenly grouped themselves. In the half-light their faces could hardly be discerned, but it seemed to the few onlookers that they looked grave and colorless.

A consultation, a pause, and then the Bishop of London stood upon the "theatre" by the empty throne. He held the message in a trembling hand and waited.

Sir Robert Bridge's voice was heard speaking to the choir and the orchestra. "I now ask you," he said, with a strained deliberation, "to be silent while a painful communication is made to us by the Bishop of London."

Men became aware of the vacant chairs of seats all about them, and held their breath. The Bishop took command of himself.

In the simplest words he told the news that the King had been taken ill and that the coronation was postponed.

The stroke of fate.

"I never before," said a beloved and venerable clergyman later, "knew the full meaning of the expression, 'My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth.'"

The Bishop of London was still speaking. "We who are here cannot do better," he said, "than join at once in earnest intercession to Almighty God. A portion of the Litany provided in the service will be sung, and I invite you to join in it with all your hearts."

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

Who that was present can forget the august and touching act of worship?

Kneeling at the faldstool where he and Dr. Paget should have intoned it together, the Bishop of Bath and Wells began to sing the Litany, set to Tallis' dirge-like music.

"O God the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us miserable sinners."

Tears beyond all restraint ran down men's faces, and the first response of the choir was almost feeble. But the harmony gained richness. It went wailing and wailing up to heaven. Westminster Abbey is the mausoleum of English Kings and Queens, of great nobles, of poets and heroes, of many others whom England loved. But is it possible that any service so poignantly affecting, so awful and thrilling in its solemnity, can have been heard before within its walls?

FOR PITY AND MERCY.

The clergy in their mere cassocks, the choir unsurpliced, the nation not represented and as yet unaware of trouble; but an intense cry going up for pity and mercy.

"By Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy cross and passion; by Thy precious death and burial; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, good Lord, deliver us!

"In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us!"

In the midst of all that paraphernalia of royalty the old words were too bitter for endurance. Comfort came with the noble hymn that followed, "O God, our help in ages past!" Then, once more, the little congregation went upon their knees, and the venerable Dean, bent with the weight of his four-score years, in faltering accents gave them his blessing.

By noon there was no one left with the awe and splendor of the Abbey.

Mr. Gladstone's Budget speech in 1853 was 50,000 words in length. It took 5½ hours to deliver.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Famous People.

Thirty-five secretaries are constantly engaged in coping with the enormous volumes of letters which daily pour into the Vatican. Pope Leo receives more letters and newspapers than any other ruler in the world, the average number being something like 20,000 to 22,000 daily.

The Archbishop of York was an officer in the Indian Army before he entered Holy Orders. He joined when he was in his twenty-first year, and after studying the native languages secured the post of interpreter to his regiment. In 1852 he retired on a pension. It is certainly unique to find an English Archbishop with a salary of $50,000 a year drawing a pension for military services.

The Czar has a larger number of physicians in attendance than any other Sovereign in the world. There are no fewer than twenty-four, and, needless to add, they are selected from the most celebrated doctors of Russia. There is first a physician-in-chief; then come ten honorary physicians and four honorary surgeons, two oculists, a chiropodist, and an honorary chiropodist, two Court physicians, and three specialists for the Czarina.

News comes from Llangollen of the death of George Tomkins, at one time locally known as the "millionaire." Arriving from British Columbia some ten years ago with the reputation of immense wealth, he maintained an expensive establishment. Eccentric in habit, he wheeled about his children in a perambulator, their tiny fingers covered with costly rings. Gradually his wealth vanished, and shortly before his death he was selling oranges and matches in the streets.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been credited with being able to sleep as easily in a standing position as he can lying down. Said the Duke of Devonshire to him on one occasion: "You are like a policeman, Bannerman; you can always sleep standing up." An equally curious habit is that of Lord Rothschild, who confesses that he can sleep better in a theatre during the performance than he can at any other time or place.

A remarkable story is being told about M. Captier, the famous Paris sculptor, whose tragic death took place recently. He wanted a model whose feet were perfect for his statue of "Venus," and experienced great difficulty in getting one. When he did succeed in this he found that the lady could not sit for him, as she was engaged at other studios. She, however, offered to have her feet cut off if M. Captier would buy an annuity for her aged mother. Needless to say, the sculptor had to refuse this offer, much to the apparent regret of the plucky model.

