AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF A STATE OF

"My darling, I must hasten home," he told her. "But you have not in-formed me why you came here, Vio-let."

"Mamma wished me to come. I was not quite strong; I wanted a

'And why did you not write to me, sweet?" he continued.
She paused one moment. Should she
tell him or not? No—she could not;
she loved him too well, and she was somewhat ashamed. She found an excuse; there was no need for it to be a very good one to satisfy him. "I knew you were true to me, Violet," he said. "I knew that it was your mother who had persuaded you —who had written that cruel letter without your sanction, perhaps

without your knowledge.' "I knew that she was going to rite it," Violet told him; but he was not afraid even then. No man is so completely blind as a man in

"Then you canctioned it to try me-you canctioned it to see how much I loved you? Listen, Violet, sweet-I shall go home, and I shall work as no man ever did. I shall begin at once to get your house ready for you-I shall wait no long-er-and when it is ready, if your mother does not give her consent, I shall run away with you. Do you hear, my daring ?—I shall do as Jock o' Hazeldean did."

laughed faintly. Even had not the courshe thee she had not the courage to say: "The letter was all true, and I have given you up of my own accord. "Even then she decived him by her look and smile, if not by words.

"I must not stay longer," he said. "I shall go back home a different

"I shall go back home a different man. It is a terrible thing to know man. It is a terrible thing to know that one's fate lies altogether in the francis of a single-preature; but when they are such true, sweet hands as yours, Violet, there is nothing to fear. I will go back now to my work, which is sweetened by my love. Darling, say once more for me the words. I love so dearly, "I belong to you, Felix."

She had always said them before while looking up at him with an arch sweet smile, her beautiful eyes seek-ing his. Now the fair face drooped with a burning flush. She was neryous, weak, and guilty, but not guilty enough to repeat thosef alse

"I am afraid Miss Western will find you here, Felix." she said. "If she does she will send for mamma." "Are you so closely guarded, my darling?" he laughed. "Ah, well, never mind! It will not be for long. I shall hasten home; I shall prepare your house, and when it is ready I will take you if all the world should try to prevent me, for you are my own. I shall go home happy because I trust in you and believe in you. I shall never believe that you have changed to me until you tell me so

yeurself. Good-bye, my darling, love of my heart, good-bye!" She watched him as he went down the high-road, and the impulse was strong upon her to call him back and say to him that she had given him up—that the life of love and struggle that he offered her had no charm for her-that she had weighed both, and had deliberately given the preference to wealth—that he must go home, and learn to forget

She knew that she was in honor and in conscience bound to tell him this, but she did not. She watched walked down the nigh-Knowing with a sense of hope in his heart that was hereafter to cause him more deadly pain. The wrong that the did him in letting him leave her with the truth untold was as great as the wrong she had done him in breaking her plighted troth.

CHAPTER XXII.

Felix was at rest for a short time. When he grew calmer and thought more carefully about Mrs. Haye's letter he ceased to feel any great surprise. Mrs. Haye was, he knew, a worldly woman, and noth-ing was more natural under the circumstances than that she should marriage with him. But, with the hope that had sprung up afreesh in his heart, it seemed to him that his strength and energy had no bounds—that he could work as no bounds—that he could work as no one had ever worked. Violet was the mainspring of it all. If he lost her he knew that he should never care to do another hour's labor. He began afresh with such zeal, such energy, such industry and perseverance, that every one wondered at him. He let them wonder—he knew why he was working. And, while he was counting the hours, trying to turn each one

And, white he was counting the hours, trying to turn each one can bours, trying to turn each one can bours, trying to turn each one can bours, too. He had come to understanding with Mr. and Mrs. Haye. He had them that he would cheerfully give half his fortune to make Violet him, and had promised him their respectively. He would go, however, and see Violet him, and had promised him their respectively. Mr. and Mrs. Haye. He told them that he would cheerfully give half his fortune to make Violet his wife. He had asked them to help him, and had promised him their revars, Mrs. Haye went on a short visit to h r cou-in, and was dismayed to hear from Violet that Felix had been to see her—that he had cone her-that he had gone oack home with the hope that all was

clared Mrs. Haye; but she said no more, knowing that, in her daughter's place, she would have done the same thing.

