WHAT YOUR FURS COST.

Twelve million animals are killed every year to furnish us with furs. Some of these fur bearing animals, like the sea otter, have been almost annihilated, and the beaver has disappeared from all but the most distant regions. Statistics show a constant increase in the supply of furs, but this does not mean that there are more fur bearing animals in the world. It signifies simply that under the impulse of the greater demand and the better prices more persons engage in hunting and trapping the animals.

Every animal that has hair on it is hunted to-day for its hide. The lion as well as the rabbit, the monkey as well as the cat, the fox as well as the seal, the bear and the otter, animals of the Polar region and those that live near the Equator, mammals and amphibians. There are some four hundred species or varieties of fur bearing animals, and almost every country in the world furnishes its quota of furs. China sends furs from Thibet, Japan sends martens and badgers, South America a kind of rat, Peru and Chili the chinchilla, Australia the opossum. In 1898 there were 1,300,000 opossum skins sold in London!

The muskrat furnishes the largest number of skins in 1898, 2,651,342. Of course, the retail buyer does not recognize the muskrat in the furs of the marten sold to her, but that is what most of the marten furs are. The collarettes and boas sold at such low prices are muskrat furs and they wear well. Skunk and the true marten are next in importance. The marten is found largely in Canada and the northern part of the United States, and so are the polecat and the ermine. Fox skins are sold in very large numbers, 250,000 having been used in 1898. But there are all sorts of grades among the foxes. The common red fox is of least value.

The blue fox and silver fox are most valued. The blue fox is sometimes almost as white as the snow on which it lives and at other times of a dark color. It is this second kind which is most largely sought for. Last year the best specimens of blue foxes were sold for as high as $1,200 each. But the famous silver fox is greatest of all, for its dark skin is liberally sown with white hairs. It is found mainly in the extreme North, near the Arctic Ocean in Alaska, Labrador and Siberia, and, besides, it is very rare. Some specimens of this fur have been sold during the last year for $1,700.

After the first fall of snow, about the middle of October, the fur hunters bury themselves in the forests, taking with them two dogs, who drag along the sleigh loaded with the necessary supplies. These consist of some blankets, ammunition traps, sometimes a tent and very little provisions. They rely chiefly upon the animals slain for food. After laying the traps—a work of no small trouble and labor—the hunter must be ever on the alert for the wolf is ever ready to rob his traps of any animal caught therein, and the hunter doesn't like to catch furs for wolves.

Toward the end of the winter most of these animals disappear, and then the hunters look for beavers, setting their traps through holes in the ice. When the thaw begins their activity runs along other lines, for the grizzly and common bears may emerge from their winter quarters and their pelts are in no small demand. After catching as many animals as they can, stripping and salting their hides, the trappers must sell the products of their winter's work. The Indians in Canada bring most of their furs to the forts of the Hudson Bay Company.

Canada and Labrador supply most of the furs exported from America. Siberia does as much for the Old World. The most magnificent sables and a kind of marten called the kolinski, are found there. Even the wolf, whose hide elsewhere is of little value, there has a good pelt. Siberia also furnishes a large number of white fox skins, ermine and gray squirrel. Even the hares in Siberia have valuable furs for the hunters. In that part of Asia most of of the trapping is done by Zyrians, Ostiaks, Samoyedes and other Mongolian tribes. Their guns are primitive flintlocks, which they use very seldom on account of the price of powder. They prefer to use a bow and arrow, and sometimes only a blunt arrow, so as to stun the animal without hurting or staining the fur. Most of their hunting is done, however, by traps most ingeniously contrived. The winters are terrific, the thermometer going down to 30 or 40 degrees below zero, as a general thing, and sometimes even to 60 degrees. It often happens that the hunters are caught in terrific storms, when progress is impossible, and they are compelled to form snow huts to live in until they can find the way back to their semi-civilized homes.

Hunting the amphibian sea otters and seals is a most profitable and at times dangerous pursuit. At the beginning of the century 15,000 sea otters were killed every year near the Aleutian Islands in Alaska, but the reckless hunting has almost swept them out of existence. Near the Aleutians the tempests are very sudden and terrific, and this increases the danger of hunting in this neighborhood. The otaries, or seals, with ears, bear a fur almost as highly prized as that of the sea otter and were formerly very numerous in ice bound regions. Now they are found in some number around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, but these have not such valuable furs as the seals found in the Pacific near Behring Strait.

