A Scourge of Doubt.

OR........

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER XI.

When Gretchen tells her father of her determination to wed with Dugdale and no other, she fills him with a consternation and a sorrow that amounts almost to an indignation. That she, his pride, the child of his heart, should elect for herself a life so replete with trouble, so wanting in joy or even barest content, grieved him beyond expression.

"I shall never give my consent, — never!" he says, with a wave of the hand, meant to declare that in this instance entreaty will be of no avail. But Gretchen lingers. Not yet — not ever — will she abandon hope. "Perpetual dropping wears away a stone." So she tells herself; and George Tremaine's heart is of any but the adamantine order. She lays her arms upon the table and regards him with melancholy eyes, and asks him, in a dismal monotone, if he, who has professed such affection for her is to be her undoing. Mr. Tremaine feels the power brought to bear, but steels his heart against it and goes on with admirable firmness:

"You would have to spend your time nursing a sick man. At your age! It is unheard of."

"It is my choice."

"Which only proves you are too young to make a choice."

"I am very little younger than Kitty, and you said nothing about her inability to choose," retorts she, reproachfully.

"Are you going against me in this matter, Gretchen?" asks poor Mr. Tremaine, at his wits' end. "Why is it? Have I not always been a good father to you?"

"You have, darling,—the best, the dearest." Her arms are around his neck now. Great tears are in his eyes. Few men are proof against the tears of those they love. Mr. Tremaine's features relax. There are visible signs of a speedy surrender, or at least of a compromise.

"Then you give your consent, papa?"

"I suppose I must. Though, remember, I do so unwillingly."

"And you will speak to Kenneth? —you will say you are very pleased?"

"My dear, I shall certainly speak to him. But there is a limit to human forbearance; I cannot go so far as to say I am pleased."

"You will not be unkind to him, dear?" says Gretchen, a little tremulously, laying her hand pleadingly upon his chest. "Remember how one little cold word will hurt and wound him."

"I sha'n't be brutal, if you mean that," says her father, with a faint smile. "Poor fellow! he has enough to bear, without incivility from me. You shall have it all your own way, Gretchen; but in the after years, if you fail to find happiness, do not blame me."

"I shall blame nobody. And my happiness will not fail me," replies she, slowly. Her lips are white, but a light soft and beautiful gleams within her azure eyes.

"I shall say no more until I have seen Dugdale," says Mr. Tremaine. Then, with some reluctance, "You say you love him, Gretchen. Have you never thought, child, that your very love will be your misery? His life is ever in the balance; and when death comes to rob you——"

"What can she be marrying him Gretchen, sharply, throwing out her hands as though to ward off some evil thing. "Anything but that! He will live, with care, with time."

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for?" demands Mr. Tremaine, desher bedroom, while she slowly reperately, many hours later, addressing his wife from the hearth-rug in her dedroom, while she slowly removes her trinkets from her person one by one, "unless for his money? And I didn't think her mercenary."

"She is the truest and purest and best girl in all the world," says Gretchen's mother, indignantly. Perhaps just a touch of remorse and fear makes the indignation in her tone warmer. There is unwonted moisture in her eyes. "She is marrying him simply because she loves him."

"It is unnatural," says Mr. Tremaine, fuming. "And people will say all sorts of unpleasant things. I suppose you are prepared for that? It is no use arguing. I never saw any one so determined."

"Like all gentle women, when occasion arises she can be firmer than most. I am sure, were he a penniless student instead of being Dugdale of Laxton, she would marry him all the same."

"Then I suppose we ought to be grateful for small mercies, and thank our stars he is not a penniless student," says Mr. Tremaine, with a sigh. "I shall, however, make one more effort in her behalf. I shall appeal to Dugdale."

"Will you, dear? Of course you always know best. I always say you have the clearest judgment of any man I ever met. But will it do any good, do you think? I am afraid it has rather got out of our hands,—gone beyond us, in fact. (Poke the fire, dearest; it is intensely cold to-night.) I fear interference will do no good. But you can try. You are very clever at that sort of thing. Only, don't be too severe with him, poor boy. Remember how delicate he is; he cannot live very long, I am afraid. And, after all, Sleeke and Steele say that only half the property is entailed; and at his death, of course, Gretchen——"

"Oh! hang the property!" interrupts Mr. Tremaine, impatiently. "That won't console her, if she cares for him. I know I shall see that child yet with her cheeks white and her eyes full of silent grief; and when that day comes I shall feel as if it was all my fault; I know I shall," says Mr. Tremaine, irritably.