On one occasion the Bishop of Oxford had somewhat ludicrous experience of the cool imperturbability of some young ladies. Passing a cottage the Bishop was stopped by a voice from the garden asking him to open the gate. He did so, and to his surprise, instead of the tiny mite he expected to see, there stepped forth a girl quite big enough to have opened the gate herself. The girl's reply to Dr. Sheepshank's query as to why she had not opened the gate herself was: "Please, sir, because the paint's wet!" On glancing at his hand the Bishop saw only too plainly the truth of her statement.

Major-General Sir Frederick Goldsmid, now an old man of eighty-four, when superintending the construction of a telegraph line many years ago, successfully solved a dispute which threatened to assume international importance. Between the frontiers of Turkey and Persia there was a tract of land seventeen miles wide which each country claimed. The engineering stores of the two countries differed. Turkey having wooden poles and Persia iron ones, and consequently each disputing country would not consent to the other's poles being erected on the territory in question. This delicate matter might have caused a serious delay to an important line, but Sir Frederick got out of the difficulty by erecting over the disputed territory iron and wooden poles alternately all the way across.

FROM DEATH'S DOOR.

AN OTTAWA MAN'S WONDER FULLY NARROW ESCAPE.

He Was in Convulsions and the Doctors Told His Wife He Could Not Live Till Morning, But He Recovered.

Ottawa, Ont., July 28.—(Special)—At 309 Gilmore St., this city, there resides a man who has been nearer the hour and article of death than anyone who has been privileged to live to tell the story.

He is Mr. George H. Kent, a printer in the employ of the Bank Note Company of Wellington St.

Some seven or eight years ago Mr. Kent was seized with Bright's Disease which gradually grew worse till he had to quit work and was confined to his bed where he remained for some months.

Physicians were in constant attendance upon him, but instead of improving he gradually grew worse and worse.

At last he became so low that his body became terribly bloated and his skin like tanned leather. He had convulsions, which increased in frequency and the intervals between these spasms found him so weak that he was barely conscious.

One night after a particularly bad spell the physicians told his wife that he could not live till morning.

A messenger was despatched for a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills which were immediately brought to the dying man.

Mr Kent did not die. On the contrary in about two months he was at work again in the shop and has not since been off work for a single day.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent are naturally very grateful and as a mark of their gratitude have called a sweet little girl born to them some two years after Mr. Kent's remarkable recovery by the name of "Edna Dodds" Kent.

Mr. Kent has made a sworn statement reciting the details of his case and his cure.

GENTLY SARCASTIC.

The following church notice was recently exhibited : "The service on Sunday morning is at 11 a.m. The supposition that it is ten minutes later is a mistake. Young men are not excluded from the week-night service. The seats in the front portion of the church have been carefully examined. They are quite sound, and may be trusted not to give way. It is quite legitimate to join in the singing. The object of the choir is to encourage, not discourage, the congregation."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Fifteen American cities contain each 20,000 or more negroes. Washington comes first with 86,000.

The eggs of silkworms can withstand, without injury, a temperature of 38 below zero.

Blue Ribbon Tea is welcome morning noon and night. Are you drinking it? Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

LEMONS Extra Fine Stock 300 or 360 size, **$3.50** PER BOX.

The DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO.

Non-Sulphurous. Odorless. Every Stick—A Match. Every Match—A Lighter

Every body ask for..... **E.B.Eddy's "Headlight" Parlour Matches**

The finest matches in the world, made from soft aspen pine, and especially suitable for domestic use—put up in neat sliding boxes, assorted colors each box containing about 500 matches—three boxes in a package.

For Sale by All First Class Dealers.

DONE AGAIN.

One day recently, soon after the hour of noon, an individual, who seemed to be laboring under considerable excitement, entered a grocer's shop and asked for a private word with the proprietor. When the request had been granted he exclaimed :—

"I believe I am being swindled, and to verify my suspicions I want to watch a house in the next street. This I can only do from the rear of your shop. Have you any objection to my taking a seat at the back, there, by the open window ?"

The grocer granted the favor, and the agitated stranger walked to the back and took a seat on a box of soap, and began to watch.

His presence had been almost forgotten, when he returned to the front of the shop with hasty steps, and said :—

"Ha ! I'll have him arrested ! Yes, I'll make him pay for his impudence !"

