THE LONDON ADVERTISER, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11.

Your doctor will tell you

10

that the first thing needed to cure most all ailments is to get the stomach and bowels properly performing their required duties. Also that your system will be practically free from ordinary ills if you keep these organs in healthful action.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

the perfect tonic-laxative, will do this for you. It will not only cure the constipated condition of your bowels but it also strengthens all the organs of digestion and prevents the return of such an unhealthful condition.

All druggists sell ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT, 25c. and 6oc. a bottle.



It was still quite early in the day, for Mr. Grode was accustomed to go about his business betimes. Now it used once upon a time to be considered that it is the early bird that picks up the worm. Of all worms in the world with whom he wished to meet, Nathan Levi stood first in the catalogue. And-could he believe his own eyes?-there he was, or else his twin brother, passing a door in Bean street close to the door of which sat Pearl, as I choose to call her now, who greeted him with a nod that seemed to say, "Good morning, Nathan Levi!" And yet could that ragged, foul-looking, miserable old-clothesman, prowling about the back-siums of Soho, be posessed of the great Kandahar Emerald, upon which millions might be raised at any given mo-

the great Kandahar Emerald, upon which millions might be raised at any given mo-ment? Had he born the least resem-blance to more ordinary human beings. Mr. Grode would most certainly not have believed his own eyes. But that there should be two such monsters in the world would be a greater miracle than that Mr. Grode should be deceived. So he weighed probabilities, and came to the only conclusion open to him-namely, that he saw Levi in the very flesh be-fore him. At any cost he must be tracked and

that he saw Levi in the very fiesh be-fore him. At any cost he must be tracked and followed at once, even if the meeting with his long-lost daughter had to be postponed for a month to come. Such chances do not come to a man twice in a year. Most men would have found a difficulty in finding an excuse ready to hand. But Mr. Grode was a man of re-source in practical difficulties, and did not much care about being considered wanting in sentiment. He looked at his watch suddenly. "Ah," he said, with a deep sigh. "there is the dear girl herself-poor child! What a thing is the feelings of a father! There she is—and I have a most important engagement—business— in just thirty-two minutes. Go you and prepare her—I shall be back in an hour. If I'm not, then take her home. She will find a father's arms open to receive her— a father is till then, God bless you both!" Arthur, who had not as yet experienced the feelings of a father, stared at him with surprise. He certainly did not ad-mire the feelings of a man of business, and congratulated himself more than ever upon not having entered upon a career in which they were acquired. However, he could only accept it as a

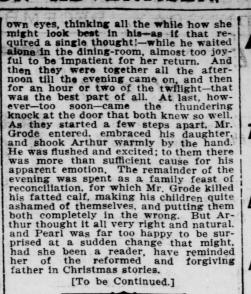
a treasure might turn out to be of im-portance one of these days. The arched passage in question led into the small back court which has already been men-tioned; and so far he seemed to have learnable. Faint and exhausted, he was on the point of turning homeward, when he saw the gleam of a candle shining through a blindless window and reflect-ing itself feebly upon the chips of broken glass and oyster-shell that formed part of the heap of dust and offal. He went up to the window, and saw

of the heap of dust and offal. He went up to the window, and saw what the reader has already seen-he saw, shining before him, in as much splendor as it could borrow from a single wax taper, the glory of the Great Emer-ald of Kandahar. For more than an instant he stood as if he were chained to the spot, not seeing what Levi saw, but, nevertheless, gloat-ing over and drinking in what he did see with greedy eyes. He forgot at once his

with greedy eyes. He forgot at once his bodily hunger and fatigue in the excite-ment of being so near, almost within arm's reach, of the object of the lust of his soul. With only three miserable panes of glass between him and the jewel, it is almost wonderful that he did not yield to the sudden termitation that pewer, it is almost wondertur that he that not yield to the sudden temptation that fell upon him in the first moment of his fascination to dash the window to pleces with his fist, to spring into the room, to send the hunchback flying, against the wall, to snatch the Emerald from his hands, and to run with it to Count An-drees before its nurchaser knew whether dreas before its purchaser knew whether he was upon his head or upon his heels. It would have been easy to a strong and active man like him as the rating of an work the must most infallibly have evelid. He must most infallibly have yielded to it had not the moon at that moment peeped out from behind a cloud, and for an instant thrown his portly shadow through the window upon the floor of the room.