"Don't think about it any more to-night, dear," says his wife, soothingly. "Things always look blackest at nightfall. To-morrow we can discuss it more fully."

"I shall certainly appeal to Dugdale," says Mr. Tremaine again, still irritable, still with a determination that amounts to courage.

But as morning dawns, his courage somewhat ebbs, and as Bob Acre's might, oozes out through his finger tips. Indeed, when, some hours later on, he draws near Dugdale's presence, this cowardice increases, until presently he is possessed of an uncomfortable conviction that he is the unwelcome suitor and Dugdale the stern parent before whom he must plead his cause.

As he enters the library and meets Kenneth's anxious eyes he feels, if possible, more like a culprit than before, and sinks heavily into a seat as though oppressed with hidden crime.

"You have come to speak to me about Gretchen?" says Dugdale, nervously, plunging into the subject head-foremost.

"Yes. I have come to speak to you. Of course I have come, my dear Dugdale," replies Mr. Tremaine, greatly embarrassed. He takes up a paper knife and examines it slowly and with elaborate care, as though to gain time. "Somebody should speak, you know," he concludes, l..nely.

A woman in Dugdale's place would at this juncture — because of Tremaine's palpable inability to proceed — have broken into hysterical and inextinguishable laughter. Dugdale, on the contrary says, with studied calmness:

"Somebody should, of course."

"Gretchen has told me all about this — this — arrangement between you, and — It is difficult to say anything, but you know, my dear fellow, that—that——"

"I know everything, — all you would say," says Dugdale, camly, his own nervousness decreasing as he sees his host's increasing. "No man could expect you to give your consent. It is quite impossible for you to give it. I shall say nothing more. But she said she thought she could be happy with me in spite of everything; and sometimes I try to cheat myself into the belief that she could. At least I had not courage to fling away this only chance of having her always near me. It seems absurd, does it not, my talking of love? But I do love her; she is my entire happiness. Lend her to me for a few years. Perhaps I shall release you from your bargain even before that time has expired."

"If," says Mr. Tremaine, "there was even a chance that in two or three years you might recover——"

"I shall not recover," — quietly,— "but I shall die; that will do almost as well, will it not?"

"My dear boy, don't," — uneasily. "It is very depressing, and must be uncommonly bad for you, you know, encouraging such dismal reflections. Death is a sort of thing we none of us like to dwell on."

"You do not, perhaps; why should you? But I think of it constantly, more than ever of late, as is natural. Gretchen is young. She will be only a girl still when"—with a smile — "I am gathered to my fathers. I have thought it all over. It is at least in my power to leave her rich; there is no reason why she should not marry again then and be happy later on. Though I would have her not quite forget me, — not quite. I think she will never quite forget me," — with a faint sigh.

"I hope she will never get the chance," says Mr. Tremaine (utterly forgetful of his purpose), blowing his nose sonorously. "Getting up, he walks to the window, and for a few minutes, "silence reigns supreme."

"What will the world say?" he goes on, presently. "I have heard women called mercenary for far less."

"Gretchen is not one to be distressed by the adverse opinion of society."

"Dugdale, let me say something for your own sake, as much as for hers. The child is young, — only nineteen; she has been nowhere, has seen very few; she hardly realizes what life means. Suppose she should tire of attending a sick man; suppose — I am only supposing, my dear fellow — but should she see any one to prefer to you, what then?"

"That is my risk," says Dugdale, sadly. "Do you think I am fool enough not to have thought of that? But I accept it. Besides," — turning his eyes on Tremaine, — "think me over-sanguine if you will, but something tells me that will never happen."

"'She is a woman,' quotes her father, "'and therefore may be won,' and she is, in my opinion, the handsomest of the lot. The odds are heavily against you, my dear fellow. I know her too well to distrust her in any way, or to believe her mind capable of a wrong thought, but if things turn out as I fear she will be miserable; the day will come, perhaps, when she will reproach you."

"What is all this about reproach? Don't mind papa; he is a raven, always croaking; he is only trying to frighten you," says Gretchen's clear, voice, breaking in most opportunely upon the discussion. "Coming forward, she leans lightly upon the head of Dugdale's couch and pats his cheek gayly. "I won't have you say nasty things to Ken, papa; he is my property now, and I shall do battle for him."

