

U.S. AND CANADA.

Large Increase in Trade
Between the two Coun-
tries.

Commerce between the United States and Canada was larger in fiscal year just ended than in any preceding year. This is true both as to imports and exports.

The figures of the year's commerce, presented by the department of commerce and labor, though the bureau of statistics show that the imports from Canada amounting to \$54,660,410 and the exports to Canada \$123,472,416. In this term is included British Columbia, Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick.

Of the imports of the year, \$88,000,000, speaking in round terms, were from Quebec and Ontario \$10,000,000 from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and \$6,000,000 from British Columbia. Of the exports \$110,000,000 were to Quebec and Ontario, \$7,000,000 to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and \$6,900,000 to British Columbia.

Both to imports and exports, the total of the year's commerce with Canada was larger than any preceding year. Imports never before reached so much as \$50,000,000 save in one exceptional year, 1881, when they barely touched the \$50,000,000 mark. In 1902 they were \$43,076,124, in 1903, they were, as already indicated, \$54,660,410.

The exports to Canada never, reached so much as \$100,000,000 until 1901, when they were \$105,000,000, and in 1903, as already stated, they were \$123,472,416.

The figures of growth in the exports from the United States to Canada are especially interesting in view of the fact that the Canadian tariff has given to the products and manufactures of the United Kingdom and most of her colonies a reduction of 12 1/2 per cent. in the tariff rates since April, 1897; 25 per cent. from August, 1898 to July 1, 1900, and since that date a reduction of 33 per cent. Yet it was during that period that the most rapid growth in the exports from the United States to Canada occurred.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, the exports from the United States to Canada were \$65,000,000 yet they have increased to \$123,000,000 in 1903. This is an increase of 90 per cent., while the increase in the total exports meantime has been about 40 per cent.

ANOTHER BRITISH VICTORY.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—Despatches received at the colonial office today from Zungur, Northern Nigeria, dated Aug. 17, give details of the destruction of the town of Burmi by a British force of thirty white and five hundred native rank and file. The enemy's loss was 700 killed including the former Sultan of Sokoto and a majority of the chiefs. The British loss was eleven men killed, including one officer and 62 men. The enemy made a desperate house to house resistance.

STANTON'S
PAIN-RELIEF

An INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL Remedy for the Immediate Relief and Cure of

Rheumatism, Cramps, Colic, Sore Throat, Diarrhea, Faceache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Neuralgia, Lumbago, etc., etc.

This is an internal and external Family Remedy, carefully calculated for general use, and should be kept in every household and in every traveler's grip-sack—do not overlook the fact that immediate attention to any ailment will save serious trouble, worry and expense. When a medical man is not at hand STANTON'S will do the work.

Soothe you and give you instant relief.

For sale everywhere. Price, 25 cts per bottle.

McGILL'S BUTTERNUT PILLS
Cure Habitual Constipation,
Tender Liver, Sick Headache.

For sale everywhere, 50 cts per box or by mail on receipt of price.

Sole Proprietors, THE WINGHAM CHEMICAL Co. Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Binks—I see Edison says it hurts his eyes to look at the X ray.

Jinks—He ought to look at the X ray whilst on the summer, girl and rest his eyes.

Grampa, what is a morganatic marriage?

A morganatic marriage? H'm. That must be a marriage for money.

Foreign countries seem to adulterate food about as much as we do here. We are all miserable sinners.

Slinks—Yes, sir, I insist that all water used for drinking should be boiled at least half an hour.

Dinks—You are a physician, I presume.

Slinks—No, I am a coal dealer.

An Indiana woman who lost her voice several years ago was struck by lightning recently, and the shock restored her speech. They say she hasn't stopped talking yet.

Her husband must have been glad. I s'pose so; but all the other men are roasting him good because he didn't have any lightning rods on his house.

Mrs. Sharp—What is a great stout, healthy man like you begging for?

Bulky Butters—Only two cents, mum.

HER ONE
DAY OFF

By May Everett Glover

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She was such a little woman, and he was a very large man. He first noticed her when the crowd began pushing toward the reviewing stand, and he could not help thinking that it must be hard for her to keep on her feet. Just then the parade was heard approaching, and again there was great pushing, in spite of the warnings of the policeman. The large man found himself just behind her. When the disappointed crowd swayed from the other direction, she was suddenly crowded against him.

"Look out there!" he exclaimed to the man next to her. "Careful! You are crowding this lady!"

Then she felt an arm protectively around her. "Excuse me, madam, but I am not going to let them crush a little mite like you."

There was such a free heartiness blended with anxiety in his tone that she laughed in spite of her indignation at the liberty he had taken.

"Thank you," she said when the crush was over and she had been released. She looked up for the first time into the dark, handsome face under the wide brimmed hat, which spoke so plainly of the west. "A cowboy?" she thought. "I suppose that he has been one of the rough riders."

"No thanks needed in a crowd like this. I think it is a— Then he paused, and his dark eyes scanned her questioningly. She felt her face flush.

"Excuse me, have I ever seen you before?" he asked. "Oh, I know you! You are Anna! Beg pardon, I mean Miss Reynolds—Mrs. Bains' cousin."

"Mrs. Bains? Oh, Mrs. Bains used to be Phil— I mean Mr. Edmunds," she said in surprise.

"Yes, Edmunds is my name, but I am Phil." And there was a twinkle in the dark eyes. "I am glad that I found you today. I have your address and wanted to call on you. I promised Mrs. Bains that I would—I wanted to anyway—but after I got here I— He hesitated an instant. "Well, I just dreaded it. I am not used to ladies and never could get along very well with them." He laughed bashfully.

"So you were afraid to call. I don't think that I should have frightened you, do you?" She smiled.