It ras arranged that Sir Owen should go down to North Alton and renew his offer of marriage. If Violet consented, the marriage must take place, Mrs. Haye said, in London. If they were married at Liliord, Felix Lonsdale was quite capable of going into the church and taking the bride from the altar. She was sorry for him, and she felt that it would be needless cruelty for the marriage to be celebrated just before his eyes. "It will be hard enough," she said to herself, "without that."

So all was arranged as she desired.

So all was arranged as she desired. Sir Owen went to North Alton, and the beautiful, fickle gir; who had had loved Felix Lonsdale had given had loved Felix Lonsdale had given him up, plighted her troth to a man she did not love—plighted it because he was rich. He had taken with him a magnificent diamond ring , which was to be the pledge of their engagement, and as he placed it on her finger, he looked wistfully into her face.

"You care for me a little, Violet, do you not? You are a cold bride, after all, for a man to win. If I thought you really liked that lawer better than me, I would not ser better than me, I would not ask you to marry me-upon my soul I would not! I give you all I have-my love and my fortune. Surely you have a smile and a kind word to give me in return." No wonder that he spoke in that strain to her. She was too weak ever to be a great sinner—too weak to sin and forget her sin. It leoked her in the face now as she stood with the light of the baro-

not, or would she ever, love Sir Owen.
She had a few minutes for these reflections; and then he was telling her
of the future, of all the would enjoy—
how people would enjoy her, and what
a position she would take in the
great, bright world. She listened, for
the world world. She listened, for the words were pleasant, and forgo

her pain. To Felix Lonsdale there came strange rumors, but he would not be-lieve any of them. He had implicit faith in Violet—implicit trust. Until she told him that she was false to him, he should not believe one word

to that effect. One morning he received two let-ers One was from Violet, and it

ters. Try to forget me, Felix. I have never been worthy of the great "Try to forget me, Felix. I have never been worthy of the great love you have given me; I am not worthy of it now. Try to forget me; for I have been thinking it all over, and I can see that our engagement must be broken. You said you would believe it when I wrote it. Believe it now, for I say that it must end. In the years to come we may be friends—never anything more.'." Violet."

He read it with unbelief. Some one

He read it with unbelief. Some one had compelled her to write it. It had not been one of her own free will—of that he was sure.

The second note was from his humble, faithful friend, Jennie, the written with many apologies for the liberty she had taken; but she wanted him to know taken; but she wanted him to know that her young lody would be at home at The Limes that night, or her road from North Alton to London. Her master and mistress were going to London with Miss Violet, she added, and she was afraid there was mischief on foot. It was her own private opinion that they had persuaded Miss Violet to marry some one else. If he went to The Limes late that evening she would keep the entrance gate and the garden gate open, and she would manage that he should see Miss Haye.

he should see Miss Haye. He read both letters through, but he did not lose his reason this time. A calm, settled despair came to him, against which he struggled blindly. He would not believe that his love was false, even though he read it here own handwriting. He would in her own handwriting. He would not believe it unless she told him so herself—anything was more credible than that she should have credible than that she should have deceived him and broken her word. When he believed that, he said to himself the heavens would fall. Whom could she be going to marry? How absurd! How ridiculous! He had never heard her name mentioned except with his own. He knew that she had many admirers but who could.

let, and hear from her what it all meant—but not at night—certainly not when it was late, as though he were afraid of being seen. He was her betrothed lover, she was his prooack home with the hoje that all was right.

"Why did you not tell him the truth, Violet?" asked Mrs. Haxs, sterally. "It was cruci to deceive him further."

