WE GIVE YOU OUR WORD

Ceylon GREEN Tea. It is as far ahead of Japan tea SALADA" black is ahead of all other black teas. Sold only in lead packets, 25c and 40c per lb. By all

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The concert itself was very much like other concerts where the performers are other concerts where the performers are for the most part members of an undistinguished clique, and the audience is half ignorant and altogether friendly—that is to say, it was artistically indifferent, but socially pleasant; and Angelique was, as a matter of course, treated as though she had been a real scraph. It would have been just the same had her voice been that of a frog instead of a woman, and had she been incapable of singing a single note in tune. Miss Raymond was in ecstasies; the nominal prima donna condescended to be, or to affect to be, a little out of temper; and everybody was satisfied, and nobody everybody was satisfied, and nobody pould have told why. Except Felix. He had gone to the

party, in his ignorance, as so many, un-der far less adverse circumstances, have gone before him, expecting all manner der far less adverse circumstances, have gone before him, expecting all manner of gratification from meeting once more her to whom he had a right to look for what he expected; he had drawn a prophetic picture, in which her eyes sparkled when she saw him, in which he was constantly by her side talking of old times and of things outside and above the crowd, and in which her triumph was altogether lost in his own. But, like the hieroglyphics of prophetic almanacs, his picture prognosticated anything but what came to pass. How would she, the heroine of the evening. Ifford to throw more than just one look of recognition to a poor fiddler, whose allested position was behind a cruel red cord, beyond which he dared not trespass? It was in times, be it remembered, when in some far greater, and therefore, it might be presumed, more generous houses than this, the queens of song themselves were separated visibly from the guests, as though their presence was something dangerous. He found that he had to content himself with a distant prospect of her, like that of the sun from the earth; and the prospect was by no means delightful. He had to see others whizper in her ear, to see others sit by her side, to see others lead her to the place where she stood to sing—and, worst of all, to see others make her smile; for she by no means seemed to receive the attentions that were paid her as though her thoughts were as far away from her as he was. He was absurd enough to wonder that absence should have wrought so great a change in her; and, with the irritation of his profession and the passion for equality of his country, felt the uniucky rope in front of and, with the irritation of his profession and the passion for equality of his country, felt the unlucky rope in front of him grow and extend into a symbol of social wrongs, besides his own—as though its absence would have made the slightits absence would have made the slightest difference! People have often followed the red flag itself on grounds more absurd than those afforded by a red cord.
"I am an artist," he thought to himself a hundred times over, "and above all these people. Catalani herself is nothing more, after all. It is only in bourgeois England, then, that we should be treated so—that we should be treated so—that we should be treated like infected sheep. I will go at once." But he did not go, of course; for jealousy But he did not go, of course; for jealousy has its own fascination, and revels in its

own wretchedness.

But still jealousy without a special object is to be borne, and he had yet to feel

But still jealousy without a special object is to be borne, and he had yet to feel its true sting.

For now it was that a young gentleman who had arrived late, having paid his respects to the ostensible hostess, made his way to where Miss Raymond was sitting and listening to Angelique, who was singing.

The lady of New Court smiled brightly and gave him her hand, but laid her finger on her lips. He sat down beside her in silence, and during a pause in the song Felix could have sworn that he saw a glance of recognition pass between the singer and the new-comer who was far too good-looking to please him. When it was over:

"Now you may speak to me," said Miss Raymond. "What do you think of her? Is she not charming?"

