A SURPRISED DOCTOR.

SAID A CASE OF ST. VITUS' DANCE COULD NOT BE CURED.

Called One Day and Found the Patient Ironing and Learned That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Had Succeeded Where Other Medicines Had Failed.

The sufferer from St. Vitus' dance, even in a mild form, is much to be pitied, but when the disease assumes an aggravated form the patient is usually as helpless as an infant, and has to be watched with as much care. St. Vitus' dance is a disease of the nerves and must be treated through them, and for this purpose there is no other medicine in the world acts so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this statement is found in the cure of Miss Louise Luffman, whose home is at Poucher's Mills, Ont., who was cured by these pills after two doctors had failed to benefit her in the least. The young lady's mother tells the story of her daughter's illness as follows :—"I do not think it possible anyone could be afflicted with a more severe form of St. Vitus' dance than that which attacked my daughter Louise. Her arms and legs would twitch and jerk, her face was drawn and finally her left side became numb as though paralyzed. Two doctors attended her, but their treatment not only did not help her but she grew steadily worse. Her tongue became swollen, her speech thick and indistinct, and she could neither sit still nor stand still. She could not hold anything in her hand and it was necessary to watch her all the time as we feared she would injure herself. The doctor who attended her told me she would never get better, and it was then that I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken two boxes we could see an improvement in her condition. Her appetite improved, she could sleep better and the spasms were less severe. From that on there was a marked improvement in her condition, and one day the doctor who had said she could not get better called while passing and found her ironing—something she had not been able to do for months. I told him it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that was curing her and he said, "Well, I am surprised, but continue the pills, they will cure her." She used in all eight or ten boxes, and is now as healthy a girl as you will find anywhere, and she has not since had a symptom of the trouble."

If you are weak or ailing ; if your nerves are tired and jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But be sure you get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BOUGHT A BIG RANCH.

Michigan Man Will Move to the Northwest.

The Immigration Department at Ottawa is constantly receiving evidence that the immigration policy is not only bringing in large numbers of settlers from the United States, but is also attracting to the Western prairies men of wealth and position, who have already made a success of life, and who may be expected to take an active interest in the development of the districts in which they locate.

One of the most recent cases of this kind is reported by Mr. M. V. MacInnes, Dominion Agent at Detroit, who forwards particulars respecting the location of Mr. Peter Muirhead, of Orchard Lake, Michigan, on a ranch of 3,000 acres, near Calgary. Mr. Muirhead is worth $300,000, and bought the property for a home and paid cash for it. It is understood that a hundred or more families will follow his lead. In a letter to Mr. MacInnes, Mr. Muirhead says, with respect to a trip he made to the Canadian West:

"I have lived all my life in Michigan, but after seeing your exhibit at the State Fair last year at Pontiac, and having several talks with you regarding the country, I decided to take your advice and go and see the country for myself. I visited every part of it, and found the farmers contented, prosperous and happy—the climate grand—the land, I believe, the best on earth. The country will go ahead, and the settlers will do likewise. I bought a ranch, 3,000 acres of deeded land, with 1,500 head of cattle and 150 head of horses, a $5,000 house, furnished, from Walter C. Shrine, near Calgary, and paid him $51,000 cash. I am going back at once, and I will take with me six carloads of fine stock and two cars of effects, and I think about forty settlers (friends of mine) will accompany me back. Beautiful Southern Alberta, in my mind the finest stock-raising land on earth, will be my home after the first of the coming month."

CLEARLY DEMONSTRATED.

Cross-examination in the witness-box is a pretty severe ordeal for most people, but some men do not mind it.

"Are you sure that occurrence was on the seventeenth of the month ?" asked the lawyer, in a tone which seemed to imply that certainty upon such a point was almost beyond the reach of the human intellect.

"Yes," said the undismayed witness, "it was the seventeenth."

"Now, remember," continued the lawyer, with increasing solemnity—"remember you are under oath. How do you know it was the seventeenth ?"

"Because the day before——"

"Be careful what you say now. Go on."

"Because the day before was the sixteenth and the day after was the eighteenth."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Come as a Message of Hope to all Tired and Worried Mothers.

In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used cross and fretful children are unknown. The little ones are cross because they are ailing and these Tablets are the best medicine in the world for stomach, bowel and teething troubles. They will make your baby well and keep it well, and they are guaranteed to contain no ingredients that can harm the smallest, weakest infant. Mothers everywhere give these Tablets the highest praise. Mrs. R. McMaster, Cookstown, Ont., says :—"My baby was much troubled with constipation and indigestion, and was very restless and peevish at nights. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she is now regular and rests well. I also find that the Tablets are a great help during the teething period."