Her father laughs, and so does she. Kenneth, drawing down her hand to his lips, kisses it fondly.

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So on a dull sad day in early February they are married. The skies are overcast; the earth has lost all heart, and holds not up its head; the rain falls with dismal patterings upon gravel and terraces outside. A fair day for a corpse, — a sorry one for a bride.

Perhaps at the very last the poor child clings to her father, and as his kind arms close around her remembers, with a little faintness of the heart, all the good days gone by, all the tender love and warmth of her home, nay, even the little angry squabbles that now seem so dear to her. As she recalls these past hours, sobs rise within her throat, but by a supreme effort she subdues them, and but for the tears that enlarge her eyes, gives way to no emotion.

At last all the guests are gone and the newly married pair are left alone together in their home.

"It is all over," says Kenneth.

"Yes, all over," returns she, smiling. He is extremely pale, and looks dispirited. "How nervous it makes one—does it not?" she says, purposely, with a slight sigh. "A ceremony of any sort, I mean. Once, I confess, I almost cried. You look upset, too, Ken; but we must not be melancholy on our wedding day, must we? And see—even the afternoon is going to be good to us."

The day has indeed changed. The clouds have all dispersed and are quickly disappearing. From behind them the sun is peeping forth, and is sending a cold but welcome greeting to the cheerless earth. Through the window a pale gleam comes, and, lighting on the bride, "gives her good-morrow."

"Is not that a very delicate attention on the part of the sun?" she says, gayly. "We are going to have a charming evening. Do you feel as if you had just been married, Ken? —I don't a bit."

"I do," says Dugdale. "We are married — irretrievably so."

"What a dismal tone!" says Gretchen, with a merry laugh. "I don't think you are a very flattering bridegroom. And, now I am your wife, I warn you I shall be a fearful tyrant, and I shall forbid any tones but those of the sweetest description. I think I shall run out and see if there are any violets in your—in my garden. Oh, I wonder where Hardy put my garden hat this morning? I hope she hasn't forgotten it. You see" — saucily — "I am making myself quite at home."

"Have you really no regret?" asks he, earnestly, as though in secret wonder, yet evidently greatly cheered by the brightness and gladness of her manner. "No longing for something in your old life that I cannot give you?"

"Well, to make humble confession, there really is one thing," says Mrs. Dugdale, demurely; "I have a solitary regret, but it is a supreme one; I left a whole box of the most enchanting burnt almonds upon my dressing table this morning that Dandy brought me from town, and I know I shall never see them again, as Brandy and Flora will eat them. Is it not heart-rending? When I think of it I could almost 'weep my spirit from mine eyes.'"

"You certainly are an afflicted being," says Kenneth, and then they both laugh, and Gretchen begins to wonder when luncheon will be ready, as she really ate nothing at the dejeuner an hour ago, and is now very hungry indeed.

So tenderly, so sweetly, so merrily does she play her part that Dugdale's heart revives, and a blessed peace and a happiness beyond all words fill his breast.

(To Be Continued.)

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Leading People.

Some very large insurances have been effected at Lloyd's on the King's life—one being for £20,000—in view of the Coronation. The risks undertaken by eight large insurance offices under this head amount to £400,000.

Josef Hofmann is more than a piano player. He is an expert mechanic and an inventor as well. He has just secured at Washington a patent right for an improvement on a steam engine. This is the second patent that the young pianist has taken out this year.

The Right Hon. Richard Seddon, New Zealand's Premier, was born in Lancashire, and emigrated to the Antipodes at the age of eighteen. He was brought up to the trade of a mechanical engineer, and is entirely a self-made man, who has in his time been both innkeeper and labor leader.

The most marvellous shot in the world is M. Gaston Bordeverry, now appearing in London. Taking several repeating carbines, and standing ten yards from the piano, he "plays," or, to speak strictly, he shoots, in a very brilliant style, a complicated selection from "Cavalleria Rusticana." The piano is "armoured" for its novel experience.

An amusing story is related of the late Hungarian statesman, Tisza, who, when one day driving at the Hofburg with the Emperor, placed a large pear upon his plate at dessert. The Emperor remarked to his Minister that cold fruit after a hot dinner was injurious to the digestion. Tisza replied, "The stomach of a Hungarian Premier, your Majesty is obliged to be a strong one."