The other, recalled to earth, woke up suddenly to perform his share of the applause that followed. But he did not criticise.

criticise.
"You are well again, then, as I see
"You are well again, then, as I see

"You are well again, then, as I see you here?" asked Miss Raymond. "I wish I could say you look so, though. I am so glad to see you again."
"Not so glad as I am to be seen, I can assure you. I got sick of being ill; or else the doctors would have had me down at Earl's Dene this very moment."
"Are you wise, then—"
"To be here? Of course I am. When one is strong enough to rebel against two doctors it is high time to use one's strength. So I traveled up yesterday, and heard from Warden that you were at home this evening." He did not, however, say what else he had heard from Warden—what, in fact, had really brought him there. It would not have been polite to Miss Rayriond. "But you do not scold me for coming to you uninvited?"
"As if I were not only too glad you

"As if I were not only too glad you ere able! Of course, we should have were able! Of course, we should have asked you if we had known. So now you are an M. P.! But how you fright-

I am actually an M. P., thanks to Warden, who ought to be in my place, by right. Ah, he is here, I see," he said, nodding across the room, "But I must by right. Ah, he is here, I see, he said nodding across the room, "But I must compliment the new prima donna."

And he went at once to the side of Angelique, who received him with a pressure of the hand just not too long to be noticed by anyone, and a look to be noticed by anyone and a look from her eyes that seemed to those of Felix to be a great deal too long. Nor was this the worst by any means. Angelique had far too much tact to let

Fighting the Fires.

Hard life the plucky firemen lead; out in all sorts of weather, -losing sleep, catching cold and straining their backs.

Hard to have strong, well kidneys under such conditions. That's why firemen, policemen and others, who are exposed to the weather, are so often troubled with Weak, Lame Backs and with Urinary Troubles.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

are helping hundreds of such to health.

Mr. John Robinson, chief of the fire department, Dresden, Ont., says:1
"Prior to taking these pills I had kid-

ney trouble which caused severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I had a tired feeling and never seemed to be able to get rested. However, I commenced the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes am completely sured. I have now no backache or urinary trouble, and the tired feeling is completely gone. In fact, I am well and strong.

it be noticed by the room generally, but her old lover could plainly see that this unknown acquaintance of hers was in reality filling the place to which he had looked forward in vain. He could see that confidential glances and communi-cations were passing between them, and whereas he had been angry with her hitherto for the smiles that she had been scattering around her, he was angry

scattering around her, he was angry with her now for not scattering them with her now for not scattering them any longer.

It was not long before he was fairly worked into that state of fever in which impulsive men lose all mastery over themselves, and invariably do the most stupid things possible. He made up his mind that as soon as the concert was over he must and would speak to herher who was about as likely to prove her master as he was to fly over the moon, or, for that matter, rather less.

Angelique was sleeping in the house for a night or two, so that the stairs and the hall were not likely to afford him any opportunity. So he lingered long over putting up his instrument, waited till the giving of "good-nights" was in full progress, and then entered the company part of the drawing-room, full of indignation and dignity. He watched the manner in which she parted with Lester, waited till the latter had

watched the manner in which she parter with Lester, waited till the latter had left the room with Warden, and then presented himself.

"Angelique," he said, "I am come to wish you good-night."

Miss Raymond, with the mistress of the house was standing close by. the house, was standing close by.
"Ah!" said Angelique, suddenly, and
with an air of surprise, "Miss Raymond,
here is Monsieur Felix—you remember—
who gave us same lessons chez Madame.

who gave us some lessons chez Madame Mercier." Miss Raymond, held out her hand.

Miss Raymond, held out her hand.

"Ah, monsieur—I have to thank you for your assistance; I hope it will not be the last time. Why did you not come and speak to me before?"

But Felix, being angry, had not forgotten the red cord.

"I did not presume, mademoiselle," he said, pointedly.

"Do I look so very dreadful, then? And what do you think of our new star—your own pupil, you know?"

"She has received more valuable applause tonight than mine could be, mademoiselle." Then he added, turning to Angelique, "Could I speak to you a moment, before I go?"

"About my cousins? Oh, certainly," she answered, coldly, and then led the way to a more retired part of the now nearly empty room.

way to a more retired part of the now nearly empty room.

"Well?" she asked.

"And so we meet again at last, Angelique! I thought you were going away for ever." He wished to speak tenderly, but did not quite succeed, for the attempt was too self-conscious.

"Yes—as you say, we meet again."

