

THE HOLLOW SQUARE.

Ladies of Canada:

The hollow square, a purely British military tactic, was never broken but once. Why? Because Tommy Atkins from Canada and Tommy Atkins from all other British possessions stand solidly together. The lesson is, that in a commercial way also, the colonies should stand solidly together and the ladies of Canada—the purchasing power—can do much toward accomplishing that end. Ceylon and India produce the finest teas. By using the teas grown in other colonies, ladies act particularly. These teas appeal to you from sentiment, from parity, from economy—in every way they are superior to Japan or China. Drinkers of Green tea should try Monsoon, Salada or Blue Ribbon packets.

At the summer resort.—Mattie—Yes, a man has come here, but he is only a hired man. Minnie—Of course. No man would be likely to come here if he wasn't hired.

Shudders at his Past.

"I recall now with horror," says Mail Carrier Burnett Mann, of Leavenworth, O., "my three years of suffering from kidney trouble. I was hardly ever free from dull aches or acute pains in my back. To stoop or lift mail sacks made me groan. I felt tired, worn out, about ready to give up, when I began to use Electric Bitters, but six bottles completely cured me and made me feel like a new man." They're unrivaled to regulate the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by J. E. Richards. Only 25 cents.

Harold—I will make all my property over to you after we are married, my dear. Edith—The ideal! What fun will there be for me in spending my own money?

Old Soldier's Experience.

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My wife was sick a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which worked wonders for her health." They always do. Try them. Only 25c at J. E. Richards' drug store.

She—I know there's something I've forgotten to buy. He—That's just what I thought. She—Why did you think so? He—Because you have some money left.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The famous signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer* is on every wrapper.

"Lipsen has failed in all the newspaper work he has undertaken." "Are they going to bounce him?" "Oh, no. They are going to make him the dramatic critic."

How to Cure a Corn.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to cure a corn. Do not use acids or other caustic preparations and don't cut a hole in your boot. It is simply to apply Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor and in three days the corn can be removed without pain. Sure, safe and painless. Take only Putnam's Corn Extractor.

Sold by J. E. Richards.

Road agent—Your money or your life, Goldstein (from interior of coach)—How much off for cash?

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

"Monsieur, I have already counted three gray hairs on my head." "Ah, madam, so gray as they can be counted, they don't count."

Now I Feel Real Well.

Mr. W. H. La Blance, Bonfield, Ont., writes: "I was once a sufferer from catarrh and while using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure I was recommended to use also Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the system. My nerves were exhausted and I was too weak to do a day's work when I began using it and now am strong and healthy and feel real well. I am perfectly sure that anyone who uses Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will believe as I do, that it is the best strengthener and restorative obtainable."

The picture of innocence! That's how she looked. But there was a price on her head. All the people could see it—"379, Reduced from \$5," it read.

Toothache Cured in One Minute.

Not only toothache, but any nerve pain is cured instantly by Poison's Nervine. Thousands have testified that its powerful, penetrating pain-subduing properties make it an absolute cure for neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, cramps, colic and all other pains and aches that beset mankind. The world is challenged to equal Nervine as a household liniment. Large bottle 25 cents. Sold by J. E. Richards.

Smith—Oh, don't growl so about the weather. "Rain before 7, quit before 11." Jones—Yes—11 some day next week.

THE EXPRESS from now to Jan. 1902, Farm and Home one year, and a 50 cent book, Homemade Contrivances, all for 75 cents.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Grace—Oh, here's a letter from Aunt Jennie, post marked Paris. It feels a little thicker than usual. "To Clara—Open it quick! Perhaps it contains those imported bathing suits she promised to send us."

Gold Beneath Dross

BY T. C. DEAN

Author of "Cui Bono," "Love Tales of a Convent," "The Bread Winners of a City," Etc., Etc.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred, by T. C. Dean, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

And so the elder woman went on her solitary ramble alone. In the forest the deer came out to greet her and to lick her hands. The pigeons welcomed her with notes of pleasure, and perching on her arms ate biscuits from her tapered fingers, while the timid hare feared not the sound of her footsteps when she happened near.