From childhood the King of Italy has been familiar with English, as he had an Anglo-Saxon governess to whom he was deeply attached. Since then he has shown great aptitude as a linguist, and he is proficient in most of the languages spoken in Europe. On a tour through the Continent King Victor was able to address all the personages whose hospitality he enjoyed in their own language.

The King and Queen show their affection for their horses in a curious way. When a favorite dies its hoofs are cut off and polished, and the horse's name is inscribed on each hoof. These are placed in a row in one of the harness-rooms at Sandringham. On the wall above are photographs or prints of the owners of the hoofs. Their Majesties have favorite dogs as well as horses. Against a wall at the back of their residence at Sandringham may be seen a stone, "To the memory of dear old Rover."

Lord Charles Beresford, one of the most popular Admirals in the royal navy, became a midshipman when only thirteen years of age, and accompanied King Edward as naval aide-de-camp when the latter visited India in 1875. Lord Charles is a splendid swimmer, and obtained the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society for having in several instances jumped overboard and saved lives at sea. On one of these occasions he was attired in his shooting clothes and his pockets were full of heavy cartridges.

Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice of England, was once in a cab collision near the Law Courts, and on alighting he gave his cabman his card in case he should be wanted as a witness. The case came on, and the great lawyer, on entering the court, was asked to take a seat near the bench. The verdict was given in his cabman's favor, and when Lord Alverstone went out there stood the cabby waiting for him. "Jump in, sir," he said; "I'll drive yer anywheres. I knowed it 'ud be all right when I saw yer up there squaring the beak.

Edison, the famous electrician, one day, after spending many hours in his laboratory engrossed in an experiment, joined one of his assistants at luncheon in an adjoining room. When he had helped himself he sat before his untouched plate, brooding over his problem, until he began to nod from weariness and fell asleep. While his employer was sleeping the assistant removed his full plate and substituted an empty one. Edison, on waking, looked at the empty plate, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. "Dear me!" he said at last, as he rose to leave the room. "I'm hanged if I haven't eaten my lunch and forgotten all about it!"

Sir Edward Gourley, who died in England the other day, was the son of poor parents, and he began life in Sunderland as an office-boy at the age of thirteen. Nine years later he started in business for himself as a ship-chandler; but in a short time he commenced his career as a shipowner, in conjunction with his father (who had risen from being a seaman to be captain of his own ship) and his uncle. Sir Edward flourished exceedingly, and he ultimately invested largely in steam shipping. By the time he was thirty he was one of the leading public men of Sunderland, and before he was fifty he had three times served the office of mayor. Sir Edward sat for Sunderland as a decided Radical from 1868 until 1900, when he retired from public life.

DIVIDE ONE BY A HALF.

If you ask the man in the street the simple question, What is 1 divided by a half? he will either reply that the operation is an impossible one, or that the answer is a half. When you point out that 1 divided by 2 is a half, he will see that there is something wrong somewhere, but will still be quite unable to give the right answer. When you tell him that the answer is 2, he will either accept the assertion without understanding it, or will dispute it tooth and nail. If you attempt to convince him of his error, you will find it is not at all an easy task. His mistake arises through the confounding of two distinct ideas—namely, 1 divided into two, and 1 divided by two. One divided into two is 1 divided into two parts, each part containing a half. One divided by 2 is the ratio of 1 to 2, or the number of times 2 is contained in 1. To anyone who has thought the matter out this seems clear enough, but to the man in the street it is sheer nonsense, and he will tell you so.

John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, holds the greatest amount in life insurance policy held by any individual. His total insurances aggregate $1,300,000.

BOX PLAITED WAIST.

Box plaits make the latest of fashions decrees, and are seen upon the most exclusive gowns. The stylish waist illustrated shows them to advantage, and is well adapted to many materials. As shown it is made of ecru veiling, with cream Irish crochet over white and bands of black velvet ribbon slipped under the plaits, but all the season's soft and fascinating colors and all pliable materials, wool, silk, linen and cotton, are appropriate. The trimming can be black or colored velvet, ribbon, lace insertion or fancy braid, or can be omitted altogether.

The foundation, or fitted lining, closes at the centre front. The waist proper is arranged over it, but closes invisibly beneath the box plait. Both front and and back are plaited for their entire length. The fronts are gathered at the waist to produce becoming folds, but the plaits of the back leave no fulness, and are arranged on lines that give the desired tapering effect. The square yoke is attached to the lining at the right side and closed with the waist at the left. The sleeves are novel and becoming. The upper portions are box-plaited from the shoulders nearly to the elbows, and fall free to form soft puffs. Below them are snugly-fitting portions cut in points at the hands, but these last can be omitted and the sleeves cut off at elbow length. The trimming is slipped under the plaits, through slits cut at their underfolds.