The method of hunting the seals is most curious. While they are asleep the hunters glide along the banks and get between them and the sea. Then, shouting and waving flags and umbrellas, they drive the helpless animals inland like flocks of sheep. Here they are met by Indians armed with clubs, who attack the seals in groups of one hundred or one hundred and fifty, killing with every blow of the club. In forty days they frequently succeed in slaying the hundred thousand seals permitted by law.

London is the fur market of the world and the fur king is C. M. Lampson. His buyers purchase the furs found all ove· the world. They are all shipped to London, catalogued and then sent to dealers and auction sales are held. Within seven or eight days millions of dollars' worth of furs are distributed to the fur dealers of the world.

Lamps vs. Gas.

A significant hint in behalf of the use of lamps is found in the fact that in florists' greenhouses they are used exclusively. Gas is deadly to plant life, while burning kerosene is not. Where one is boarding and must sleep in the same room in which one sits during the evening, a lamp should invariably be used. The same rule holds good for the family sitting-room and for the rooms in which children are studying. An experiment involuntarily tried by a mother recently demonstrated the effect of the ordinary illuminating gas on the air of an apartment. In a hall bedroom a single jet was left burning unnoticed, for an hour or more, the door and window being shut. When the room was entered suddenly, the air, or want of it, was so overpowering that the person recoiled and could not cross the room, either to open the window or put the gas out, until the door had been left open for a minute or two.

THE ORIGIN OF GOLF.

Who originated golf?

I suppose Darwin did, when he began looking for the missing link.

Through Storm and Sunshine

"I think he might have done better," observed the maid; "I have often wondered that he had patience with you."

Valerie laughed.

"I have behaved very well," she said, "but now I am mistress—only imagine, mistress of this great house and grand estates. I never dreamed, years ago, that that would be my lot."

"Do not be too sure about being mistress. There is Miss Neslie—you cannot tell what the will says about her."

"It can say nothing. I am the mother of the heir of Lancewood. No one can displace me. This is what I have been working and toiling and planning for. Think what a grand time I shall have of it. It will not belong to the boy until he is twenty-one, and I shall be mistress all that time. I hope Miss Neslie will have the good sense to go away."

"Where is she to go?" asked Marie, abruptly.

"Where? Anywhere she likes—if she will only go, and leave me to do as I like. She should get married."

"Well," said the maid thoughtfully, "if you will take my advice, you will be civil to Miss Neslie. If anything happened to the boy miladi, you would be in her power."

"Nothing is likely to happen. The boy will live. He is too naughty to die. It is the good boys like the children in the story-books who die. His temper will keep him alive."

"As it keeps every one near him alive," said the maid, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Miladi, I hear them returning. You must get ready for the reading of the will."

"I do wish," remarked Lady Neslie, "that I looked just a trifle paler. I am not at all like a widow."

Indeed, a brighter personification of grief was never seen. There was a faint flush on her face that enhanced its beauty, and the coquettish cap was like an ornament to the glossy brown hair.

Marie followed her mistress anxiously to the door.

"Miladi," she said, "do remember the occasion—you will shock every one so if you laugh."

"I am not likely to laugh," she replied, pettishly, and then, seeing the head nurse, she asked—

"Has Oswald his black frock on?"

"No, miladi,—he would not let me touch him."

"Then he must remain in the nursery," she said,—"he cannot come with me."

She felt rather annoyed. She had imagined a pathetic little scene. She was to enter the library, leading her little son by the hand. That could not be, and "miladi" was annoyed. The gentlemen present all rose as she entered. She saw, Mr. Greston, Mr. Dorman, Sir Henry Lane and several others.

"Where is Miss Neslie?" Mr. Greston asked; and some one went in search of her.