"It could not, mamma," she replied, her eyes filled with tears. "He looked to ill and unharpy, I could not."

"It was cruci kindness, Violet," de
"It was cruci kindness, Violet," de-

did not wish him to see Violet, and he went in a straightforward, honest way to ask for her, they might, and most probably would, refuse to let him see her; they would invent some untruth or other, and, if she were really going to London, he should miss the only chance he had of seeing her. It was humiliating and mortifying, but he must act as Jennie proposed; he had no other resource. He would go that night and see Violet.

Jennie proposed; he had no other resource. He would go that night and see Vlolet.

Again he wrote home to say that he should not return until late; and Kate's kind eyes filled with tears as she read, thinking of how hard he was working, and her heart misgave her that it was all for nothing—that the prize he was laboring and waiting and hoping for would never be his. She had heard of Violet's atsence from home, and her quick mother-wit had soon told her that of this absence Felix knew little or nothing. She drew a bad augury from that. It boded mischief to him, she felt sure. She was compelled to content herself with the thought that she would sit up for him and attend to his comfort when he did return. Felix went, he hated himself for going at night when no one could see him —for seeking a chandestine interview with his promised wife. The night was dark and the wind blew cold. It was after dark when he reached the entrance gate. He found

cold. It was after dark when he reached the entrance gate. He found t open and Jennie waiting for him

inside.

"You will not be angry with me, sir, will you?" she said. "But it seemed to me almost as though some sir. one were being killed. I am quite sure they have persuaded my young lady to marry some one else. I heard her crying bitterly this evening."

But Felix could not discuss the substant approach to his heart over with ect nearest to his heart even with this faithful, humble friend. "Do you think I shall be able to

"Yes, sir. I will give her a message that in a few minutes will bring her down her to you. She will not be angry with me."

And in a Yew minutes she had kept her word.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The girl Jennie delivered her m

to leoked her in the face now as she stood with the light of the baronet's eyes upon her, the diamond ring on her finger, contrasting the wooing of her two lovers, and knowing full well which was the better.

'Am I not kind?" she asked, with an exquisite smile—a smile that plansed him so that he clasped her in his arms and kissich her.

When he did so she wished herself dead. She said to herself that she could not go through with this new congagement; that she must let the wealth, the rank, the title pass; that she must give all up and go back to Felix. She loved Felix, and she did not, or would she ever, love Sir Owen.

She had a few minutes for these re-

"You are guilty, Violet! Great Heaven, you have betrayed me! You meant what you wrote today?" There was something so quiet in his despair that Violet imagined

his tone to be one almost of in-difference, and the thought gave her courage. If he had shown any sign of great nain she would have been frightened.
"I could not help it," she replied

"Do not be angry with me, Felix. I know it is the poorest of ex-cuses—but it is true; I can not help it. It was of no use going on in the same dreary way. It must have come to an end some time."
"Let me quite understand," he said; "let me make no mistake this time. What have you done, Violet?" "I have not done anything; bu

it seems better that we should part. No good can come of our engagement; it was a mistake."

engagement; it was a mistake."
He looked sadily at her.
"You say so, my darling to whom
I have given the best love of my
heart—my life itself—you say that?"
"It is true, Felix," she replied;
"and I am very sorry. I shall never
like any one as I have liked you,
and you will never really care
about any other woman as you
have cared for me—I know it, but
it can not be helped."
He held up his head with such

dignity, such passion of despair, that she was silenced. The false, light words, the false, light excuses, all withered into nothing, and she knew that she stood in the presence knew that she stood in the presence of a mighty sorrow, a mighty pas-sion. All her little affecta-tions, her miserable apolo-gles, became as nothing before Fellx's heart-rending distress and hope-lessmess.

lessness.
"Hush!" he said. "Do not add to your sin by another false word; do not mock me by excuses which you would be ashamed to make to a servant whom you were dismissing unjustly. Tell me, is it true?"
"Is what true, Felix? Do not look so angrily at me—you frighten me.
Is what true?"
As the grove she shown he had from

As she spoke she shrunk back from him until she stood near the lilac bushes, the branches of which were

bare now of flowers.