The boughs bent to open her pathway to the laughing sunshine, while the leaves murmured affection as they were rocked softly in the trellised light. The stream gambled and voiced its musical recognition, while the flowers at the edges of the water nodded their good fellowship as they filled the breeze with perfume. Oh, how happy everything seemed around her, and yet in her heart there burned a melancholy fire that defied her, and filled every breath she breathed with a suffocating pain. Still she gathered flowers and made child-emblems of the leaves and grasses as if she wooed long-cherished memories, and as if the recalling of the incidents of other ramblings gave her all the pleasure she could now know.

She was very beautiful still, was this woman, though her youth was fast departing from her, and by a stranger coming upon her, here in the glow of groves and valleys, she might easily have been taken for an elder Dryad seeking the reflection of the crystal pools. Her face now had the delicate fairness of the meadow-lilies, while her hair fell unbound around her nymph-like shoulders with the richness of a silken shield. As the evening approached she turned her face homeward, strolling through solitary aisles of oak trees that fringed the sloping hills. Their majestic bearing, proud in their eternal silence, seemed to give her courage and patience, and strength to perform the duties that were hers. Though she thought she had now lost her heart's idol, still the dreams of her girlhood were with her, albeit their fulfillment now seemed so far away. The velvet sod under her feet as she returned in the twilight seemed as cheerless as a pitiless desert upon which she accepted the desolation of her life.

As she entered her home upon her return she found a visitor awaiting her, who turned out to be a Catholic priest soliciting alms.

"I have heard of your noble work among the London poor," he said after an introduction by card, "and I have made bold to call upon one so charitably disposed as yourself, to solicit a subscription to a most worthy scheme."

"Will you name the scheme, please?"

"It is for the endowment of a college in which the peasantry of Amorose could find a free education."

"Yes, I think I have heard of that. You are Father Antonio of the Oblat Order."

"The same, your highness."

"You priests are such beggars. But tell me, Father, what is to become of your numeraries? I thought they were for that purpose, in a measure."

"No, not at all, your highness. Their purpose is more sacred than that. The object of the college is merely to impart a free secular education."

"You priests are such beggars, as I said, but I think your object very worthy. You may draw upon me for two hundred sovereigns, and I will place a cheque in the bank to cover the call."

"May the saints be gracious to your highness, I am sure they will be, though I might have been confident that one as fair as yourself would never turn a deaf ear to such a request."

"Begone, sir! You priests are such flatterers as well as beggars. But tell me, Father, have you any other subscribers to your fund in London?"

"Yes, five, I think, but none give so generously as yourself."

"But you have many surely, who are giving more than I?"

"Only two, I think—a general in the Italian army and an American gentleman named Hestmead."

The woman started at the name, and a perceptible tremble passed through her. She turned very white, but tried to answer with composure.

"You see I recognize the name," she said. "I knew a Mr. Hestmead once, and my acquaintance and yours are probably the same. Does his wife belong to your congregation?"

"His wife? We cannot know the same Mr. Hestmead. The gentleman I know was never married, I think."

"Still I think it must be the same," the woman tried to speak unconcernedly but her voice was unsteady. "What became of the Tuscan girl he fell in love with near Fontaine?"

"You mistake," the priest answered quickly. "That is, you mistake his sentiment, though I now perceive we know the same person. Mr. Hestmead did not fall in love with a Tuscan girl near Fontaine."

"But his sentiment had that appear-

ance. I was led to understand. He did not desert her surely?" "No. Yet he had done nothing to tie himself to the girl by word or intended action. It was one of those unfortunate cases in which a girl gave her love unasked. They are sad instances, but they are not isolated."

"You speak decidedly on the matter, but how could you know the man's true feelings beyond idle gossip?"

"Because," replied the priest, quietly, but with just a tinge of sadness in his habitually well modulated tone, "because, your highness, I was the girl's father confessor. The girl's name was Anastasia Campagna."

"Forgive me," the woman said, "for wringing such words from you. I was ignorant of your relationship or I should not have been so discourteous. And the girl; did she go into your convent?"

"Would to God she had, before her heart was broken, but she did not. Her dust sleeps to-day within the sound of the cathedral chiming."