When Lady Neslie had entered, looking so lovely, so rosy and well in spite of the black dress, the general feeling was one of wonder that the loss of Sir Arthur had not affected her more." She has not felt it very deeply," was the conclusion come to by each one present. But when Vivien entered the room, it was noticed that she presented a very different appearance. Her noble, beautiful face was colorless, her lips were white, her dark eyes contracted with weeping; her long crape dress swept the ground, and her hands looked snow-white against it. She never raised her head nor looked around her. Gerald hastened to find her a chair. She took it, but never knew who placed it for her. She had evidently suffered terribly. No one who looked at her could fail to remark it.

Then, the whole of his audience being seated, Mr. Greston, with formality opened the will. Sir Arthur had been a generous master, he had not forgotten the meanest servant on his estate. There were legacies to each one, and a handsome one to Mr. Greston, with a request that he would continue to occupy his present position until the child Oswald was of age.

There was a very handsome bequest to Gerald Dorman, whom the baronet desired to remain at Lancewood, in his present position, until the young heir was of age. Lady Neslie opened her bright eyes when she heard that, but she said nothing. "After all," she thought, "it will rather be a convenience than otherwise." To his beloved daughter Vivien the testator had bequeathed a noble fortune, which, with the money she inherited from her mother, made her quite an heiress. He directed that until her marriage Lancewood was always to be her home. If she never married, then, when the heir came of age, she was to live where she would—but his wish was imperative that until the heir came of age she would never leave Lancewood unless she married. To those directions were added the significant words—"I leave the honor of of my house in her hands." Again "miladi" opened her eyes with a look of wonder.

To his wife Valerie—and more than one present noticed the omission of the word "beloved"—he left the income arranged in the marriage settlements and a further sum of two thousand pounds. She was guardian of her son, and was advised to remain with him at Lancewood until he came of age; then he and his mother could arrange as they pleased. His son Oswald inherited both title and estates. If he died before attaining his majority. then Lancewood would revert to his daughter Vivien.

Every detail was fully entered into and arranged.

"That is just will," said Sir Henry—"the will of a good and warm-hearted man."

Directions were left for the education of the child. "Miladi" did not listen to them; she was not pleased with the sentence—"I leave the honor of my house in her hands;" it seemed like a reflection upon herself. But after all, what did it matter? She had gained the object of her wishes. She was, and would be for many years mistress of Lancewood.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was all over now; the ponderous iron door of the vault had been closed, the tablet telling of Sir Arthur's birth and death had been erected, the gloom of the Abbey had given way to cheerfulness and sunshine. The contents of the will had been discussed and generally approved, and a new life had begun at the Abbey.

There had been one conversation between "miladi" and the secretary not quite harmonious in its character. It was the morning after the funeral, and Valerie had risen earlier than usual—she had many little matters to arrange. Her habits were, as a rule, of the most luxurious description. It was seldom she appeared before midday, except when self-interest of some kind or other affected her. Early morning though it was, "miladi" had donned the full insignia of woe. She wore a plain black crepe dress, with the pretty cap. For the first time she entered the morning-room with a feeling of firm security—she was mistress and without a rival.

"I shall have most of this dark oaken furniture taken away," she thought. "People may call it in good taste if they like. I do not care for it. I shall have something lighter and more elegant."

Then she rang, and bade the servant who answered her summons say that Lady Neslie awaited Mr. Dorman in the morning-room.

He came in soon afterward, looking rather surprised at the summons. Lady Neslie had generally treated him with good-tempered indifference. She had never been positively rude to him, nor had she considered him of sufficient consequence to seek to conciliate him. She had discovered his secret. She knew that he loved Vivian Neslie with all the force of his heart, but she was too much afraid of Vivien to make any allusions to this love. There was very little good temper now in the face turned to him, and Gerald wondered what she had to say. "Is she going to tell me," he thought, "that I cannot remain here now? If she does—but then I could not live away from my love!"

"Miladi" seated herself in the luxurious depths of a velvet rocking-chair. She played with the diamonds on her white fingers.

"I have sent for you," Mr. Dorman,' she said, "because I wished to speak to you, and I wanted no time to be lost before we understand each other."

He bowed, not knowing what to say; "miladi" continued—

"I was surprised by the terms of Sir Arthur's will. I have no desire to speak unkindly of him, but I think he might have consulted me before asking you to remain at Lancewood."