and for an instant thrown his portly shadow through the window upon the floor of the room. The effect upon the Jew was something fearful to behold. His lower jaw dropped still lower upon his breast, his hair liter-ally bristled up on end, as though an electric current had passed through it with full force, and he started up in a paroxysm of terror as he thrust the ruler of his life into his capacious mouth, pre-nared to swallow it, if need were, rather pared to swallow it, if need were, rather than allow it to be seen by mortal man. So demoniacal was his aspect, that Mr. Grode, though no coward, fairly turned and fied, in sheer panic, as men fly from danger in dreams. Nor did he stop until the gaslight of

Oxford street recalled him to himself once more. Then he dropped into the nearest restaurant, and drank plenteously of brandy before he could calm his excited nerves sufficiently to go home, in order to take his daughter and his future son-in-law to his parental arms.



MANUFACTURE OF COB PIPES

Best Corn Cobs Come From the State of Ol' Missouri.

Making of Pipes Has Become an Important Item to the Farmers of the State.

[Philadelphia North American.] Washington, Mo., is the center of the limited district in which the true cob pipe grows. The loval Missourian will not, perhaps, contend that the corn of other and less favored sections is not as good, or, at least, nearly as good, for the ordinary purposes of life, such as feeding hogs, cows, mules, making "sour mash" or dodger, but he stands firm in the position that nowhere else on the face of the earth can be found cobs that make pipes equal to those of Washington county's production. He may be right, and the verdict of smokers has tended to sustain him in his large claims of superiority, for the Missouri corn cob pipe is known the world over.

Peculiar conditions of soil and atmosphere tend to produce certain welldefined results in animal and veget-able growth and development. The Kentucky blue grass region, just about the area, by the way, which is included in the cob region of Missouri, has produced horses of superior speed, mettle and bottom for generations. The expert can tell in the same state whether the corn which produced the article before him was grown in the Green River, the Elkhorn or the Ken-tucky River region of the state before the skill of the distiller converted it into a liquid suitable for a gentleman's before-breakfast toddy. It is well known to dealers in corn that in certain sections where large quantities of the grain are grown there is a liberality of early frosts coming before the grain and cob are hardened by the natural process of ripening is com-pleted. This makes "soft corn," which may be good or even better for feeding but the cobs would not mak

IMPRESSION The Furtherance of Peaco and Civilization

BRITON'S

Depends on Unity of Furpose Between Old and New World.

Rev. Hugh Black Sees Much That Is Excellent in the Modern United Stateser.

It has become almost a trite saying, south of the 49th parallel, that the average Britisher's ignorance of America-after, say, a three weeks' visitis only equaled by what he thinks he knows of the new world. It has long been the custom for Britons of every station, from tradesman to peer, to make a flying leap across the North American continent, and then go home and dilate upon the raw edges of American society. We in Canada have suffered quite as much as United Statesers. It is therefore refreshing to encounter a Briton clear-eyed and

frank enough to admit that America is a continent of wonderful possibilities, and that every American, be he United Stateser or Canadian, does not drink his soup from the bowl.

In a recent number of the British Weekly, Rev. Hugh Black, M.A., who has but recently returned to London from a visit to America, sums up his final impressions in this terse sentence:

"I think, on the whole, that the greatest surprise to me was to find how little difference there really was between America and Great Britain."

The resemblances, he continues, are much more numerous than the differences. He is startled by the sudden realization of the fact that the two peoples are really one. They have different traits, it is true, but the difference is no greater than that which may exist between two members of the same family.

"The people speak the same language, read the same books, have much history and literature and ideals of life in common," comments Mr. Black. The one matter of language alone soon makes you feel at home. An Englishman in Spain or Italy rubs along with English in his hotels and his own particular variety of French elsewhere; but he feels he would need to live some years in the country before he could get below the surface at all; whereas in America he has at least all the sources of information at his disposal. Even the little shades of distinction in the meaning of some comm. In words only add piquancy, especially when he finds that many of the words in use in the States are only revivals of old English of Chaucer's or Spencer's time.



Free to Men!

Are you a weakling? Are you one of those unfortunate young men who, through ignorance and bad company, have contracted nervous spells, weak back, varicocele, gloomy forebodings, loss of courage and ambition, loss of confidence, bashfulness, despondency and weakness? Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt will cure you.