Children take these Tablets just as readily as candy and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest, feeblest infant with none but good results. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

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 XV.

If in her heart—spite of all that has passed—Fancy really expects Arthur to call next morning, she is disappointed. True to his word, he does not put in an appearance. Not, though she waits for him for an hour beyond her usual time, and grows pale and irritable and full of a fear that will not be controlled.

At half-past five she flings aside the book she has been pretending to read, and, ordering her carriage, goes to the park,—more because it is the common haunt of men, and therefore Blunden may be there (though she would have scorned to confess to this motive), than from any strong love for that wearisome row, full of ill-built vehicles. Yet it is with a heart almost hopeful she visits Vanity Fair.

Hers is not a "hopeless hope;" there indeed she does see him,—long before he sees her,—though, to tell the truth, he has been wandering up and down for a good hour before the endless line of chairs, gazing at the slowly passing carriages, in desperate expectation of seeing her, if only once again, before leaving Europe.

She comes presently, seated in the daintiest of phaetons, driven by the palest of pale-cream ponies, and with the most marvelous thing in tiny grooms behind her.

All the world is abroad. The sun half mad with adulation, is flinging his portly person broadcast upon the earth ere he retires to rest. The weather, up to this, has been terrific, so everyone is out and about today, and tries to think it is a charming thing to feel half roasted, because of the novelty of the sensation.

Mrs. Charteris's ponies, however, distinctly object to Apollo's tyranny, and presently grow restive. She has drawn up to the railings for a few minutes to "give and take" a little gossip with a delicious old colonel, who looks fit for nothing on earth but the British Museum,—when stuffed,—and, having said all the pretty things she knows to him in five minutes, and asked a thousand impossible questions about the Zulus, bows him off and prepares to start afresh. But the ponies decline to start afresh. During the late pause they have evidently been laying their heads together, and as a result have plainly agreed to a final outburst of spleen. Rising on their hind legs, they give their mistress to understand in a very emphatic manner that they will either run away or upset her, whichever suits her best. She has only to express a wish; it is quite the same to them, but a row they will have!

The matter is decided in two seconds. Before the tiny groom can descend to argue with them politely, but feebly,—only to get smashed for his pains,—Arthur Blunden has cleared the railings, has seized the refractory little creatures' heads, and, by the power of a will superior to their own, has reduced them to order.

It is all over before Mrs. Charteris has time to do more than grow a little white, and wonder vaguely where Arthur could have sprung from. "Just like him, dear fellow! So like a novel, too! or a romance, or a poem by that charming 'Bab Ballads' man,"etc.

"I shall see you home," says Arthur, sulkily, not looking at her, but preparing to enter the phaeton and take the reins. Now, Mrs. Charteris hates not to be looked at! fond as she is of admiration. So

"It is kind of you, most kind," she says, coldly, "but I am sure I shall be able to manage them now myself. Don't let me trouble you to come to Eaton Square. It is fearfully out of your way."

"I shall see you home," repeats he, doggedly.

"There is no necessity to."

"I think there is," coolly, and, flinging the pretty rug to one side, he seats himself beside her, reins in hand, and goes slowly up the drive.

"No one has ever before presumed to drive me without invitation," says Fancy, her eyes full of indignant tears.

"I'm not going to see you kill yourself under my eyes for the sake of a miserable bit of etiquette," returns he, calmly. "I told you to sell these hateful animals a month ago. I shall insist on you getting rid of them before—before I go abroad."

"I sha'n't sell them," says Fancy, with determination; and then, "When do you go abroad?"

"Next week, I hope."

"With what fervor" — bitterly — "you say that. Are you then so anxious to be gone? The East must have a strange attraction for you, and Afghanistan is of course your destination. It was most rash your risking your life as you did just now. Only consider," — flippantly —"had you made a false step you might never have seen Cabul."

"I have seen it," replies he, quietly; "but that doesn't count. To-day I exerted myself to save the life that is most precious to me in all the world."

After this rebuke a silence falls upon them that lasts until they reach her door steps.

"Come up," she says, peremptorily; "I have something I must return you;" and, thus admonished, he obeys her. Flinging the reins to the groom, he follows her upstairs into the drawing-room.

