### Your doctor will tell you

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

### +0+0+0000+0+0+0+ The Emeraid of Kandahar &

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-slums of Soho, be posessed of the great Kandahar Emerald, upon which millions might be raised at any given mo-

millions might be raised at any given moment? Had he born the least resemblance to more ordinary human beings, Mr. Grode would most certainly not have 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 before him.

that he saw Levi in the very flesh before 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 resource 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 fatted calf killed. 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 admire 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.

ever upon not having entered upon a 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 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 Emerald 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 sometimes 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 monotonous cry of "Old clo'!"

clo'!"

He had to do all this, too, upon an empty stomach, for the game in question kept creeping on without giving its pursuer a single available opportunity of obtaining 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 regularly at half-past one. At last, however, his chase began to draw to an end. The evening was beginning to fall, and the evening was beginning to fall, and the grimy shades of Soho were being regained by both pursuer and pursued once more. Ere long, the quarry was driven to bay, or, at all events, was run to earth, it den

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 at cul-de-sac that ran by its side. The inutest point in relation to the presumed abode of such

a treasure might turn out to be of importance 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 learned all that, for the present, was learnable. Faint and exhausted, he was

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 reflecting 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 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 Emerald 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-

For more than an instant he stood as if he were chained to the spot, not seeling what Levi saw, but, nevertheless, gloating over and drinking in what he did see with greedy eyes. He forgot at once his bodily hunger and fatigue in the excitement 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 temptation that fell upon him in the first moment of his fascination to dash the window to pieces 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 Andreas 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 rateing of an eyelid. He must most infellibly 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 lew was something.

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 literstill lower upon his breast, his hair literally 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, prepared to swallow it, if need were, rather these allow it to be seen by mortal man. than allow it to be seen by mortal man. So demoniacal was his aspect, that Mr. Grode, though no coward, fairly turned and fled, in sheer panic, as men fly from

and fied, in sheer panic, as then by 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 cold not take his daughter and his in order to take his daughter and his future son-in-law to his parental arms.

When Mr. Grode left Arthur Cranstoun he went straight to the door of the blanhe went straight to the door of the blanchisseries, where, though not a very frequent 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 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 accidental social superiority, and tried her best to do so; but they insisted upon considering her as their superior, even against her will.

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 walked, 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 blanchisserie, 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 returning to the house where she had once reigned as mistress.

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

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which appreciates and the property best the

own eyes, thinking all the while how she might look best in his—as if that required a single thought!—while he waited alone in the dining-room, almost too joyful to be impatient for her return. And A BRITON'S ful to be impatient for her return. And then they were together all the afternoon till the evening came on, and then for an hour or two of the twilight—that was the best part of all. At last, however—too soon—came the thundering knock at the door that both knew so well. As they started a few steps apart, Mr. Grode entered, embraced his daughter, and shook Arthur warmly by the hand. He was flushed and excited; to them there was more than sufficient cause for his apparent emotion. The remainder of the evening was spent as a family feast of reconciliation, for which Mr. Grode killed his fatted calf, making his children quite ashamed of themselves, and putting them both completely in the wrong. But Arthur thought it all very right and natural, and Pearl was far too happy to be surand Pearl was far too happy to be sur-prised at a sudden change that might, had she been a reader, have reminded her of the reformed and forgiving father in Christmas stories.

### MANUFACTURE OF COB PIPES

[To be Continued.]

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 loyal 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 vegetable growth and development. 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 Kentucky 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 purposes, but the cobs would not make 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 ready for the turning and boring, 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 left to the individual hands of the 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 cob of the corn. Nature has ordained 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 gathering 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 harged himself in an attic. The bereaved widow was a friend of the editor of her paper, and she was specially in-structed 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 beginning. "Yes," answered the widow, "but we haven't had a pleasant Monday for washing in a long time." 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

REALISTIC.

Mamma-For goodness' sake. Elsie. why are you shouting in that disgraceful fashion? Why can't you be quie like Willie.

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The Furtherance of Peaco and Civilization

**IMPRESSION** 

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 sen-

"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 lanread 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 ail; 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 common 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.

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 and held for civilization by a people 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 the new world seriously enough. A 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. English lady asked an American visitor 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 Americans 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-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

STRENUOUS SAM. "The task of developing this great country," continues the writer, "has brought out qualities of skill and endurance, and the strong primary virtues that are telling every day in 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 conditions 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 Elsie—He has to be quiet, the way from our visit is connected, as it should we're playing. He's papa coming home be, with the tone and temper of the late, and I'm you.

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ity of judging it. That can be summed up in a word as the most magnificent The wisest of the people realize that they have before them terrible problems, such as those connected with labor and the special trend of capital today in the formation of trusts and kindred manifestations, and the great race question which ever stares them in the face with every negro to whom America is home as 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-sion of fear or doubt. The one dominant 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

Another thing that can never forgotten is the over-powering kin 3ness of the people whom we met. After having a good many holidays in most of the countries of Europe, it was a 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

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Railways and Navigation

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The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Levis at 1:05 p.m.

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