This sad recital hushed and saddened the woman for a few moments.

"I did not know I was touching on such a delicate matter," she presently ventured, "or I certainly would not have questioned you. Forgive me, and consider this interview at an end."

"Pardon me, your highness, but I must explain further, lest by what I have said I leave a false impression on you regarding my friend. I wish to say that Mr. Hestmead is the very personification of honor and acted most honorably through the matter. He told the poor girl frankly that he loved another woman. He was entirely blameless for this sad event in his life. As the spiritual father of the young girl he came to me for advice and acted with my entire approval. I have seldom met a man with the fine gentlemanly instincts or one whom I revered more than this American gentleman."

"But if he told the girl he loved another woman, he surely gave some reason for his separation from her?"

"Most assuredly. He gave the best of all reasons, namely, that she was married and living with her husband in another country."

"But how did he know? I know, Father Antonio, you will think me unnecessarily curious, but you have interested me sufficiently in your hero for me to ask that question to make the chain complete."

"It is quite right and most proper for you to know. He read of the marriage in an English newspaper. An official notice, I think."

"An official notice? Then that would tell him all the interesting details?"

"Yes, but I know Mr. Hestmead did not read further than the announcement of the marriage. He told me that when I put some questions to him at the time he came to me for advice."

There was a glow like a carnation blossom on the woman's cheeks now, and her breath came with excited rapidity, while a look of intense relief shone out of her lovely eyes.

"Your recital, good Father, has been very interesting to me," she said in a voice different in its notes to the voice she had commanded for many months before. "And now there is just one thing more I am curious to know. To what amount has Mr. Hestmead subscribed to your fund?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MACHINISTS' STRIKE.

Confidence of Victory Is the Trend of Letters Received by President O'Connell at Toronto.

Toronto, May 29.—There was little change yesterday in the situation of the machinists' strike, although President O'Connell received a large number of letters from various places stating that the men were confident of victory, and in some cases that the employers had acceded to the demands of the men.

In the afternoon President O'Connell presided at a meeting of the Executive Committee, composed of seven delegates, at the Palmer House, at which arrangements for the opening of the convention next Monday were furthered. The delegates were also at work, and will conclude their labors by the end of the week.

President O'Connell, when seen last night, stated that everything was progressing favorably, reports received by him showing that the men were standing together, and that in not one case had any of the strikers returned to work. He was confident of victory in every case, and predicted an early settlement. Delegates are beginning to arrive from the United States, and by the end of the week a large number will have reached the city.

19 WENT DOWN TO DEATH.

Disaster to the Steamship Baltimore in Lake Huron.

Chicago, May 25.—The steam barge Baltimore sank yesterday between Auquable and Fish Point, on Lake Huron, according to telegrams received here, and 13 out of a crew of 15 were drowned. The engineer and fireman, the only survivors, were rescued by the Columbia and taken to East Tawas, Michigan. The Baltimore was owned by F. H. Fleming & Co. of Chicago. The Baltimore was built at Gibraltar, Mich., in 1881, rated at 14, and was valued at \$40,000. Her cargo was valued at about \$5,000.

A Vessel in Distress. Milwaukee, Wis., May 25.—An unknown three-masted schooner is in distress three miles south of Port Washington, Wis. Life savers have gone to the scene.

Twenty-eight vessels were unable to leave Milwaukee harbor, owing to the gale on Lake Michigan.

Excursion Steamer Ashore. Ogdensburg, N. Y., May 25.—The excursion steamer Empire State, the largest of the Folger Line, was beached in the narrows, a mile above Brockville, yesterday. The steamer left here at 8 o'clock with the 40th Separate Company, National Guard, the city band, and about 100 excursionists bound for Victoria. Day celebration at Prescott and Brockville, and soon after clearing from Brockville it was found that the firemen had left the port holes open. A heavy northwest gale prevailed, and water washed into the hold, putting out the steamer's fires. Capt. Allen was then obliged to beach his boat, and he did so on the Canadian side. The passengers were taken off in small boats amid great excitement and safely landed.