Are you a middle aged man suffering from varicocele, prematureness, indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, lame back, etc. ? Dr. Mc Laughlin's Electric Belt will cure you ?

Are you an old man, declining before your time, having lost all ability to enjoy life, with prostatic trouble, lost strength, debility, pains and aches, and general decay of organic powers? I can cure you with Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt with free suspensory for weak men.

I will send you, sealed, free, my beautiful book telling about it if you will send this ad. Send for it to-day.

DR. M. G. MCLAUGALIN, 150 Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONT. Office Hours-9 A.M. to 8.30 P.M.



Railways and Navigation

GRAND TRUNK BAILWAY NIAGARA FALLS, SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BUFFALO, ROCHESTER PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, HOT SPRINGS, Va.

career in which they were acquired. However, he could only accept it as a phenomenon of the practical nature, and hastened on to the blanchisserie, while

phenomenon of the practical nature, and hastened on to the blanchisserie, while Mr. Grode set out closely to follow the old-clothesman, but in such a way that he himself should not be observed. He did not return in an hour. On the contrary, his pursuit of the Great Emer-ald of Kandahar, as represented by its owner, led him a chase as long as it was tiresome. Fortunately for him, he was a good walker, and a good waiter, too, or he would have been wearied out, and bored to death as well. He had to make a regular tour, up and down a hundred streets, and round a score of squares, to kick his heels in front of doors some-times for half an hour at a stretch, and to watch his game down areas and up blind alleys. And all the time he had to enjoy the ceaseless music of that shrill, harsh voice, as it continued its will, harsh voice, as it continued its wonotonous cry of "Old clo'!-any old clo'!"

monotonous cry of "Old clo" — any old clo"." He had to do all this, too, upon an empty stomach, for the game in question kept creeping on without giving its pur-suer a single available opportunity of ob-taining a mouthful of food. This was almost the worst part of the business, for Mr. Grode was very careful of his inner man, and always had his chop reg-ularly at half-past one. At heat, however, his chase began to draw to an end. The evening was beginning to fall, and the grimy shades of Soho were being re-gained by both pursuer and pursued once more. Ere long, the quarry was driven to more. Ere long, the quarry was driven to bay, or, at all events, was run to earth, in its den.

In its den. But Mr. Grode was not content with this. He first took a turn or two in front of the slop-shop, to impress the locality of it upon his memory, and then went up what looked like an arc A cul-de-sac that ran by its side. The inutest point in relation to the presumed abode of such

CHAPTER XI When Mr. Grode left Arthur Cranstoun

when Mr. Grode left Arthur Cranstoun he went straight to the door of the blan-chisseries, where, though not a very fre-quent visitor, he was well known. Is it heresy against the clothes' philosophy, to say that Pearl did not look any the less Pearl for her poor dress? Certainly, she did not in his eyes; and it was, at any rate, impossible for anyone to confuse her with her Norman companions who

did not in his eyes; and it was, any rate, impossible for anyone to confuse her with her Norman companions, who had come to bear for her the real and warm affection of partisans, tempered, however, by a great deal of respect. She would willingly have laid aside her ac-cidental social superiority, and tried her best to do so; but they insisted upon considering her as their superior, even against her will. "I have come to take you for a walk. Pearl," said her lover. "Never mind your work for today, nor for tomorrow either. In fact, Madame Cornet will have to do without you altogether, I am afraid." The gladness of his voice was echoed in her eyes. She laid down her work at once and went out with him while he told her his news-news which made the old Square of Soho, round which they walk-ed, as bright and pleasant as if its smoky atmosphere had been made up of the breath of roses. Before the end of the hour they returned to the blanchisserle, and, having waited there a reasonable time, set out, according to her father's instructions, to return home. If Mr. Grode's walk had been disagreeable, theirs was the most delightful in the world. She even forgot that it was in the garb of a servant that she was re-turning to the bouse where she had once reigned as mistres. The rest of that delightful day was even more delightful still. She left him for one long half-hour, it is true, while she made herself fit to be seen in her

Skirt binding economy should interest every woman-mere cheapness in price without actual value in quality is not economy.

S. H. & M. skirt bindings may cost a little more in the beginning, but there is a sense of contentment and satisfaction in the knowledge that you have the best, and in the end they are the cheapest of all bindings.