Gerald bowed again; her ladyship went on—

"I am now mistress here. I have no interference to dread, no rival to fear. Until my son is of age, I am to all intents and purposes mistress of Lancewood. Now, if I choose to make or to raise any objection to your remaining here, of course you must go; admit that, Mr. Dorman."

He reflected for a few minutes, and then he replied —

"If you wished or desired me to leave Lancewood, Lady Neslie, I do not certainly see how I could remain."

"You admit it," she said, smiling. "I require no more. I am going to speak to you very frankly, Mr. Dorman. There are times when frankness is folly, but I shall be frank with you. I am mistress now of Lancewood, and I intend to enjoy myself. I will not have any one near me who is in any way likely to prove troublesome. I will not have my authority disputed, my ways interfered with. I shall do exactly as I like in every respect."

"I do not see," he observed, quietly, "that this has anything to do with me, Lady Neslie."

"But I see it," she said. "You are not likely to thwart me in any way, but Miss Neslie is. My woman's wits have been keen enough to find out a secret of yours, and I know quite well that in all little arguments, disputes, contradictions, you will naturally enough take Miss Neslie's side. Now I do not intend the serenity of my house to be disturbed by two opponents. I will not have two enemies in my house. I hope Miss Neslie may marry; but until she does so she must, I suppose, remain here. It will be neither agreeable nor convenient for me; but I cannot help it. Whether you remain or not depends entirely on yourself."

"Will you explain, Lady Neslie?" he said coldly. "I have not the pleasure of understanding you."

"What I mean is quite plain," replied "miladi." "Miss Neslie and I are sure to disagree; we are sure to be at daggers drawn with each other. Now, if in these disagreements you take her part, if you help her, if you assist her in despite of any wish of mine, then—understand me clearly—you must go."

"I remain," he said proudly, "by Sir Arthur's wish."

"Miladi" interrupted him:

"That reminds me," she said amiably; "I wish to ask you why Sir Arthur desired you to remain here. Do you know?"

"I believe it was because I understand everything pertaining to the management of the estate. I know more of the details of management than did Sir Arthur himself."

"That would make you very valuable to me," she said, "if you keep your place, and do not presume to interfere."

His face flushed indignantly; he was too proud to speak.

"Has your ladyship finished?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, that is all," she replied. Then she looked into his face, with the smile that some people thought so irresistible. "You know in your mind," she said, "although you will not admit it to me, that you would not leave Lancewood for a whole world while Miss Neslie remains here; be wise, and be warned. I shall be glad to avail myself of your services—for I do not intend to work; all work must be done for me. I shall be glad of you to look after Lancewood if you keep to the terms I have laid down."

"I will do my duty honestly," replied Gerald.

"Yes, without doubt," said "miladi," indifferently. "I should suppose that you will allow me to remind you that there is another quality almost more essential than honesty—that is discretion. I have said all I wished to say.- Good morning, Mr. Dorman."

With a bow, and low muttered words on his lips, the secretary quitted the room. He went straight to the open window, in the corridor.

"I want a breath of air," he thought, "after that. Sir Arthur, with all his good sense, has deprived his daughter of Lancewood to give it to that woman's son, that false, dainty, haughty woman. Why, she does not even know what principle means. Her words to me signify, "I know you love Miss Neslie; but, if you presume to interfere with me, you will lose the sweet pleasure of her society.' She is no more fitted to be the mistress of Lancewood than I am to be the King of Spain."

He was irritated and annoyed; he had gloried in the thought that he should be a shield for Vivien, that he should take her part in every dispute, that he should serve her loyally and faithfully. Now, this woman, who undoubtedly had the power in her hands, told him quite calmly that if he took part against her he must go. He knew that she would keep her word if she once bade him go. How could he remain?

Once again that morning Lady Neslie sent for him—it was to ask him a question.

"I want you to tell me what that sentence in Sir Arthur's will means," she said.

"What sentence, Lady Neslie?" he asked.

"The one in which speaking of his daughter, he says, "I have the honor cerned about it. Family honor and all that kind of things, are great nonsense."

"I hope your ladyship will -not teach little Sir Oswald that," observed Gerald. "Family honor stands second only to religion."