To cut this waist in the medium size 3 1-2 yards of material 21 inches wide, 3 yards 27 inches wide, 2 1-2 yards 32 inches wide, 2 yards 44 inches will be required, with 1 1-4 yards of all-over lace for yoke, collar and under portions of sleeves.

WOMAN'S FORTITUDE.

SEVERELY TRIED BY AILMENTS PECULIAR TO HER SEX.

Ordinary Medicine Will Not Cure Because it Merely Touches the Symptoms—How to Get at the Root of the Trouble.

Behind the veil of her womanly modesty and fortitude, nearly every woman suffers indescribably from time to time, and continues to suffer in spite of all her efforts, because ordinary medicine is powerless to do good in such cases. Ordinary medicine may give temporary relief—even a purgative may do that—but the one great medical discovery capable of permanently curing and preventing a return of the ailment is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are not an ordinary medicine; they are not a patent medicine, but the prescription of a regularly practising physician who used them in his private practice for years before they were given to the public under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are the best medicine for man, the only medicine for woman. Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N.W.T., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me many a dollar in doctors' bills. For some years I was greatly afflicted with ailments that make the life of so many of my sex miserable. I tried many medicines but found no relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have made me feel like a new person; the almost continuous suffering I endured has passed away and life no longer seems a burden. I know of a number of other women who have been similarly benefited and I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills worth their weight in gold to those who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

The happiness of health for both men and women lies in the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which act as a nerve tonic and supply new blood to enfeebled systems. They have cured many thousands of cases of anaemia, "decline," consumption, pains in the back, neuralgia, depression of spirits, heart palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance and partial paralysis. But substitutes should be avoided if you value your health; see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A BLOW AT CUPID.

"It was pretty hard to have the honeymoon clouded before we had been married two hours," complained a newly married man. "Fact is, though, the excitement of the wedding-day took away the little sense I had remaining.

"We were married at noon, and after dodging the customary rice and old shoes, left for the station. We had barely time to catch our train, and I rushed up to the ticket window at once. Then, once more, we had to run the gauntlet of friends, who think it smart to throw rice down one's collar and have it sift down into one's shoes.

"We got into the train at last, and when it started I heaved a sigh of relief. When the collector came round for the tickets, I handed mine over. After looking at it for a moment, he asked me if the lady was travelling with me.

"That was the last straw, and I snapped out for him to mind his own business.

"That is what I am trying to do," he answered, coolly. 'One more ticket, please.'

"Then it flashed upon me that in the hurry and excitement of the moment I had forgotten that I had a wife. I paid the other fare and tried to laugh it off, but the look that my wife gave me will linger with me as long as I live. It took me two hours to argue her out of the impression that I didn't love her any more, and she isn't fully satisfied yet."

"I strongly object to the custom of christening ships with champagne," said the temperance advocate. "I don't," replied the other man; "I think there's a temperance lesson in it." "How can that be?" "Well, directly after her first taste of wine the ship takes to water and sticks to it ever after!"

Willy: "I met our new minister on my way to Sunday School, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday." Mother: "H'm! And what did you say to that?" Willy: "I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' and walked right off and left him."

Minard's Liniment Is the best

What shrunk your woolens?
Why did holes wear so soon?
You used common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

About the ....House

STRAWBERRY RECIPES.

Strawberry Sun Preserves. —It is a curious fact not well known to scientific folk, and model housewives that the direct action of the sun is at once surer and more satisfactory than that of any other known heat. A tradition well known in Virginia cookery is how to preserve strawberries in the sun in place of over the stove. The berries treated after the following recipe are both richer and more perfect than those prepared other ways. The object of the glass is, of course, only that of concentrating the heat while the peculiar purity of the sweetness combined with the succulent redness in this sun-cooked preserve gives a suggestion of some oriental conserve. The berries seem to be permeated with the sun's sweetness in addition to their own, and the syrup becomes rich, pure and clear. The Virginia rule requires three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of strawberries. The sugar is mixed with just enough water to wet it and put on to boil. It is to be taken off before it thickens much and poured over the strawberries. Then the berries are set in the sun two days, covered with a pane of glass. They are occasionally stirred. On the third day pour off the syrup and boil it again. It will be found much thinned by the juice of the fruit. While boiling drop in a lump of alum the size of the top of your little finger. Pour the hot syrup over the berries and set in the sun again under glass. The next day pour all into the preserving kettle and boil until the berries plump up. Then set in the sun again for a day. The next morning seat and preserve in small jars with brandied paper on top. Strawberries preserved in this manner never mold or ferment. They are excellent for roll pudding, for filling tarts, for layer cakes, to serve with custards and can be eaten for any meal when a sweet is required.