The difference in price is small compared with the annoyance and value of time required to replace ordinary bindings several times during the life of the skirt. S. H. & M. skirt bindings will not need replacing, being so durable as to outwear the skirt. In future buy one of the S. H. & M. make.



when he are presented and reaction and the

desirable pipes. The cob for pipes as made by the factories must be hard and close-grained.

The value of the cob product of the peculiar variety which goes into the pipes soon became an important factor to the farmers. The corn, carefully shelled from the cobs, so as not to injure the latter, was just as valuable for feeding purposes as if the cobs were thrown to one side as waste material. It brought the farmer as much or more on the market, and then he had the added profit from his cobs. Good prices made careful handling, and the average farmer gets for salable cobs from 15 to 25 cents for those from which a bushel of corn has been shelled. This adds almost 100 per cent to the money-making value of the corn crop.

There is another practical, but sometimes overlooked factor in the successful making of first-class cob pipes. This is the care and skill in handling the cobs before the process of manufacture begins. The cobs in the Washington county factories are carefully "culled." the defective ones thrown out, and then the selected ones are dried and seasoned for two or three years. The raw material is then for the turning and boring, ready which removes the outer husk and the inner pith. The stem-hole is made and the final polish put on the bowl. All of this is by specially made machinery. It was some time after the first pipes were made before the original maker hit on the plan of covering the outer surface with a coat of varnish. Just before that his favorite finish had been a coat of plaster of paris rubbed into the little depressions which are left by the sockets in which the grains of corn grow. This plaster coat was not exactly what the public or the manufacturer wanted, and the new finish has been in use exclusively for several years. The Washington county genius was not the inventor of the cob pipe by any means. He only made a business of what had heretofore been a business of what had heretofore been left to the individual hands of the smoker. For generations—in fact, since the first settler began to grow corn and tobacco side by side in the Virginia colony under the patronage of Elizabeth's favorite, the courtly Raleigh—the weed has been smoked in the coh of the corn. Nature has on the cob of the corn. Nature has or-dained that the same conditions of soil and climate which produce the narcotic tobacco will also produce in perfection the corn cob.

A Woman Reporter.

A humorous story was related as the experience of a reporter at a gather-ing of women of the press at Buffalo. It was in a country town, and she was sent to get an obituary from a woman whose husband had hanged himself in an attic. The bereaved widow was a friend of the editor of her paper, and she was specially instructed to make no allusion to the hanging in talking with her. The first remark of the reporter, however, led up to a faux pas. "Very pleasant weather," she said, by way of a be-ginning. "Yes," answered the widow, "but we haven't had a pleasant Monday for washing in a long time." "Oh, I shouldn't think you would mind that," said the reporter. "Mamma always envied you; she said you had such a good attic in which to hang things.

REALISTIC.

Mamma-For goodness' sake, Elsie, why are you shouting in that disgrace-ful fashion? Why can't you be quiet like Willie

Elsie-He has to be quiet, the way we're playing. He's papa coming home late, and I'm you.

A GREAT FUTURE. "It is with a feeling of pride that a

visitor from the old country looks upon the wonderful new world opened up held for civilization by a people and with whom he is glad to claim kinship and the deepest impression left on his mind must be a conviction of the great future of America. It is this consciousness of greatness which explains the 'touchiness' of which Englishmen sometimes complain in some Americans. They are offended, and often have good cause for offense, by the ignorance of American matters displayed by even well educated Englishmen, who, they feel, do not take new world seriously enough. A the friend told me that he often met people in this country who thought that the civil war was a war between North America and South America. and that Chicago is somewhere in close proximity to San Francisco. Some, whose latest knowledge of America dates from their boyhood's reading of the stories of Fenimore Cooper think that everybody must go about armed for fear of red Indians. An English lady asked an American vis-itor if he lived within 60 miles of a doctor, and the reply, with perhaps touch of native exaggeration, was that he was within a mile of 60 doctors. It really is no wonder often that Ameri-cans feel that they have to keep asserting the position and claims of their country, which they know to be al-ready great, measured from any stand-

ard. It takes the ordinary Briton nearly all his spare time keeping pace with the geography of the British Empire, which he usually learns by the series of wars, little and otherwise, it is compelled to wage, and he is inclined to think it does not matter, although he has a hazy notion that Massachusetts and Nevada are contiguous States.'