"Not there," he cried: "for Heaven's sake, not there! You stood there a few short weeks since with your arms round my nick—with your hands in mine, swearing to be true to me, saying that you belongedd to me—that you loved me. Come away from there if you would not drive me mad!"

She returned to him, and they alked some little distance from the lilac bushes.

the flac bushes.
"Violet," he said, "I can hardly believe that our meeting thus is real. I must be in a dream, from which I shall soon awaka and laugh to think that I believed in which I shall soon awaka and laugh to think that I believed in what was happening. It can not be that I, Felix Lonsdale, have had to steal under the cover of the darkness, to meet you, my promised wife, and that you who have loved me, who have kissed me, and who have looked on me as your future husband, are here to tell me that you are false to me. Stand still—so—and let me look into the face wherein I thought all happiness lay. Now tell me—is it true?"

He held her before him; sne felt that his eyes were fixed on her—they seemed to burn to her very heart.

"You put things so strangely," she said, "I hardly know, what answer, to make to you. You are not fair to me. I have found that my engagement to marry you is not wise for either of us, and I tell you so. I see no helnous crime in that."

that."

"You promised to love me, and me alone, until death—do you mean to keep that promise? No prevariation—speak truthfully—'Yes' or No'; do you mean to keep that promise? Speak, Violet."

But he had to bend low to hear her answer; it was a whispered "No."

"You promised to marry me,

You promised to marry to be my wife, to spend your life with me and brighten mine. Do you mean to keep that promise? Spenk-"Yes" or 'No.'"
"No," she whispered, again.
"Will you tell me why you refuse, Violet E"

"No," she whispered, again.
"Will you tell me why you refuse,
Violet?"
Again she took courage at the
essming indifference of his tone.
"I can not, Felix," she said. "You
will find many another more suited to be your wife than I am."
"I do not want any one but you
who have promised. What is there
in the life I offer you that you dislike?"
"All of it except—that I should,
like to be with you. I dislike the
poverty, the obscurity, the want of
rank and position. I am not so noble
as you have always thought me, Fellx. I love wealth and luxury—I
love magnificence. I should never
be content in the little home that
you would give me. There would not
be offence in the little home that
you would give me. There would not
be offence in should live through the
long years there. I should be miscrable, and you Tould be miserable,
too."

He looked at her in amazement.

too."

Elected at her in amazement.
"Would not love content you?" he asked.

(To be Continued.)

CANNED GOODS.

How Canadians May Increase Their Sales in Great Britain. Department of Agriculture,

Commissioner's Branch. The Canadian export trade in can-

ed vaporated goods is a comparatively new one, but it is steadily increasing and promises to develop into one of large volume in the near future, says Mr. A. W. Grindley, in his annual report to the Dominion Department of Agriculture, of which he is one of the representatives in Great Britain. Great Britain in the past has bought canned goods largely from France, Germany and Italy, but ow ing to the very friendly feeling that has arisen between the Mother Coun-

try and her Colonies, Canadian firms may expect a large increase in or-ders providing their goods give sat-isfaction as regards quality and price. The Americans either have represent-atives of their own in Great Britain to push their goods of if they con-sign to British firms to sell on com-mission they fix the price at which their goods are to be sold, allowing a good commission, but not allow-ing prices to be cut in order to ef-fect sales. In addition to this they enclose handsome embossed cards in

each case of goods upon which is plainly marked the retail price in Eaglish money.