"Miladi," laughed with a little contempt; she always did so when religion was mentioned."

"I shall teach my son anything I like. But what I was about to say was this—that I hope Miss Neslie will not encourage any absurd ideas from that sentimental decision of Sir Arthur's. I hope it will not lead her to think that she is justified in interfering with me or my son."

"It will be better for your ladyship to discuss the matter with Miss Neslie."

"No," she said, laughingly; "I prefer to discuss it with you. Miss Neslie chills me; I never care to talk to her. If you are her true friend, as I am sure you profess to be, you will give her a hint of this."

"Even at the risk of displeasing you," said Gerald, "I must decline."

Lady Neslie laughed again.

"That is a very dignified way of putting it," she said. "I suppose that, like myself, you are very much in awe of her. Well, then, between you, you must keep a sharp lookout after this much-vaunted family honor."

And again Gerald Dorman left her presence dumb with the force of his wrath.

"I would not serve her or hers," he said—"I would not remain here another day, but for Miss Neslie."

During the first few weeks after her father's funeral, Vivien kept almost entirely to her own room. In losing him it seemed to the desolate girl she had lost all. She could not recover from the blow. During that time she did not come into collision with Lady Neslie, and during that time she made some very firm and very noble resolves.

"The guardian of the honor of my house!" Those words were sacred to her. It seemed to her that no one had ever had so glorious a mission before her. It above all other things that which she most desired—to preserve the name and race she loved so well from evil influence. It was next best to leaving her the inheritance of Lancewood. That was left to another; to her had been left the maintenance of the family honor. "And I will keep it," she said, "unstained and untarnished."

With that object she made many fair and noble resolves; no mean failings, no small indulgence in jealousy or envy, should interfere with her lofty mission. She would devote her life to teaching and training the young heir. She would do her best to make him a good man; and, in order that she might effect this, she must be at peace with Valerie. She must humble herself to conciliate the stranger whose coming had marred her life. It cost her no small effort to make the resolve; but she had a soul capable of great sacrifices and noble deeds.

She would make peace with Valerie. She would go to her, and ask her to let the past lie buried, to begin again a new and peaceful life. She would try to be her friend. Surely, if she could influence the mother, she might in time influence the son—and Vivien indulged in a day-dream. She saw Oswald a wise and noble man, a true, loyal Neslie, loving the name and race as she did herself. It was a dream that was never to be realized—cruel days had dawned for Lancewood.

To be Continued.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN

THE STORY OF A WOMAN ADDRESSED TO WOMEN.

It Tells How Those Weak and Despondent can Obtain New Health and Strength at a Small Expense—The Facts Fully Verified by Investigation.

From the Mail, Granby, Que.

The reading public have evidence put before them almost every day of the healing powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is sometimes asked whether these cures are permanent, and in reply to this we would say that a case which recently came to the attention of the Mail indicates that the results following the use of this medicine are as lasting as they are beneficial. Some years ago Mrs. Robert Webster, who is well known in Granby, passed through a very serious illness in which her condition very nearly bordered upon collapse. Her blood appeared to have almost turned to water. She was very weak, her appetite fickle, and she suffered from severe headaches. Mrs. Webster had the benefit of excellent medical advice, but apparently without avail, as she seemed steadily growing worse. The least exertion would fatigue her, and finally she was for a time unable to do her housework, and was confined to bed. Her husband suggested the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and purchased a few boxes. Mrs. Webster had not been taking the pills long before she found herself growing stronger. Her headaches disappeared, her appetite improved, new blood appeared to be coursing through her veins, and her nerves again became strong and active. After using the pills for a couple of months she felt as well as ever she had done in her life, and could do her housework without feeling the fatigue that had formerly made her life so miserable. This, as already indicated, happened some years ago, and in the period that has elapsed Mrs. Webster has enjoyed the best of health. She says that if she feels at any time a little run down she takes a few doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and is soon all right, and she thinks there is no medicine to equal them. Mr. Webster, speaking of his wife's cure says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did her a thousand dollars' worth of good, and friends who knew her condition before she began the pills and saw the effect upon her, say the same thing. There are a number of others in this vicinity who have used this great medicine, and so far as the Mail can learn the results have always been beneficial.