Mr. Black, it will be observed, falls into the common, but somewhat stu-pid error, from a Canadian view-point of referring to the United States as America.

STRENUOUS SAM. "The task of developing this great

country," continues the writer, "has brought out qualities of skill and en-durance, and the strong primary virtues that are telling every day every branch of activity. American competition in the world's markets may hardly be said to be begun at present, since practically everything is needed at home, and any export trade is a trifle to the great domestic demands: but that she will be the most formidable rival to the industrial nations there can be no doubt. Everywhere there are such evidences of ingenuity, keenness of brain, technical skill, openness of mind to receive new ideas, that it is hard to conceive how

such qualities can fail of their reward. The character of the people, quite apart from the immense resources of the country at their back, points to this almost inevitable success. There are a universal alertness, and strenuousness that even a causal observer cannot miss. You never speak to a man who is only half-awake, as it is too often the case with ourselves; if they give you their attention at all they give you their whole attention, and ask shrewd questions which show that they are fully alive. There must be something in the atmospheric con-ditions of climate which creates this keen and quick action of brain, for even the somnolent European races wake up on the other side. The

Italians, who in our own country loaf around with a street-organ or keep a gaudily-painted ice-cream shop, do most of the navvy work in New York, putting in days of the hardest toil. MAGNIFICENT OPTIMISM.

"The deepest impression I have taken

Another thing that can never be forgotten is the over-powering kin.lness of the people whom we met. After having a good many holidays in most of the countries of Europe, it was new experience to visit a country which one was inclined to call also a foreign country, and find oneself at home, and feel that the great bond of kin was indeed more than a name, but a force which under the good providence of God will bind the two great peoples closer still for the furtherance of peace and civilization and religion among men.

realize that they have before

much as it can be to any white man,

or the more political problems such as

the new place America must take as a world-power with other nations; but with regard to any of these or all of

them there is never heard any expres-

ant note is courage and hope, and their

faith in the future of their country has

something of the sacredness of religion

in it. Give them time to gather up the

ropes in their hand and take in the

situation, and they will drive the coach

safely round any corner-that is the

impression their attitude conveys.

Every leal British heart prays for them

God-speed; for we know how much de-

pends for the future of the world on how our kindred over the seas are

guided.

sion of fear or doubt. The one domin-



Nervousness, Sie Soness, Nervous Prostration, ss of Energy, Brain Fag, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Loss of Memory, Melancholia, Listlessness, After Effects of La Grippe, Palpitation of the Heart, Anæmia, General Debility, and all troubles arising from a rundown system.

They will build you up, make rich red blood and give you vim and energy.

Price, 50 cts. per Price, 50 cts. per box, or three boxes for \$1.25, at drug-gists, or will be sent on receipt of price by The T. Mil-burn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont Toronto, Ont.



On and after Sunday, Oct. 29, 1901, the train leaving Union Station, Toronto, via Grand Trunk Railway, at 10 p.m., con-nects with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows: The Maritime Express will leave Mon-treal daily, except Saturday, at 12 noon for Quebec, the Lower St. Lawrence, Halifax and the Sydneys, N.S., St. John, N.B., and other points in the Maritime Provinces. The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Levis at 1:05 p.m. The Maritime Express is due to arrive at Montreal daily, except on Monday, at 5:30 p.m. The Local Express is due to arrive daily, except Sunday, at 10 p.m. On and after Sunday, Oct. 20, 1901, the

The Local Express is due to arrive daily, except Sunday, at 10 p.m. Through Sleeping and Dining Cars on the Maritime Express. The Vestibule Trains are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler. Sleeping Cars on the Local Express.

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WILLIAM ROBINSON, General Traveling Agent, 10 King street west, Toronto. from our visit is connected, as it should be, with the tone and temper of the people so far as I have had coportun-treal.



TOURIST CAR SERVICE. Are running every Tuesday and Saturday, through equipped Tourist Sleepers from Toronto to Vancouver, without from Toronto to Vancouver, without change, leaving Toronto at 1:45 p.m. on days named.

Regina Regina Dunmore Junction...... Calgary Revelstoke Vancouver For full particulars apply to nearest C. P. R. ticket agent, or to A. H. NOT-MAN, assistant general passenger agent, Toronto. W. FULTON, city passenger agent, 161 Dundas street, corner Rich-mond, London, Ont.

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FROST UNKNOWN.

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