"Here are your flowers," she says, pointing to a lovely mass of snowy blossoms, pure and precious, that lie on a table near. Without looking at them, she waves her hand reluctantly in their direction. By this gesture, simple, yet almost tragic, she insinuates that no earthly consideration could ever tempt her to touch them, to say nothing of enjoying them.

"I told you I should not accept them unless you brought them," she says, gravely. "Will you be so very kind as to take them away with you?"

"If you ring for one of your servants, I dare say they will rid you of them without further trouble," replies he, dejectedly.

"No," — with deep emphasis; "they might keep them somewhere in the house."

"Then fling them out of the window."

"I couldn't bring myself to touch them," returned she, in a low but significant tone. Yesterday he would have laughed at this outburst of childish anger on her part, today all is different; not even the most frugal of smiles betrays itself upon his lips. He is quite too far gone for that.

"Are you not going to say something?" asks Mrs. Charteris, severely, after a pause. "I quite thought you might wish to apologize about —about last night."

"Don't let us talk about last night," exclaims he, with a frown, and a sigh that is almost a groan. "Anything but that. It is bad enough to have to remember it forever; but to talk of it is beyond me."

"But I must talk of it," — in an aggrieved tone. "How can I help it? It is nothing to you, of course. You don't even seem to feel regret for your conduct; but I cried straight through until this morning, and didn't sleep one wink."

"Well, you were not the only one who lay awake cursing fate."

He is not looking at her now. He has leaned his arm upon the mantelpiece, and is gazing into an imaginary fire beneath him, where in reality can be seen nothing but a picturesque wilderness of ferns and flowers.

"I beg your pardon, I was not cursing anything!" — with dignified reproof. "I never do that sort of thing. I was only unhappy. To"—with a vivid blush—"to—kiss me without permission, it was horrible!"

He is silent.

"Are you not sorry you did it?" demands she, faintly surprised.

"No, I am not," returns he, calmly. "Not in the least. I am very glad I kissed you. It will be something to remember when everything else is lost."

"I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself," says Mrs. Charteris, in trembling tones. There is a suspicion of tears about the tone that rouses him and brings to the surface some small lingering signs of grace.

"Yes, yes, of course; I behaved abominably, no doubt. I beg your pardon," says poor Arthur, vaguely. "But surely there was some excuse. You should be the first to acknowledge that. And, besides," — wearily, — "you may as well pardon me, as this is probably the last time I shall ever trouble you. I shall go abroad, and if I have luck I may be returned home! I was happier in India than I shall ever be again, or ever have been."

"Thank you," — softly. "Then during these past few weeks—since you have known me—you have been wretched?"

"You know better than that. But the mad dream I encouraged then does not compensate me for the despair I feel to-day. However," — turning to her with a melancholy assumption of cheerfulness, — "don't let me bore you any longer with my woes. Good-bye,"—holding out his hand. "I shall go to the world's end and try to forget."

"You can't go there this instant," says Fancy, miserably.

"I can begin my preparations for my journey, why persuade me to remain? I cannot stay here when my heart is broken."

"Stay here and let me heal it," cries she, tremulously, going very close to him, — so close that her fair head almost touches his arm. "I—I am very sorry for all I said last night. I didn't mean it. I—" And here, for the first time for three years, Mrs. Charteris bursts into bitter tears.

"Fancy—Fancy," cries Arthur. And then he takes her in his arms, and holds her there against his heart, and there is a silence for many minutes, more eloquent than words.

And Fancy is perfectly happy, and cries to her heart's content in her lover's arms, and dries her eyes in her lover's handkerchief, and is altogether utterly satisfied.

Presently, however, the deluge ceases, and a smile, tenderer and sweeter than has ever before illuminated her lovely face, makes itself known.

"Those dear ponies," she says, patting Arthur's cheek with a little fond touch of approbation. "But for them we might never have had this explanation. So sweet of the dear things to run away. After all, Arthur, I don't think it would be nice to sell them, would it? It would seem ungrateful. But I shall never drive them again, never without you."

"I shall get you another pair, a thousand times prettier," says Arthur, "and we shall send those dear little scapegraces down to the country, to grow fat."

"Then I may keep them?" — with adorable humility.

"You are to have everything your own way, of course," — with all the proper amount of imbecility.

"Am I?" — sweetly. "Then I know one thing I should like my own way, I should like" — with a swift upward glance—"our engagement to be kept quite secret. Shouldn't you?"

"I don't think I see the use of it," says Arthur, uncertainly.