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Webster did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we should say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ERIN'S FINE SOLDIERS.

Scotch Tribute to His Valour—Some Incidents of the Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Before the enemy the Irishman is the finest soldier the world has ever seen. He faces death, says the Edinburgh Evening News, like the descendant of a hundred heroes, and his courage is as inexhaustible as his vivacity. Ere now Irishmen have stood in the ranks of our enemies. They have fought battles like Fontenoy, where the "base, brutal Saxon" fell back before them. Unrecognized and despised, brutal instrument of conquest, the Irish soldier in the Peninsula revelled in blood like a vampire, and everywhere scattered the legions of vaunted France like chaff before the wind. Napier's history thrills of the deeds of men in uniform, homeless outcast and wicked, who feared neither man nor devil, who faced the most tremendous obstacles which soldiers encountered, and yet, often beaten, at length stood triumphant by their sheer valour, almost unrecognized by their own commanders and unheeded by the public at home. We are all proud of our Highland regiments. We believe them to contain.

THE FINEST SOLDIERING

elements in the world. But the Irishman was there, too. There have been times when a big proportion of our Highlanders were from Ireland. Even the "thin red line" contained many a man from across the water. The stories from the front show now with what magnificent courage the Irishman still fights. Here are the Inniskilling Fusiliers, who forced their way up a hillside till they reached a point at which nothing could live. They retired, but half-way down the hill, where they built a shelter of stones till they could advance again. There were cases in some of Wellington's battles, Salamanca, for example, where regiments were all but obliterated, but seldom has anything been recorded like the story of the Inniskillings at Pieter's Hill, with one officer and forty men left standing out of six hundred, and this heroic remnant recalled, because the supporting regiments were too far behind. We have what may well make Ireland proud of her soldier sons, a score of odds and a proud superiority to all sense of fear.

SUSPICIOUS ACTIONS.

You know Jack Fitz-Jackson married a wealthy girl whose friends gave her 700 bridal presents?

Yes; what of it.

He's started a department store.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

will displace all Japan Tea the same as Salada black is displacing all other black teas.

THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an still
Furz' you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

'Zekie crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves, tell comfort died
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed creetur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Had squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun,
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O'blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some!
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfile o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekie.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?
"Wal—no—I come designin'"
"To see my maf Shes sprinklin clo'es,
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean yes an say no
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—Wal, he up an' kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em ships,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily 'roun' the lips
An teary 'roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenoosry.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

—James Russell Lowell.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

They Are Easily Detected By Balloons Soaring Directly Above Them.

Should the submarine boat take the place in naval warfare that some nations expect, one of the chief precautions taken by the world's navies will be an immense increase in the number of balloons, with duly trained staffs to work them, carried by war vessels.

The balloons carried by these battle ships are of exactly the same material and pattern as those in use in the army, only smaller. They have a use far in advance of any mere long-distance, observational purpose, for, though the wake of a submarine boat sunk deeply in the water can only be traced with difficulty from such an elevation as that afforded by a ship, both such wake and the boat itself can be seen with absolute and undeviating clearness from a captive balloon. This is the result of a scientific and optical law, and when ship balloons were first put to the practical test in regard to this matter, the results attained were of the most surprising kind.

Even where the water is distinctly cloudy, objects of a much smaller kind than a submarine boat, and painted of natral color, could be seen from a balloon with the utmost clearness at a depth of five fathoms, or 30 feet, though the surface was rough. No submarine boat could in the daytime get within striking distance of a threatened ship that had a balloon without being observed.

A PAPER BICYCLE.

A paper bicycle has now invaded the field. Paper fiber, similar to that sometimes used in the manufacture of railway carriage wheels, is employed for tubing, and is as strong as any in use. A factory is said to be contemplated for the production of bicycles of this sort.

ROPES IN TWENTY KNOTS.

There are over twenty rope knots used in military engineering, in addition to which for pontooning and spar bridging there are several different forms of lashing and bracing.

DERIVATION OF BOER.