Strawberry Preserve. — Measure fine large berries after hulling them. To each quart of berries allow a quart of fine, white sugar. Put the fruit and the sugar in a preserving kettle in alternate layers. Let the berries and sugar stand over night. In the morning cook slowly without stirring until the liquid is clear and the fruit soft. Skim thoroughly and pack in jars. Heat the jars by filling them with water, then stand the pan on the range and let the water heat slowly. By this means all danger of cracking will be avoided. Fill the hot jars with the preserves to the very brim; then screw on the tops loosely and let stand until cool. When cool tighten the tops and store in a cool closet.

Strawberry Jam. — Hull the fruit, then weigh it and allow one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Mash the berries and put them in a preserving kettle with one-quarter of the sugar. When the fruit boils add another quarter of the sugar, boil again, add a second quarter of sugar, and repeat the process until the entire quantity is exhausted. Then let the fruit and sugar boil together until the jam hardens on the spoon when exposed to the air. Pack in jars as directed for the preserved fruit.

Canned Strawberries. — Fill a quart jar with large, ripe berries, from which the hulls have been taken; fill the jar with cold water; then pour it hot again into a measure. For every twelve jars to be put up use thirteen of these measures of water and in it dissolve six pounds of sugar. Pack the jar with berries as closely as possible without mashing them. Fill each jar up to the shoulder with syrup, cover it loosely with the lid and set in a large boiler, which should have a closely fitting wooden bottom pierced with holes. If set on the metal bottom the jars are liable to crack. When the boiler is full of jars pour in cold water up to theri shoulders, cover it and set it on the fire. At the same time put the surplus syrup in a saucepan and allow it to become hot. As soon as the water in the boiler begins to boil note the time, and when it has boiled for eight minutes remove the boiler from the fire. Take out one jar at a time, fill it even with the hot syrup in the saucepan, fasten it airtight and put it back in the boiler. When all are filled and covered let them stand in water until cold, then store in a cool place until wanted.

Strawberry Jelly. — To condense and preserve the berry flavor for use when the fresh fruit is not to be had, allow three pounds of sugar and the juice of one lemon to each quart of strawberry juice. Stir all together until a clear syrup is formed. Fill jelly glasses with metal screw tops with syrup and proceed as directed for canned strawberries, letting the water boil thirty minutes in place of eight.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

When wooden tubs or pails have to stand for some time, instead of filling them with water, which is sure to become stagnant, try painting them over with glycerine. The wood will not shrink until the glycerine dries on and that will not happen for months.

If the tea kettle, or a pan or basin boils dry, pour boiling water into it; never cold water. If done at once this will prevent cracking.

Sometimes an umbrella that begins to show tiny cracks and pinholes may be mended at home. Open the umbrella and hold it up to the light. Mend the holes on the inside with black silk courtplaster cut slightly larger than the holes. Sun umbrellas and parasols are more effectively mended in this way than umbrellas, which sometimes require a repetition of the mending after being thoroughly wet.

Many "mysterious fires" might be traced to the gnawing of broken, unlighted matches thrown into waste paper baskets, by rats or mice. Almost equally dangerous is the careless habit of dropping the burnt match before the fire is entirely out of it.

In adding flour to gravies, always use a flour-dredger and there will be no lumps in the gravy.

When the seats of cane chairs begin to sag, turn them upside down and wash the wrong or underside of the cane with a strong lather of soapsuds in which you have put a little vinegar. When thoroughly saturated, wipe off the moisture and set aside till perfectly dry, and the seat will be as firm as when new.

A correspondent says gilt frames can be cleaned by rubbing, gently, with half of a juicy onion. Set aside for an hour or two. Apply a cloth wet with tepid rain water, then dry immediately by pressing with a soft linen cloth until dry.