It has been found that large quantities of tinned and bottled reas, beans and spinach have been "greened" by a treatment with salts of copper, The public have been warned against the consumption of these goods by leading medical and food journals, and it only remains for Canadian packers to show that they put up goods of as reliable quality as the British merchant has been getting from other countries, but which are entirely free from adulteration, in order to create a large demand for Canadian brands. Canadian brands

The following lines are in good Canned and bottled peas - The Pritish consumer prefers a smaller sized pea than is usually packed Canada

The following grades are wanted; Extra fine [size of mesh for grading), 7 millemeters.
Fine [size of mesh for grading), 7%

millemeters.
Moyens [size of mesh for grading),
9 millemeters.
French peas are generally colored
by using .6 (six tenths) grain copper per pound of peas.
A preference is shown for the
French tin being taller and narrower in diameter than the tin generally used in Canada.

rower in diameter than the tin generally used in Canada.

A slight addition of sugar will improve some varieties of peas.

Canned apples—Canned apples, in one gallon tins, are in good demand, but fault has been found in Canadian goods on account of some firms putting different varieties of apples in the same tin. Some varieties cook much faster than others. Another complaint is that some packers apparently use "cull fruit" and have not sufficient fruit in the tins, the goods being turned "sloppy."

"sloppy."
Only the best grades should be exported if we wish to hold or increase our trade with Great Britain,

for adding water to had in an attrac-

THE ROAD TO HEALTH

ies Through Rich, Red Blood Strong Nerves.

Debility is a word that fairly expresses many ailments under one name. Poor blood, weak nerves, impaired digestion, loss of flesh. No energy, no ambinion, listless and indifferent. This condition is perhaps the penalty of overwork, or the result of neglected health. You must regain your health or succumbentirely. There is *just one absolutely sure way to do this—take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills will bring you new life, fill every vein with rich, red blood, restore elasticity to the step, the glow of health to the wan cheek; they will inspire you with new energy, and supply the vital force of life and body.

There is not a corner of the civilized world where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have not brought health and hope and happings to content of the strength of the property of the p

world where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have not brought health and hope and happiness to some weak, debilitated, despairing person. If you have not used the pills yourself, ask your neighbors and they will tell you these statements are solemn truth. Mr. Charles Saulnier, Corbaria N. S. says, "II was your much havia N. S. says, "III was your much berie, N. S., says: "I was very much run down and so weak I could hardly work. It seemed as though my blood was little better than water. I tried several medicines, but I got nothing to help me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was simply astonishing how quickly these pills began to help me, and how much now life and how much new life and vigor they put into me. I am a cook by profession, and the fact that I was able to cook for 15 men last winter is the best proof that the pills have made me as sound as ever I was "

I was."

There is no mystery about the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to put new life and strength into you. They actually make new blood, and that is why they cure all blood diseases, like anaemia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, headaches and backaches, and the special ailments of women. Through the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feed and steady the nervey, strike at the root of nervous-

known the world over as the home of Little Nell. The quaint little of Little Nell. The quaint little building has been carefully restored and preserved. An inscription conspicuously lettered on the wall announces that this is the curiosity shop "immortalized by Charles Dickens." Although it stands out of the beaten way in London, and is somewhat difficult of access, the old shop is visited every year, by tens of is visited every year by tens of thousands of the admirers of Dickens. Of this number a considerable majority are Americans. It is still used as a shop and gains consider-able free advertising from its literary association.

Safety For Your Children.

When a mother finds it necessary to give her little one medicine, she cannot be too careful as to the remedy employed. The so-called "soothing" medicines always contain poisonous opiates, and these should never be given to a child. Strong drugs and harsh purgatives should be avoided. An ideal medicine for young children is Baby's Own Tablets, which cure all the minor ills of childhood, and the mother has the guarantee of one of the foremost analysts of Canada that this medicine contains no opiate. Milton the foremost analysts of Canada that this medicine contains no opiate. Milton L. Hersey, M. A. Sc., demonstrator in Chemistry, McGill University, says: "I hereby certify that I have made a careful analysis of Baby's Own Tablets, which I personally purchased in a drug store in Montreal, and said analysis has failed to detect the presence of any opiate or narcotic in them." Analysis is proof, therefore mothers know that in giving their little ones Baby's Own Tablets they are giving them an absolutely safe medicine. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25c a box, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. ' Medicine Co., Brockville, On

ANCESTRY OF THE HORSE.