"No, really?" — with a suspicious amount of surprise. "How strange of you! Don't you see how oppressive it would be to have one's friends and enemies congratulating one all over the place?"

"I don't," says Arthur, stupidly.

"Oh, well, I do," says Fancy, with increasing sweetness; "and so will you after a time. And you will promise me now" — coaxingly —"to let us have our little secret all to our own two selves, for just a little while? That will be delicious, will it not? All our own, with no one to share it with us, don't you see?"

Arthur is dazzled by this brilliant prospect. He laughs and kisses her, and victory is again her own.

"You won't tell your cousin, Sir John, or any one?" she says, a little anxiously.

"Why Sir John particularly?" asks he, quickly.

Fancy smiles, and then laughs outright. Her laugh is like music. It is a little running scale, sweetest as it reaches its summit.

"What! jealous already? And of such an old friend? How stupid!" she says, slipping her hand into his. "You mustn't, you know. But you know dear Sir John, don't you? He is quite a good fellow, all that, but if he hears anything in the morning, all the world knows it by noon."

Arthur is satisfied, nay, almost pleased. Has she not very nearly disparaged Sir John?

So he keeps their secret religiously, and the world is none the wiser; and people just shake their heads, and shrug their shoulders, and wonder how that pretty Mrs. Charteris does it, and count upon their fingers all the adorers she has had since the season began, terminating with Arthur Blunden. And they groan, and canvass the fresh victim, and tell each other they thought Blunden was too clever a man to be taken in by such an arch coquette.

Kitty is a little angry about it. Arthur being an especial favorite of hers, and once or twice speaks of Fancy to him, in a rather slighting fashion.

"I shouldn't have thought you would have liked her so much," she says to him, one evening.

"How do you know I do like her 'so much?' "

"I don't know, of course; you never speak of her. But one can see. One isn't blind. You are always with her; and that puzzles me. I don't believe you could have cared for any one so frivolous."

"I don't think her frivolous. Gay and fond of amusement, perhaps, but not frivolous."

"No?" — with raised brows of disbelief. "You will not find many to agree with you."

"I think I could find a great many," replies he, coldly. Kitty notices the unfriendly tone, and, growing irritated, says more than otherwise might have passed her lips.

(To Be Continued).

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN

Appearance on Crutches of the Greatest of All Giants.

"In his later years," said the old circus man, "the greatest of all giants suffered a good deal from rheumatism, and sometimes one or the other of his legs, but more generally his right leg, would be so drawn up that he had to go about on crutches. But that didn't put the great giant out of business.

"I was telling you the other day about the impression he made on the people when they saw him marching at the head of the circus parade on stilts; he made just about as much of an impression, though of course in a different sort of way, when he appeared there walking, as he sometimes did, after the rheumatism struck him, on crutches.

"You see, he was a cheerful man, the giant, always; he never liked to give up. And then he didn't want to, either, on the old man's account: he hated to disappoint him.

"I never'll forget how the old man felt over it the first time the giant got so bad. 'Well,' says the old man, 'I suppose that's the last of the giant for the parades till he gets over the rheumatism.'

"You see we always featured the great giant, in some way, in the parades. But, no sir, the great giant said, that wasn't the last of him ; he'd turn out on crutches, and so he did.

"For a time. And a most remarkable figure he cut in that way, too, I can tell you ; something a little bit different, I venture to say, from anything ever seen in a circus parade before or since. But the effort was just a leetle too much for him, finally, and he had to tell the old man after a while that

HE'D HAVE TO GIVE IT UP.

"But he suggested himself, the giant did, in place of his walking in the procession, something that he could do when he was thus disabled, that turned out, simple a thing as it was, to be really one of the greatest acts the giant ever did at all. This consisted simply in his standing, supported on his crutches at some conspicuous spot in whatever town we were showing in and there handing out bills advertising the show.

"Now, you know, to see a man of his stupendous stature standing even in the ordinary fashion of a man and handing out bills would have been something wonderful; but to see such a man on crutches, and with his right leg bent back from the knee and supported in a sling passed up over his shoulder, standing there passing out bills, was something wonderful indeed.

"And it did use to draw the people. You might have marched the whole show by on the other side of the street after he'd once taken up his position and had nobody to look at it ; they were all 'round the giant. And the more they saw of him close to, like that, the more wonderful he seemed.