Cooking with sour cream is always a little "ticklish" because the cream varies so much in acidity. Half a level teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of hot water to a cup of cream is a fair average allowance; if the cream is very sour increase the quantity of soda, and if very thick, the amount of water.

Eggs for winter use are most easily kept in dry salt. They are fully as good as the limed eggs, and much less trouble to fix.

TO WASH BLANKETS.

When washing blankets one should use good homemade soft soap, if it is possible to procure it, and then you can be sure that it does not contain resin, which hardens the fibres in wool. This is true of all flannels, and so a little homemade soft soap should always be kept on hand during the season when they must be washed. Use neither soda nor potash in the water, for they injure flannels almost as much as resin. If the water is hard, soften it with ammonia and borax. Dissolve the soap in the water instead of putting it on the blankets. With these precautions either hot or cold water may be used, but be sure to rinse the blankets in water of the same temperature as that in which they were washed. It is a good plan to wash them on a very windy day, for they are always fluffier if snapped until nearly dry, and this is not easily done by hand.

Blankets should never be put away dirty. If they are not badly soiled they may be hung on the line for several days in succession, and thus become cleansed sufficiently for packing. If they are new, and have not been used close to the body, they may be cleansed with gasoline; but in most cases they should have a good washing in soap suds.

REUBEN DRAPER.

FEW MEN HAVE HAD SUCH A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

A Quebec Gentleman Who Relates an Interesting Story of a Narrow Escape—Happy Deliverance Just in the Nick of Time.

Bristol, Que., June 9.—(Special)—There are not many men or women alive to-day who have passed through such a terrible trial as Mr. R. Draper of this place. Mr. Draper says:

"About four years ago I was taken ill with what I thought was Gravel.

"I was suffering great pain so I sent for the doctor, he gave me some medicine and said he would call again.

"He came twice more and charged me fifteen dollars. I was a little better but not at all well, and in a short time after I took another bad spell.

"This time I sent for another doctor, with about the same results, only I was getting weaker all the time.

"Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for he said they had cured his mother.

"I thought I would try them and I got a box and commenced to take them right away.

"In just one week after I had taken in the first dose, I passed a stone as large as a bean, and in four days after I passed another about the size of a grain of barley.

"This gave me great relief and I commenced to feel better at once.

"The improvement continued and I gained strength very rapidly until in a short time I was as well as ever.

"This is over four years ago, and I have not had the slightest return of the trouble since, so that I know now that my cure was an absolute and permanent one."

Mrs. Cavebread was entertaining some ladies at a select five o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been exceptionally well behaved, was in high feather. "Ma," he said, as cake was being handed round, "may I have some tongue, please?" "There isn't any tongue, Bobby." "That's funny," commented Bobby; "I heard pa say there would be lots of it."

"But you are taking considerable risk in letting your young men owe two or three weeks' board." "Yes, there is some risk," answered the boarding-house-keeper. "But, then, you see, they worry over it so that they lose their appetites; so I save money in the long run."

WHEELING AGAIN IN FAVOR

ACKNOWLEDGED THE BEST THING AS A LABOR SAVER.

Thousands Using the Bicycle Throughout the Country.

It took the public nearly three years to realize just what a useful article a bicycle is. At one time wheeling amounted to a positive craze. The uniqueness of the machine itself appealed to the fancy of nearly everyone. Two years ago many tired of it as a novelty and all of us since then gradually began to feel that it was an invaluable convenience for covering distances, saving time and money, and was positively unequalled as a vehicle for exercise pleasant to take. This is given generally as the reason for what is known as the bicycle revival.

The cities have not alone wakened up to appreciate the good qualities of the wheel, but throughout the country districts there has been a remarkable movement, a movement indeed more easily understood than that in the cities, where means of transportation are many. It is safe to say that there is nothing so absolutely useful as a bicycle on a farm, where the post office or one's friendly neighbor are several miles away; and the price of the best wheel is now within easy reach of any pocketbook.

A GOOD CHANCE TO GET A WHEEL.

If you want one of the best wheels made anywhere on earth, "Cleveland," "Massey-Harris," Brantford," or "Perfect," write, to the Canada Cycle & Motor Co., 34 King St. West, for particulars of June proposition. Write to-day.

Ida: "Do you remember that girl who went to see a gipsy, and asked what kind of hair her future husband would have?" May: "Yes." Ida: "And the gipsy said she was almost baffled; that the cards indicated he would have hair of every shade imaginable?" Mary: "Yes." Ida: "Well, the fortune came true. She has just married a dealer in wigs."