One of the Oldest as Well as Mos Valued of Antmal Species.

The earliest written history ha reference to the horse and there is every reason to believe the animal existed before man learned to pen his thoughts and experiences. early as the prehistoric period, early as the prehistoric period, as we infer from the rude drawings of the animal by his first masters, the European horse was uniformly color-ed—probably dun, with dark mane, tail and legs. It was a small, heavy-headed brute, with rough samples headed brute, with rough, scrubby mane and tail, and no trace in the skull of the depression for the face gland. From this stock are descended the carthorse and the ordinary breeds of western Europe.

The blood horse, or thoroughbred, or the other hand is a letter im-

on the other hand, is a later im portation into Europe, either from Arabia, by way of Greece and Italy, or, as some think, from north Africa, the home of the barb. It has been supposed that these eastern horses are the descendants of an earlier domestication of the same stock. I have, however, recently shown the existence in an Indian domesticated

ported if we wish to hold or increase our trade with Great Britain, as there is keen competition from all parts of the world for the Britain and here is keen competition from all parts of the world for the Britain and here is keen competition from all parts of the world for the Britain and here is keen competition from all parts of the world for the Britain and here is keen competition from all parts of the world for the Britain and here is keen competition from all parts of the world for the Britain and here is kell of the race horse, Ben d'Or, of a distinct trace of the depression for a face gland, and the suggestion consequently presents itself that the eastern horses, inclusive of thorough breds, are descended from equus sivalensis, in which the face gland may still have been functional. The thoroughbred, as contrasted with the carthorse, exhibits the extreme limit of specialization of which the equine istock is capable, this being displayed not only by the gracefulness and beauty of its bodily form and the relatively small size of its head and ears, but likewise by the greater relative length of the bones of the lower segments of the lower segments of the limbs, and the femur in the hind pair. In this respect, therefore, the blood horse departs the farthest of all the tribe from his taper-like ancestors, as itdoes its height at the shoulder. But it is not only in its skeleton that the orse exhibits traces of its afflinity with its predecessors. On the hinder part of the foot, a little above the world water to had in an attractive manner.

ly attains its greatest develor Grevy's zebra, of Somallilan ly attains its greatest development, in Grevy's zebra, of Somalliand, corresponds with one of the footpads of the tapir, and points to a time when the ancestral horses applied the under surface of the fetlock to the ground. More remarkablestill are the callosities, "chestnuts" or "castors" found on the inner sides of both limbs in the horse, inclusive of the Mongolian wild ponies, but only on the forelegs of other species, which are likewise rudimentary, or vestigial structures.

are likewise rudimentary, or vestigial structures.

Although it has been suggested that these also represent footpads with which they by no means agree in position, it is far more probable that they are all really remaints of glands, similar to those found in somewhat the same situation in the hind limbs of many deer and antelopes, and that their disappearance as functional organs was approximately concident with that of the loss of the face glands of the hipparions, owing to both being no longer required. Even now, it is said these callostifes, when freshly cut, exude a humor the smell of which will cause a horse to follow for almost any distance.

WIGS OF BARKISTERS.

Man Who Makes Them an Important Pillar of the Law.

In the procession of judges and parristers with which the law courts has re-opened the wig-maker piags a conspecuous part. Tolstoi has said that in some plays the maker-up is as great an artist as the actor; it may be that the wig-maker is as im-Lord Chancellor himself,

London News.

Wigs, like many other human institutions, are not what they were. The old wig had to be made of human hair of a dark color, and was pomatumed and powdered every morning. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feed and steady the nerves, strike at the root of nervousness, cure St. Vitus' dance, fits, neuralgia, sciatica, and partial paralysis. All these diseases spring from bad blood and disordered nerves, and they have all been cured positively and permanently by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, or by mail, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Old Curiosity Shop.