"A person five feet tall could walk upright under that bent knee; and the crutches under his arms preventing the giant's bending down very much to people, it was only tell men that could take the bills he gave out direct from his own hand. As a matter of fact when the giant was giving out bills in this way we always had a man alongside of him standing about half-way up on a step ladder, who would take the bills from the giant and hand them down to the people.

"It was one of the best things the giant ever did, surely, that act on crutches."

LOSS OF BRITISH FLORISTS.

They Grew Roses by the Thousand For the Coronation.

How great was the loss of thousands who had expected to reap fortunes during the coronation ceremonies in London it has been impossible to estimate. Here is one item alone in which the losses are practically irreparable :

In anticipation of the enormous demand for roses—the coronation flower—the florists of England and the Continent laid out large tracts of land with rose bushes, planning it so that the flowers would be ready in these last days of June. It was estimated that the King's subjects would wear and use for decorations at least 60,000,000 of red roses alone and would be willing to pay from 2 cents to 4 cents apiece for them. This was a moderate estimate. As coronation week approached it was feared that the supply would not equal the demand.

The English retail florists poured in orders for thousands of blooms upon the gardeners. The fortunes in prospect seemed to be very close at hand, for the price of roses went steadily up in anticipation of a scarcity. Now it is all at an end. Instead of great profits there will be great losses. No one wants red roses now. The florists who ordered and have literally tons of flowers coming from the Continent which they will be unable to use, will bear the loss in part. But most of it will fall upon the growers in whose offices the notices of cancellation are piled high.

The larger part of the rose crop will die upon the bushes, and the gardeners will be out of pocket the money they have spent on land, on plants and on cultivation in anticipation of the profits which the sudden illness of one man has reduced to airy nothings.

Rich Patient—"What is the cause of gout, doctor ?" Doctor—"Excessive eating and drinking will produce gout. Mental worry will also cause it." Patient—"My, my ! Well I must stop worry over my excessive eating and drinking."

Mrs. Jones: "Just think of it! There is a policeman visiting our ugly old cook." Mr. Jones: "Great Scot! How hungry that poor man must be!"

Common soaps destroy the clothes and render the hands liable to eczema.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

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.

About the ....House

PEACHES IN MANY WAYS.

Peach Short Cake—One qt flour, 1 pt sweet milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, a little salt, 1 small teacup lard and butter. Make a soft dough, not kneading much. Put on the bread board and divide in two equal lumps. Roll out one about an inch thick and butter the top well, sprinkling a little sifted flour over it. Then roll out the other crust, butter one side and lay on top of the other crust. Bake to a light brown. Lay on a large platter and divide the crusts. Have nice soft peaches cut in quarters and well sweetened. Put them on the crust and sprinkle well with sugar. Put peaches around the platter and sprinkle well with sugar. Serve in cut slices with cream and sugar. If individual shortcakes are desired cut out with large cake cutter. Do not crowd into pans. Bake in a hot oven, remove and divide and fill with peach halves around the plate. Serve with whipped cream and sugar.

Spiced Peaches—Seven lbs fruit, 3 lbs brown sugar, or white sugar if preferred, 1 qt good vinegar. Take peaches and put them in jar, heat sugar and vinegar with ½ teaspoon ground cloves and 3 tablespoons ground cinnamon in cloth bags. Boil and pour over peaches. For five mornings pour off the liquor, boil again and pour on fruit boiling hot. The sixth morning pour all together and cook till peaches are heated through. Then remove peaches and put into cans. Boil down juice till quite thick, pour over fruit and seal. They will keep in jars a year or longer, but I prefer them in cans.

Canned Peaches—Pare peaches and cook till heated thoroughly. Then remove to cans. Have hot syrup ready, made of granulated sugar, as thick as thin molasses. Pour over fruit and seal quickly. A cheaper and very common way is to pare peaches and coat in sweetened water until one can stick a fork through them. Remove from stove, put in cans carefully, pour over juice and seal.

Peach Preserves—Take large peaches not too ripe. Use 1 lb fruit to every pound of sugar. Make thick syrup, drop in a few peaches at a time. Cook until heated through. Remove from kettle and lay out on platters. Put in a few more and handle same way until all are cooked. Then boil juice down till very thick, put peaches in syrup, cooking until a nice pink color appears. Remove, put in cans and seal.

Peach Pudding—Make a batter, 1 heaping cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar. Wet with 1 cup milk containing 1 egg beaten light last thing, and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Beat well. Have 1 pt nice ripe peaches in a well-buttered pudding dish, pour batter over them and bake ½ hour. Serve in slices with sugar and cream.