"Yes—as you say, we meet again."
"And when can I see you? For I have certainly not seen you tonight."
"Have you not? I was very visible."
"Yes—in the sense that every one has

seen you. complain of. What more of me could you have seen?" "To complain of! I should think so.

ring in practice the theories of Monsieur Prosper, did not allow his career in life to be spoiled by a woman, had some justification for his conduct in its practical wisdom. But it is manifestly impossible to justify this last speech of Felix. At all events, Marie had seen nothing wrong in the one, while Angelique could not—or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say, would not—pardon the other; and she must be taken to be the best judge. She drew herself up, and

[To be Continued.]

March is a Favorite Month for Kome Dueing.

In all well-regulated homes in city or country, the work of home dyeing is largely done in March. The dresses, skirts, capes, jackets, blouses and other articles of wearing apparel used and worn a year ago, but now dingy and faded, will be brought out, carefully looked over and re-dyed with some new and stylish color for this

season's wear. With such aids as the popular Diamond Dyes, it is folly to spend money for new materials and garments. The Diamond Dyes always make old and faded things look as good as new. The best, as well as the humblest families, use the Diamond Dyes successfully

and profitably every spring.

Have you decided to make up a pretty and stylish mat or rug from your rags and waste materials? There is a pleasure in being able to point to your own homemade mats and rugs. Send your address to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain street, Montreal, P. Q., and you will receive sheets of designs for your in-

Did the Tigers Know?

A really remarkable story of animal perception has been contributed to Frank Leslie's Monthly by Mr. Frank Bostock, who may be considered an authority on wild animals in captiv-

I once had a trainer, Mr. Bostock says, an old Irishman who had served in a British regiment in India, and who knew the ways of tigers in every de-tail. He taught three of them to do more work in the arena than I have ever seen done by any other I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest times during rehearsals and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Any one who has ever tried that with even a house cat knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity; but they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that half in playful

One day the old fellow got very drunk, the first time in his life, to my knowledge. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage he had gone in knowledge. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage he had gone in with his tigers and fallen in a heap on **Kidney**

the floor. The other keepers made several attempts to take him out of the cage, but it was at once apparent that to do so meant a bitter and bloody fight with the tigers. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. But the next time he put them to work they balked, and he could neither persuade nor drive them.

They had ceased to trust him, or something of that sort, and his usefulness with them was at an end for-

That was indeed "judgment fled to brutish beasts.'

SWEET MUSIC AND MORALITY

Many Criminals Are Musicians Says a Recent Writer.

Specially Arraigned Violinists Producing Deleterious Effect on Moral Nature.

The view is generally taken that music is a refining influence in society and that a wider musical appreciation would be conducive to higher morality. At least one famous novel, however— Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata"—is based upon the opposite assumption, and it has often been maintained that the morals of musicians are lower, rather than higher, than those of the rest of the community. Mr. Henry W. Strattan, a writer in the February Arena, admits that "many criminals are fine musicians." There is one class of criminals, he says, whose knowledge of music extends no further than the popular songs of the day, and whose associations with such songs have always been of a questionable character. It is not difficult to analyze the psychology of such, for they "absorb only the sensuous quality of the music and cannot really be morally improved by it, because the quality does not contain the necessary musical ingredients to lift them to a higher plane of emotion." Mr. Stratton continues:

"In cases where the melody is good and would of itself awaken refining impulses, it frequently happens that the words with which it is connected produce precisely opposite effects; indeed, the words of a song are much to blame for the demoralizing influence of it. Again, popular song rhythms are calculated to spur only the lower emotions. Is a tune catchy? Its charm lies largely in its rhythm. Take the songs composed in rag-time; the syncopations that form their principal feature gives rise to jerky rhythms, and these act upon the nervous sys-tem of the listener at unexpected and unnatural parts of the measure. The result is that the entire being is thrown into a succession of jumps or musical contortions whose irregular character excites unhealthy immoral tendencies. To the injudicious uses of rhythm may be attributed those sudden impulses which lead to crime."