"Your clerk ?"

"Yes, my confidential man. I cannot doubt his guilt, and I shall have him arrested at once."

The grocer tried to detain him ; but he broke away and rushed round the corner. Not hearing anything further of him for half an hour, the grocer began to investigate, and he discovered that fourteen rolls of butter, a skin of lard, two hams, and other articles had left the back end of the shop by way of the window at which the watchful "employer" had been stationed, and into the hands of the faithless "clerk."

A POINTED QUESTION.

The conversation had drifted on to the topic of supernatural visitations, and the various members of the company were describing the sensations they believed they would experience if they found themselves confronted by a ghostly presence.

"Bai Jove," said one callow youth, a vacuous grin illuminating his countenance, "d'you know, I'm quite shaw that the sight of a ghost would turn me into a gibberin' idiot !"

For a moment there was silence, and then the silvery voice of a sixteen-year-old damsel was heard from the far side of the fireplace.

"And did you ever see a ghost, Mr. Softleigh ?" it gently asked.

Only that and nothing more, yet most of the others nearly made ghosts of themselves by laughing until they were on the brink of apoplexy.

THE CRUEL WIFE.

A man who was given to grumbling at everything and on every occasion was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, and was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him in spite of his fault finding disposition. His suffering caused her to burst into tears sometimes as she sat at his bedside.

One day a friend of the invalid came in, and asked him how he was getting on.

"Badly, badly !" he exclaimed ; "and it's all my wife's fault."

"Is it possible ?" asked the friend in surprise.

"Yes. The doctor told me that damp places were bad for me and there that woman sits and cries just to make the air moist in the room."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson tells a good story, and often he is himself the hero of it. At a recent Sir Bill demonstration in Essex, Sir Wilfrid, acknowledging a vote of thanks, remarked that somebody had said he was "venerable," and somebody else that he was "gallant." The one term had something clerical about it and the other something military, but neither the one nor the other was anything in his line. "I will tell you," continued Sir Wilfrid, "what I am. There was a school in the north of England, and the master gave the children a long disquisition upon the steam engine, and when he thought they all understood it he asked: 'What is it that does the work of forty horses and drinks nothing but water?' and they called out, "Sir Wilfrid Lawson'."

"Joe is too honest to be popular with the summer seaside girls." "Too honest ?" "Yes, he won't even steal a kiss."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Stout Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow-boarders) —"I declare I have three buttons off my vest." Mistress of the House (who has been aching to give him a hint)—"You will probably find them in the dining-room, sir."

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $30.00, cured him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and sold him in four months for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE,
Hotel Keeper.
St. Philip's, Que., Nov 1st, 1901.

Hubbubs—"How many servants have you at your place ?" Subbubs —"Well, there were three when I left home this morning."

Stop the Cough and Work off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

The lights in the theatre set the men a good example; they seldom go out between the acts.

Mr. C. Whymper, the artist, once told an amusing story of a lady whom he took down to dinner at the house of a mutual friend. She was rather given to dropping her "h's," and during the course of conversation remarked: "I think I get prettier every day, don't you?" Mr. Wymper was considerably astonished, but managed to say: "I beg your pardon; what did you say?" His companion repeated her assertion, so the artist replied: "Yes, indeed; you get prettier, and no wonder in such fresh air, and—" Fortunately, the rising of the hostess just at this moment necessitated the young lady leaving too; but as she went out of the room the glance of withering scorn which she turned upon the amazed artist made him suddenly realize that something had gone amiss. It was not until some time afterwards, however, it dawned upon him that the lady meant to say: "I think I'ighgrate prettier every day."

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

Prospective Tenant—"But this floor slopes fearfully towards that side. A person could roll fairly side from one wall to the other." Agent —"Yes, sir, think what an amusement it will furnish to the children; you could make this the nursery, you know."

For Over Sixty Years.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY.—Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

His Worship (to prisoner who has been up every month for years)—"Ebenezer Noakes, aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often ?" "Bless yer worship, this place is respectable ter some places where I'm seen."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

He—"I know it ! I feel it ! You have been flirting with some other man." She—"But, my dear, I was so lonely without you."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds etc.

A small quantity of washing soda, dissolved in hard water, softens it by precipitating the chalk.

How's This !

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.