Peach Butter—Pare and stew peaches till soft and smooth. Then add 1 pt granulated sugar to every quart of peaches. Cook until it boils up thick like jelly, stirring constantly. When nearly done, add a little ground cinnamon. Seal in cans. On the farm there are often many small peaches, which if thoroughly washed and the brown side cut off, can be used to good advantage. The inside of the peach, which is always so bitter next to the seed, should be scraped out. Stew peaches and mash through a colander. Add a few good sour apples and use same proportions as given above. These make an excellent combination peach butter.

Peach Marmalade—Pare soft, ripe peaches and cut them fine. Weigh ¾ lb granulated sugar for every pound of fruit. Put sugar over the fire, add water enough to merit it. Bring it to a boil and skim. Add peaches, cook fast, stirring constantly until it appears like jelly and is quite thick. Then put in small jars or glasses and seal. Take a piece of white writing paper wet in brandy and lay on the top. Seal up glasses with paper which has been covered with the white of an egg. This will keep out the air and the marmalade can be kept for years.

Peach Jelly—Frequently there is some syrup left over in canning peaches. This can be used to make peach jelly by adding 1 qt juice to 1 pt sugar.

TESTED RECIPES.

Preserved Rhubarb—Cut some peeled rhubarb in pieces and pack it in jars. Have a deep kettle full of cold water, put the jar filled with rhubarb in the water so it is about two inches below the surface of the water. When the jar is filled with water put on the cover and screw it tight—all this should be done while the jar is in the water—then remove and set in a cool place. When wanted to use, open the jar, pour off the water, and stew the rhubarb the same as fresh.

Raspberry Shrub—Few city people are familiar with the refreshment found in this simple drink, although the raspberry makes one of the best flavors known. Put two quarts of the ripe fruit into a stone jar and pour over it one quart of good cider vinegar. Cover and stand in a cool place for two days, then drain off the liquid, taking care not to mash the berries, and pour it over a second quantity of the fruit. Again let stand for two days, when repeat the process and stand aside for the third time. At the end of the final period strain through a muslin bag and add one quart of sugar to every pint of liquid. Boil slowly for five minutes, skim thoroughly, and let stand until partly cool, then bottle and seal. When wanted stir into iced water until dissolved, making a proportion according to taste.

Eggs Poached With Cream.—Half a pint of cream, six eggs, salt and white pepper, and a small teaspoonful of finely minced parsley. Bring the cream to a boil in a chafing-dish, break the eggs carefully, to keep the yolks whole into the cream and cook until the whites are set—about three minutes. Have a delicate slice of toast for each egg on hot plates, lay an egg on each, pour the cream over them, sprinkle with pepper and salt and the chopped parsley and serve.

Ham Croquettes.—Mix one cup of hot mashed potatoes, one teaspoonful of butter, the yolks of two eggs and a dash or two of cayenne ; beat thoroughly, then spread on a platter ; put one cup of finely chopped cooked ham in a small frying pan with the yolk of an egg, stir over the fire for one minute ; spread this on a platter, when cold take a spoonful of the potato and form it in a hollow put in the hollow one teaspoonful of the ham and fold the potato over it, form it in the shape of a croquette, dip in beaten egg and then in bread crumbs again, fry in deep, hot fat in the frying basket, drain and arrange on a hot platter.

Bread Pudding.—A chocolate and bread pudding can be made as follows :—To two cups of fine bread crumbs add two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, mix thoroughly and pour into a buttered mold. Melt an ounce of grated chocolate over hot water, add carefully two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a scant cupful of hot milk, two beaten eggs and half a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. Pour this over the crumbs slowly, let it soak in for ten minutes, place in a pan partly filled with water, and cook until the center is set.

Preserved Asparagus—Peel some fine, fresh asparagus, cut it in even lengths and fit it neatly in wide-mouthed glass jars. Mix four quarts of cold water with two ounces of salt, fill the jars to overflowing with this, close and boil them in a boiler or canner twenty minutes ; remove the jars, open each one a moment, close quickly, return them to the bath, and cook two and a half hours ; take the jars out, set them upside down on a dry cloth ; see that they are allright, and when cold put them in a cool dry place. Asparagus preserved in this way keeps well and tastes the same as fresh.