"No, not at all, but I didn't know. I had an idea that you were very independent and wouldn't want to see a rough fellow like me, and I didn't know how you would treat me."

"Mrs. Bains wrote me that you were east on business and would call to see me and tell me all about them," she said pleasantly. "But it was strange that we should meet in this crowd and you should recognize me. I was going with some friends, but in some way we missed one another."

"You are alone then? Good! I may take care of you today, may I not?" he asked eagerly.

She looked rather surprised.

"You see, we are not strangers," he said apologetically. "I have heard of Cousin Anna for years, and I have looked at your picture dozens of times. Say, I like that last one of you with that fluffy thing around you neck—I don't know what you call it. I wanted that picture the worst kind, but Mrs. Bains wouldn't give it to me, and when I took it she made me bring it back."

She laughed. Somehow she could not feel provoked with him, as she would have done with any one else. There was a ring of sincerity in his tone that made her feel instinctively that she could trust him. She was rather prepared for his abrupt way, for Mrs.

Bains had written:

"You will find that Phil is like a boy and blurs out what he thinks. He is not at all used to mixed society, but he has a high opinion of women. He has said some very nice things. He is quite wealthy, and no one stands higher in this town than he does."

"You may take care of me today. It will be a new experience. I am not used to being taken care of," she said after a pause.

"That is all right. Do you want me to look after you?"

"I am glad that you know them. I have not seen them for so long."

"They want me to go with you to come along home with me. You will, won't you?"

"I couldn't think of taking such a long vacation. You know that I am a business woman."

"Couldn't you have some business at home?" he asked anxiously.

"I might have called," she laughed. "What do you think of New York?"

"There wouldn't be much pasture," he said, glancing around at the pushing, swaying crowd. "I have not been here for years—not since the year I graduated from college and thought that I knew everything," he laughed.

"It was as if I had never touched with all these high buildings and crowds of people. I will be glad when I get back on my ranch again, where I have room to breathe."

In some way she felt unusually free. There was something about him that made her feel that she was really being taken care of. It was a new sensation to have some one help her over stairs, on cars and pilot her through crowds. They laughed and chatted like a couple of children suddenly let loose from school. They even stopped at a corner and bought peanuts and munched them as they walked, a proceeding that would have shocked her an hour before.

She could not help wondering what her friends would say if they should see her.

"Here I had an idea that you would not be at all sociable with a fellow," he said, and I think that you are just fine. I am sorry that I did not come around and get acquainted sooner."

She looked up gratefully. They were waiting for the exhibition of fireworks, and he had found her a seat where they could have a good view and not be jostled by the crowd.

"I certainly shall remember this day," she said.

"I know that I shall," and there was a strange look on his dark, handsome face.

"I will think of it when I get lonely," she said slowly, as if half to herself.

"Do you ever get lonely?" he asked.

"Sometimes. I think that there is no place where a person can get as lonely as in a large city. Of course I have my work, but there are times when I feel it very much." Her voice trembled in spite of herself. "There," she exclaimed suddenly. "You are the first person to whom I have ever acknowledged that I ever got lonely," she laughed.

He leaned over and brushed a fallen leaf from her hair.

"You see, this has been my one day off, and it has spoiled me. I do not often give up a day to pleasure."

They were silent for a few minutes. Cheer after cheer went up from the crowd as the brilliant fireworks shot high in the air, but they did not seem to see them.

"Do you know that?" he suddenly paused—"I will get lonely too when I am on my ranch and think of you here, and I just can't go home without you. There it is out!" he said impulsively.

"Anna, won't you go with me? I have never cared for any one before, but I think I have been loving you for years. I have known it for a long time. I heard so much about you and I learned to love your picture, but when I got here I could not summon up courage enough to call. I know that I am abrupt and not used to society; but, Anna, will you marry me and go home with me?"

"I do love you."

It was nearly dark, and those around were taking care of their own affairs. He leaned close to her. "I know that it is a great deal to ask you to give up everything here and go on a ranch, but I will try to take good care of you and do all that I can to make you happy," he said pleadingly.

She did not answer. He waited a few minutes.

"Forgive me, Miss Reynolds," he said, a new dignity in his tone. "I must be wild to think for a moment that you would ever dream of marrying me." His voice trembled. "I can't help loving you, but you must forget it. I thank you for the pleasure that you have given me today. It will be the one bright spot in my life. I shall often think of it."

Still she was silent. She was living the years to come—the days with her books and papers, the lonely hours she must spend and the longing that she would feel to have some one to care for her in spite of all her talk of womanly independence. And then she seemed to feel that protecting arm that had been slipped so unceremoniously around her in the crowd and the strong hand that had guided her. She asked herself if it had been only for a day that she had been so taken care of, and she knew that she would miss it on the morrow unless— She looked up at the man who had come so suddenly into her life and in whom she felt perfect trust, who would make her life so different if she would only allow him to do so, and then—she slipped her hand in his.

"I'll go with you, Phil," she whispered. "I don't believe that I can get along without you. I'll miss you so."

Indications of
Nerve Exhaustion

Severe attacks of headache, dizziness, and pain in the back—after work by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Hosts of women who suffer from a run-down system neglect to cure themselves, believing that they are only tired and not knowing that their vigor and strength are being lost at an enormous rate. With the help of the day become a burden and you feel like putting them off, you should not neglect these alarming symptoms, and profit by the experience of Mrs. Harrison.

Mrs. Harrison, 734 Victoria Street, Kingston, Ont., states:—

"For some time I have been troubled with pains in my back which interfered with my work. At times I had dizzy feelings in my head and would suffer from severe headaches. I can honestly endorse Dr. Chase's Nerve Food because it has entirely freed me of these distressing symptoms and so built up my system that I now feel real well."

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his medicine.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

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A HEAVY IRONING

BEE STARCH.

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