It is curious to note, in connection with the national designation of our present foes in South Africa, the survivance in Scottish legal and agricultural parlance of the closely allied term "Bower," pronounced Boer. The expression is properly applied to a person who hires, from the proprietor or principal tenant of a farm, a stock of cows along with the right of grazing them on certain fields. The Bower makes in return a money payment of so much per cow, and trusts to making his profit out of the sale of the dairy produce. The precise legal position of a party who has a "bowing" lease is somewhat intermediate, being midway between that of a mere manager and that of a subtenant. Instances of this mixed contract of lease of land and hiring of labor are now rare, but it is still to be found in agricultural districts. An instance of it in Arran was the subject of judicial consideration in 1894. The word "bower" is allied to the Gaelic "bo," a cow, and among its numerous cognates in the Aryan languages is included the Dutch term "Boer."

MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

Dibbs—A man ought to know when he's got enough.

Jibbs—Well, I know when I've got enough work, but I never know when I've got enough recreation.

ESSENCE OF BREVITY

The Shortest and Most Concise Story Ever Written About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. C. Kennedy, of Montreal, the Author, Tells the Whole Tale in Eleven Words—A Convincing Tribute to Dodd's Kidney Pills, Notwithstanding.

Montreal, April 16.—It is seldom that the man who speaks the most words makes the greatest speech. In the Ottawa House of Parliament it is proved every day that the member that can say what he has to say most concisely carries most weight in debate. In the same way the letter of Mrs. Kennedy will not have the less meaning because of its brevity.

Mrs. C. Kennedy resides on St. Philip St., City of Montreal. On her own initiative she wrote the following letter concerning the wellknown remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

January 8th, 1900.

Dodds Medicine Co., Limited:—

Gentlemen,—Having used Dodd's Kidney Pills, I find them a great success.

MRS. C. KENNEDY.

32 St. Philip St., Montreal, Canada.

Mrs. Kennedy says not a word of detail, but the one great fact of importance to other sufferers lies in the expression "great success." That contains all the comforting assurance that could be expressed by a column of detail.

As is well-known, Dodd's Kidney Pills are claimed to cure any form of Kidney Disease that preys on mankind—Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Women's Weakness, Bladder and Urinary Complaints and Blood Disorders." It is used with equally "great success" in all. Whatever was the cause of Mrs. Kennedy's necessity for Dodd's Kidney Pills, the result was the same as experienced by everybody.

EXALTING THE UNIFORM.

Ever since the outbreak of the South African War military enthusiasm has run high in Great Britain.

A London paper relates that at an enterprising theatre in Edinburgh, soon after the war opened, the audience stopped the performance to sing the national anthem. Meantime a group of excited men toward the door caught sight of a man in uniform, and before he could form any idea of what was being done they had him on their shoulders, and were carrying him about the building shouting and singing.

When they had done this to their hearts' content they set him down, and some one asked him, What's your regiment?

Regiment! he exclaimed. 'What's gone wrang wi' ye a'? I'm the doorkeeper!

Agonizing Suspense!

The Terrible Situation of a St. Vincent Lady.

St. Vincent, Ont., Dec. 22nd.—No other man in Canada has gone through a period of such extreme anxiety, alternating with despair, as Mr. Joseph McCullough, a highly-respected retired farmer of this place, experienced during the past summer.

Last spring his family physician pronounced Mrs. McCullough to be suffering from an incurable case of Neurasthenia, or Nerve Exhaustion. She was extremely nervous, hysterical, and despondent. She had severe rheumatic pains, palpitation, had sharp pains in her left side, and over the kidneys; her feet were perpetually cold, her face ghastly pale, urine high-colored, scalding, and leaving a brick-dust deposit; sour stomach, splitting headaches, and pain after eating oppressed her. She had no appetite, could not sleep, and lost flesh startingly. It seemed to her friends that she was "going into decline." The physician said her only hope of relief lay in the Weir-Mitchell treatment. This being so costly, was out of the question, and her husband believed there was no hope. He read a newspaper article highly recommending Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, about this time, and decided to try them. Soon a change for the better came, and day by day the patient improved, till now, she is as well, strong and vigorous as she ever was. Her recovery is due entirely to Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills—the only remedy that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it. Every other medicine she used failed.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills are sold by all druggists, at 75c. a box; sample size, 25c., or sent post-paid on receipt of price, by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada, Life Building, 42 King street west, Toronto.