Raisin Bread—Into a pint of scalded milk beat a teaspoonful each of salt and melted butter. When the mixture is lukewarm, add half a yeast cake dissolved in a gill of blood-warm water, and beat in enough flour to make a good batter. Set in a warm place to rise for eight hours. Now beat hard, add a cup of flour and work in a cup of halved and seeded raisins, plentifully dredged with flour. Set to rise until light, then bake.

Braised Chicken.—Fowl that are too old to roast may be made tender and of good flavor by braising and look the same as a roasted chicken. Singe, draw and wash the same as for roasting ; cut in dice one small carrot, turnip, onion and stalk, of celery in small pieces ; put them in a large pot with four thin slices of salt pork, and on them place the fowl with the breast up ; then lay one slice of salt pork over each breast ; add a sprig of parsley, one bay leaf, three cloves, five peppercorns, one teaspoonful of salt, and two cupfuls of boiling water ; cover the pot closely and let simmer three hours ; if the water boils away add a little more ; when the chicken is tender rub it with soft butter ; dredge with flour and put in the hottest part of the oven to brown for a few minutes ; strain the liquor from the pot ; thicken it with a little brown flour rubbed in cold water ; cook until thickened and serve with the chicken.

A HEROIC LIFE.

WITH AN EYE SINGLE TO THE GOOD OF HER FELLOW-MEN SHE TOILED.

The Story of Eliza H. Varney, of Bloomfield, Ont.—Spent Many Years in a Devoted and Saintly Sacrifice to the Poor and Needy —Ministered to Their Physical as Well as Spiritual Wants.

Bloomfield, Ont., July 7.—(Special) —Our community boasts of having within it one of the most devoted Christian women that ever toiled in the world's vineyard.

Owned and blessed by God, this self-sacrificing heroine and her husband, since deceased, spent many years of faithful pastoral work in different parts of the continent.

Elizabeth H. Varney, relict of the late Levi Varney, is now 73 years of age, and is living in quiet retirement here. She is a member of the Society of the Old Orthodox Friends and this simple peace-loving society never had a more humble or more worthy member.

It is of her work among the Doukhobors in our own Canadian Northwest that she loves most to speak, and many and vivid are her recollections of this peculiar people.

One of the greatest difficulties this devoted woman had to contend with was disease among her poor people. But she had armed herself with a remedy that was as unfailing as her own charity—Dodd's Kidney Pills were the weapons she used to drive out sickness.

Some years before she had tried and proven the value of this great medicine in her own case when threatened with Dropsy and suffering with Rheumatism. They had completely restored her, and when she found that the prevailing trouble among the Doukhobor people was Kidney Disease and Dropsy she knew that Dodd's Kidney Pills would be her most valuable aid in her good work.

She tells of one poor young woman among this people who was suffering so severely with the Dropsy that she was terribly bloated all over and confined to her bed. The Lady Missionary left a few of Dodd's Kidney Pills and immediately sent for three more boxes.

She was rewarded for her efforts by the complete recovery of the young woman.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have received this worthy woman's most emphatic endorsation.

COULDN'T CATCH HER.

Mr. Turveytop has, up till very recently, considered himself quite clever, and nothing so pleases him as to get the best of some unsuspecting person. For a long time his wife had been in need of a new muff, and after hinting to her lord she wanted one, he at last decided to gratify her desire. So he went into a shop and picked out a couple, one of which was cheap and the other very expensive. Upon these he changed the price-tickets, putting the cheap price-mark on the expensive muff, and vice versa, and then took them home. For a long time his wife pondered, and at last said :—

"Now, dear, the expensive muff is a beauty, and it is really very good of you to allow me my choice. Some women would take it without a word, but really I don't think we can afford the more costly one ; and, besides, I think the cheap one is more stylish, too. Why, dear, what is the matter ? Are you ill ?"

But "dear" had fled into the night, where, unseen, he could abuse himself to his heart's content.

Surgeon—"There doesn't seem much wrong with you, my man. What's the matter ?" Jack—"Well, sir, it's like this, sir. I eats well an' I drinks well an' I sleeps well, but when I sees a job of work—there, I'm all of a tremble."

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

A schoolmistress who has a dread of all kinds of contagious diseases sent a child home the other day because her mother was ill. The next morning the little girl presented herself at school, with her finger in her mouth and a little hood swinging by the string, and said : "We've got a baby at our house, but mamma says I was to tell you it's not catching !"

It's sad to think how much good money is spent on bad tea despite the fact that Blue Ribbon is in every store. Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

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

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

The finest matches in the world, made from soft corky pine, and especially suitable for domestic use—put up in neat sliding boxes, assorted colors each box containing about 550 matches—three boxes in a package. .....