Two Men Drowned. Halifax, N. S., May 25.—On May 21 a schooner was sighted off the island lying her flag halfmast, and on the 22nd Capt. Elijah Hill of the Gloucester schooner Josie M. Calderwood, landed at the main station, bringing with him a lad named Gordon McKay. Capt. Hill stated that on the 21st the boy's father, and brother, George and Leslie McKay, were drowned while the schooner was running down the western bar. The youth Leslie had been out stowing the flying jib, and while returning to the deck slipped on the bowsprit and fell into the water. His father, who was in the vessel's hold at the time, sprang on deck and jumped overboard to his son's assistance, but before they could be rescued both had disappeared, and were seen no more.

British Post Captured. Kritzingers Invaders Take 41 Men Near Maraisburg.

A New York Despatch Says 1,000 British Officers Have Resigned Owing to Friction With Mr. Brodrick—King Edward Has Knighted Col. Hector Macdonald—Lieut. Col. Girouard, Recently Knighted, Sails For Canada.

London, May 28.—The Times publishes the following from Craodock, dated May 27:

"Kritzingers' invaders of Cape Colony captured a British post of 41 men near Maraisburg after a stout resistance."

1,000 British Officers Resign. New York, May 28.—The Herald prints the following from London: "To-day, from talk in the military clubs, there are no less than one thousand officers who have sent in their papers to the War Office. This is a very serious matter. In military circles it is the only topic of conversation. Dissatisfaction is expressed with Mr. Brodrick on all sides."

Macdonald a Knight. London, May 28.—King Edward received Col. Hector Macdonald, A. D. C., on his return from active service in South Africa, and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, and invested him with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Bath, Military Division.

Sail on Wednesday. London, May 28.—Lieut. Col. Girouard, the distinguished Canadian officer, and graduate of the Royal College at Kingston, who was recently knighted for his services in South Africa, sails for Canada on Wednesday.

Mrs. Crimmonbank—Are you not going to wear that necktie I gave you for your Christmas to Mrs. Styles tonight? Mr. Crimmonbank—Why, no. It's not a masquerade party, dear.

A Sluggish, Torpid Liver

When the liver gets slow and sluggish in action bile is left in the blood to poison the whole system and give rise to serious bodily derangements. When there are biliousness, headache, constipation and indigestion Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills make you well in a surprisingly short time.

Mrs. H. A. Smith, 132 Manning avenue, Toronto, states:—"My daughter has had a wretched time of it for quite a while with liver complaint, causing among other troubles, weakness of the stomach, very sallow complexion, and a most miserable state of feeling generally. My husband had occasion to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and spoke so highly of their merit that I concluded to have her try them, and since beginning their use she has markedly improved in every way. I can with confidence therefore recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

One pill a dose; 25 cents a box.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

—OF—

Chas. H. Fletcher

IS ON THE WRAPPER

OF EVERY BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

A Steady Growing Business

is the best evidence that the people are satisfied.

G. C. BRISTOW finds his trade to be increasing, which is the best proof that his goods are giving satisfaction, and is determined that he will in the future, as he has done in the past, spare no efforts to hold the confidence of the community by selling worthy goods. He has just taken into stock a line of men's and boys' Worsteds Suits in navy and black that are the very best for the money, and that sell readily at sight.

A large addition to the stock of stylish, useful and cheap shoes to fit your feet and pocket books.

Be sure and call at

BRISTOW'S

Cheap Cash Store. Bingham Block.

Right opposite the Central Hotel. Butter and Eggs taken as cash.

G. C. BRISTOW.

Waiting for the Oven

Isn't on the Programme when you use the new

IMPERIAL OXFORD RANGE

The Oven Thermometer shows the exact heat—the fire can at any time be swiftly regulated to keep it at any desired point, and the patent flue construction not only ventilates but keeps the heat uniform all over the oven—so that everything bakes or roasts evenly without any turning.

Sold by **John H. Glover, Agent, Aylmer.**

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Books, Stationery Watches Clocks and Jewelry

We carry a full line of the above Goods and sell at the

Smallest Profit

Possible for a Good Article.

A call will convince you of the fact.

REPAIRING

We make specialty of fine Watch and Clock repairing.

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