GOT WHAT HE ASKED FOR.

Irate Customer. Look here, I've been swindled. When I bought this collar button of you last week I asked for something in gold, and you gave me this miserable plated affair.

Rhinestone. Vell, vat for you make a gomblaint? Dot button was in gold ven you bought it.

They sat and held hands all the evening. How silly! Oh, I don't know. You have to in whist!

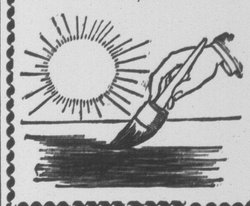
"A step in the right direction" is to give up using poor or adulterated tea and drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

A DELICIOUS CUP OF TEA—

LUDELLA

CEYLON. Put up from nothing but the finest teas obtainable. You can't help liking it. LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

Shine While You Paint!



The sun may hurt you a little while you paint, but it can't hurt the paint. The house will shine too, and keep on shining for years, making it better, brighter, newer by the use of

Ramsay's Paints,

The oldest and most popular paint in Canada. Best for color—best for wear. For sale at best paint and hardware stores.

A. Ramsay & Son, MONTREAL. Est'd 1842. Paint Makers.

HOTEL TRAYMORE

ON THE BEACH. Atlantic City, New Jersey.

The World Famed All the Year Health and Pleasure Resort.

During the past four months has been extensively enlarged and improved. Over 50 Private Baths. New Dining Room enclosed in glass, directly facing the ocean, and unsurpassed on the Atlantic Coast for decoration and elegance. Exchange and Sun Parlors doubled in size. Capacity 800.

D. S. WHITE, JR., Owner and Prop'r.

W P C 1020

What is Your Favorite Color.

Women are learning to develop themselves and their virtues and their talents by means of colors. The various colors are said to have a wonderful influence over emotional natures.

For instance, the timid girl will show you her room all draped in bright scarlet. She will have the brightest shades of red obtainable all about her; her gowns will be red, and her reading lamp, even, shaded with it. When you ask her the reason for this she will tell you that it is because red is the courage color.

This hypersensitive creature with great, far seeing eyes and a collection of books on spiritism and psychics, will always manage to surround herself with hues of violet and purple. This is the psychic color, and she determines to develop her psychic faculties by having a great deal of it about her.

The literary maid has also her color. She will tell you that she cannot write with proper enthusiasm without being surrounded by yellow, and plenty of it.

Green is the color for hope, blue for truth, white purity. The up-to-date maid has the symbolic list at her fingers' ends, and her own apartment is sure to display the result of her recent divings into color lore.

"Pharaoh 10c." Pepin, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

A STEADY WORKMAN.

Housekeeper. I don't believe you ever did a stroke of work in your life.

Tramp. I was six years in one place mum.

Indeed! How did you happen to leave?

I was pardoned out, mum!

The Raw Cutting Winds

Bring to the surface every latent pain. Rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, and complaints of a similar character hold revel at the season of the year amongst human nerves and human muscles. The best, the most powerful, and most certain pain cure is Nerviline. Nothing equals Nerviline for penetrating power. Nerviline is beyond comparison the grand discovery for the relief of pain offered to the public.

MUCH EASIER.

Ot wish Oi'd nivver learned ty use ty-backy, said Mr. Dolan.

Fur what raysonf asked Mr. Rafferty.

Because 'twould be so much aisier ty break of the habit now.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

Tess—Do you really believe her complexion is genuine?

Jess—There's no doubt of it. I saw the box; the label on it said: "None genuine without our signature," and there was the signature right enough.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT Invigorates and Strengthens. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

STILL WOULD SAVE IT.

Blobbs—Poor Bjones has dyspepsia so badly that he says his life isn't worth living.

Slobbs—But. Mrs Bjones says he insists upon calling in ten doctor whenever he has an ache or pain.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

Softleigh. Weally, I—aw—have a notion to—aw—blow me bwains out, doncher know.

Miss Cutting. Indeed! Well, in case you do I'd advise you not to say anything about it afterward and no one will ever know the difference.

MONTREAL HOT