For Sale by All First Class Dealers.

The Dawson Commission Co., LIMITED, TORONTO

Can handle your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY (alive or dressed), STRAWBERRIES, APPLES, TOMATOES, other Fruits, VEGETABLES or PRODUCE to good advantage.

Shipping tags, stamps, pads supplied. Correspondence invited.

MAKING HEADWAY.

The Galicians Are Doing Well in the West.

"Only those who are able to go right among the Galicians, those who know and understand them, can really be in a position to tell what kind of people they are, and what kind of subjects they will prove. After visiting the different settlements around Edmonton, and up in the Saskatchewan districts, I am pleased to be able to return to Galicia and tell their fellowcountrymen of the great headway they have made in the great Canadian Northwest."

Such was the statement made by Rev. Father Zoldac, the only Galician missionary in the Northwest, who was in Montreal the other day on his way back to Galicia to secure more missionaries. He was brought to this country ten months ago by Mgr. Legal.

"Considering the difficulties that they had to surmount, great if not astonishing progress has been made. Of course they were very poor, but to-day, owing to their continued industry, there is little if any real poverty among them, and while money is yet very scarce, still the majority have fairly comfortable homes and always enough to eat. And it will not be very long now before they prove to the outside world that they are good subjects; in fact, every bit as good as those that have come from any other country. From the very start they have been particularly anxious to learn English and to adapt themselves to English customs. But now that they have shown that they are perfectly willing to learn English, they would be very much pleased if the Government would assist them not to forget their own language. Up to the present time English is the only language that is being taught in the schools that have been established, and the people would like their children to obtain at least a fair knowledge of the maternal tongue.

"I am at present on my way home to Galicia to try to secure missionaries to take up work among the settlers. I shall certainly advise more of the people to come out, but judging from the letters that have already been sent, I will not be obliged to say very much to induce them to come."

The professor had been annoyed by the tardy entrance of a student into the lecture room, and pointedly stopped talking until the man took his seat. After class the student went to the desk and apologized. "My watch was fifteen minutes out of the way, sir. It's bothered me a good deal lately, but after this I shall put no more faith in it." It's not faith you want in it," replied the professor ; "it's works."

A man 50 years old has walked 12,000 miles, eaten 9½ tons of meat and fish and eggs and vegetables, and drunk 7,000 gallons of fluids.

California now stands fifth among the American States as a producer of petroleum. 4,100,000 barrels came from her wells last year.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes—so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and did so. The effect was more than I expected—a few applications completely curing the irritation, preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,
W. A. OKE,
Harbor Grace, Nfld., Jan. 8, 1898.

Two small boys in a remote part of the country were asked how they managed to get a barber. "We never go to a barber's," said one of them ; "it's much too far. But Billy cuts my hair and I cut Billy's, and we practise on the cat."

Minard's Liniment is the best.

It is a curious fact that all the three American Presidents who have been assassinated were Republican in politics.

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.

Denmark has 100,000 hives of bees and exports 2½ million pounds of honey.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

AND SAVE THE FEES.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called recently on a legal friend of hers—a widower—to consult him on a matter of interest to her.

"You know, sir," she said to him, "that when the late Mr. Pigg died he left me all his fortune, much to my satisfaction, of course, but he handicapped it with the name of Pigg, which I must say I don't like."

"Well," ventured the lawyer, "I presume a handsome woman isn't especially complimented by being left a Pigg."

"I should say not," she laughed. "Now, what I came to see you about was whether or not I must execute what you call a deed-poll to get it changed."

"Um—er," he hesitated, as if wrestling with a great legal problem, "um—er—yes ; but an easier way is to apply to a parson, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she appointed that evening for another consultation.

THE COSSACK'S WHIP.

People who are unacquainted with Russia, and who read of street disturbances being suppressed by the Cossacks with their whips, have little idea of what formidable weapons these are. Made of hard leather, and tapering to a fine point, they are triangular in shape, and the Cossack who knows how to bring the edge down upon his victim can inflict a wound that is not infrequently fatal. A favorite stroke is one by which the eye and a portion of the cheek are cut.

Fifty-one British ports imported 461,000 tons of ice last year. One port—London—took 230,000 tons of this whole amount.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F.J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

London's chimneys discharge into the air daily 18,000 tons of unconsumed fuel.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure No Pay. Price