In a narrow out of the way section of Bloomsbury, in London, still stands the original curiosity shop, known the world over as the home.

er barristers had brought to the scaffold.
Thoday Dr. Tristram, Chancellor of the Bishop of London's Consistory, Court, is the only considerable lum-inary who wears the old style of wig,

inary who wears the old style of wig-though until very lately he was kept-in countenance by Mr. Inderwick, K.-C. The wigs that are worn now-are made of white horse hair, with a faint admixture of black. They do not require to be powdered, and on-ly once in half a dozen years or so-need they be recurled. Some half-dozen wig makers in and counter. dozen wig-makers in and around the Temple and Lincoin's Inn-many of them related by marriage, and all of yers between them. It seems that there is an opening for a competition. The frice of a plain barrister's wig is £5 5s., but it sometimes takes two of three weeks town the second to the second three weeks to make the second to wig is 25 ps., but it sometimes takes two or tifree weeks to make. The head of Mr. Briefless is very caradily measured, and the lines of his cranium marked upon the most suitable of a hundred blocks or more that the shop contains. The proper surface is then covered with a trellis of thin silk ribbon, carefully sewn together at every point of intersection. On this trellis work the wig is carefully built, so that at last it fits almost as closely as the owner's fits almost as closely as the owner's scalp steelf. Other industrious fingers have prepared long strings of hair woven upon silk cord-for the crown of the head little loops, and crown of the head little loops, and, for the back something more like cropped hair, and technically called "snap." Hundreds of yards of the two kinds are sewn on to the foundation, till all is closely covered, and then the various curls, each very nicely made, are added. Those two and then the various curis, each very nicely made, are added. Those two little curls that dangle down the back (Sir Edward Carson's wig lacks) one of them are each made of two sets of hair, plaited like fingers in grayer at the bend, and thence curved together, and so deftly knot-ted tha not a hair is buckled from

It s lace.

It is a long time before the average barrister comes back for a new wig. Even the man who does not care to wear a silk hat that has lost its pristine gloss appears cheerfully in a wig twenty years old. In fact, an old wig is often a desideratum, as it invests the head of its wearer with an appearance off hav-ing a large gractice—an appearance that is sometimes contrary to the fact. One of the largest of heals belonging to the legal profession that of Lord Alverstone.

Novelties in Annuals Improved strains of giant pacony-flowered popples—that have been perfected, after years of high culti-vation and careful selection, producing plants that attain a height of three feet, with many brillians

flowers. Rosebud popples with novel little flowers, resembling silken rosettee many of them exquisitely mottled

A new sweet pea that grows in A new sweet pea that grows imbush form, making a compact, well-rounded plant about 12 inches high, high, that requires no support even when covered with masses of the fragrant sweet pea blooms.

A new strain of Salpiglossis—Grandillera—with blossoms of unusual size, displaying a surprising variegation of the most brilliant and fantastic markings.

BRIDES BY THE POUND.

An amusing method of securing the marriage of his five daughters has been adopted by a wealthy tradesman in Berlin; As suitors were not apparently inclined to seek the hands and affections of the daughters, the father advertised that he would pay to the accepted suitor of each daughter a dowry in cash proportionate to the weight of the selected damest immediately after the wed. ed damsel immediately after the wed-ding ceremony. A young lawyer was the first who submitted himself for the father's approval, and, having produced satisfactory etvidence as to his respectability, he was presented to the daughters. He visited them for a week, and then chose the stoutest of the five, to then chose the stoutest of the five, to whom he was recently married. When the ceremony was over the lady was weighed and registered 17 stone, the father immediately paying over to his son-in-law a sum of 13,000 crowns. the hoof, is a structure known as son-in-law a sum o the "ergot." This, which apparent- Westminster Gazette.

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