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer

In Australia, with one exception of the dingo, or wild dog, there is no beast of prey.

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe

"Women shouldn't vote on prohibition"
They naturally think Blue Ribbon
Tea is good enough for anybody.
Can you blame them?

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

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.

Paint It Well

It costs just as much to put on poor paint as it does pure paint. It costs more because it is harder to work. Buy good paint, but don't pay any more than you need to pay. Buy

Ramsay's Paints

and you get the oldest and best known paints in Canada, brought to perfection with 60 years' experience in the best materials that go to make the best paint. Easy to work, durable, fair price for best goods, handy cans.

Drop us a card and ask for BOOKLET "K" FREE, showing how some homes are painted.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Estab. 1842 Paint Makers
MONTREAL

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

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

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

For Sale by All First Class Dealers.

HANGING FLOUNCES.

A woman who treats her clothes with beautiful care, says that for hanging silk petticoats, or skirts of silk, chiffon, net or anything adorned with flounces, she sews three or four loops along under the facing of the skirt, rather than in the waist belt, by which the average woman hangs her clothes. She claims when flounces are hung up the opposite way from that in which they are worn they are freshened and take on a new lease of life.

Fish that swim at a depth of 100 fathoms are subjected to a pressure of 259 pounds to the square inch. The atmospheric pressure at sea-level is only 15 pounds to the inch.

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.

WHERE EGGS PAY THE RENT.

In these days, when everybody is crying out upon the scarcity of hen's eggs, it is interesting to know that in some parts of Peru, notably in the province of Jauja, the fruit of the hen is calculated as small change. From forty to fifty eggs, the number varying according as they are plentiful or scarce, are counted as two to twelve cents of our money. In the market places and in the shops the Indians make the most of their purchases in this brittle sort of money. One will give two or three eggs for a drink of the fiery native brandy called "pisco," three more for a villainous native cigar, and can have a regular orgie on a dozen eggs. These eggs are packed in boxes by the shopkeepers, and shipped as soon as possible to Lima, the Peruvian capital. From Jauja alone several thousand cart-loads of eggs are shipped annually to Lima and Callac. The eggs are brought into the town of Jauja by the Indians from all the region around about, and the shopkeepers insist upon their being fresh. A shopkeeper in Juaja can tell an aged egg (and will reject it) as readily as a bank cashier can detect a counterfeit coin.

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.

In 1878 there were 45 deaths per million due to intemperance. To-day there are 77 per million.

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

16 in every 1,000 lunatics in Great Britain become insane over love affairs.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

Lancashire has more railways than any similar area of land in the world.

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

The best ivory comes from Zanzibar; the next quality from Ceylon.

WIRE WOUNDS.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until, after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all the hair is growing well, and is not white, as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.
Weymouth.

The United Kingdom uses three million gallons of scent yearly.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism

1,490 deaths occur yearly from fire in England and Wales.

The largest stud of horses kept by any private individual of late years was owned by Mr. Oppenheimer, of Hanover, in whose stables 600 horses stood five years ago.

W P C. 1132

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.
CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.
Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums.

A BURNT CHILD
Often carries a scar all through life. Clieadine heals Burns, Sunburn or any inflammation. Pain relieved at once and no scar left, if promptly applied.
25c. Druggists, or Clieadine Co., Toronto.
Money refunded if not satisfactory.

NO HUMBUG A PERFECT INSTRUMENT.
Humane Swine V, Stock Marker and Calf Dehorner. Stops swine of all ages from rooting. Makes 48 different ear marks, all sizes, with same blade. Extracts Horns. Testimonials free. Price $1.50 or send $1 for trial; if it works, send balance. Pat'd U.S. May 6, '02 for 17 yrs; Canada Dec. 17, '01, 18 yrs. FARMER BRIGHTON, Fairfield, Iowa, U.S.

FITS EPILEPSY

FREE SAMPLE OF LIEBIG'S FIT CURE.
If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance, or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable Treatise, and try it. The sample bottle will be sent by mail, prepaid, to your nearest Post Office address. It has cured where everything else has failed. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to THE LIEBIG CO., 179 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, CANADA.

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A preparation made from crude BEAUMONT TEXAS OIL. Greatest medical discovery of recent years. A sure and speedy cure for all throat, bronchial and lung diseases, consumption in its earlier stages, and rheumatism.
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