Turning to a consideration of the character of the world's most skillful musicians and singers, Mr. Stratton inquires: "Why has their art done so little to build up their moral fibre and make them true men and women?" He

"Broadly speaking, the same causes operate here as in the first class con-sidered. Quality and rhythm still play an important part, but their influence is more subtle. The darlings of society have learned to be musically voluptuous. Acquainted with all the luxuries of sound, susceptible every graduation of tone, every modulation from key to key, and every pos-sible rhythmic effect, they yield without question to the sway of all kinds of music and are consequently unable to resist the enervating tendencies of their art; they are simply mastered by musical sensation."

The writer gives so me specific illus-To complain of: I should think so.

To have been obliged to sit in a corner, and to see you surrounded by all the blockheads in the room—"

Now it may be barely possible to prove, after a fashion, that Mark Warden, in so far as he unconsciously put
den, in so far as he unconsciously putanother called portamento-a slide to which singers and violinists are much addicted. It is the acme of sonorous luxury, induces languor, and suggests to the mind a relapse from moral discipline." Another source of enervation is the inordinate desire bizarre effects whether accomplished by raising the pitch for the sake of brilliancy, or by introducing all kinds of "luxurious intricacy."
"The musician," declares Mr. Strat-"literally becomes the music he produces, and grows fastidiously lavish in his tastes and habits. He loses his moral poise and sinks into the musical vortex where crime waits to suck him down and complete his moral disintegration." Still another source of weakness is the excessive use in instrumental works of chromatic passages, both melodic and harmonic. On

this point Mr. Stratton says: "The history of chromatics shows that when first employed among the Egyptians, during the twenty-first and twenty-second dynasties, their influence was decidedly detrimental to the morals of the people. At that time the treble flute was invented, and because of its chromatic capabilities it superseded the harp and lyre in popular favor. The effeminacy and licentiousness of the age were reflected in its music, and the orgies conducted at the then capital of Egypt, Bubastis, were celebrated by thousands to the accompaniment of myriads of these flutes. After the ewenty-sixth dynasty, under the Ptolemies, the music of Egypt reached its lowest ebb. Every man in Alexandria was a skilled flute player, and even the kings were very proficient upon this amorous instrument. It is a singular coincidence that with the change from the diatonic harp to the chromatic flute, the dissolute days of Egypt began. Certain it is that music relaxes its strict and rigid character when chromatically treated, and this laxity when carried to excess tends to weaken moral But while certain forms of music

exert an enervating and immoral influence, Mr. Stratton holds it to be

Does Your Back Ache?

If it aches and pains, is stiff and sore, so that you can hardly get round to do your work, or if you're so bad you've had to go to bed, just take

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Tablets.

The new Scientific remedy, prepared by the eminent Kidney Specialist, Dr. Zina Pitcher. These Tablets cure promptly and permanently the worst kinds of bad backs and all forms of kidney trouble. Price 50c. a box, at all druggists or ly

DYSPEPSIA THE EMPRESS



My DYSPEPSIA CURE positively cures all forms of indigestion or stomach trouble. It rejuvenates worn-out stomachs. It builds up stomachs that have been weakened by powerfulcathartics and old-fashioned nostrums.

Manyon's Dyspepsin Cure corrects bleating of the stomach, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, and all affections of the heart caused by indigestion, wind on the stomach, belching wind or sour food, bad taste, offensive breath, loss of appetite, faintness or weakness of the stomach, improper circulation, coated tongue, heart-burn or water-brash. His Headache Cure stops headache in 3 minutes. Munyon's Pile Ointment cures all forms of piles. Munyon's Blood Cure corrects all bloodimpurities. Munyon's Liver Cure corrects headache, biliousmess, jaundice, constipation and all liver diseases. Munyon's Asthma Cure and Herbs are guaranteedto relieve asthma in three minutes and cure in five days.

Munyon's Asthma Cure and Herbs are guaranteed to relieve asthma in three minutes and cure in five days.

Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail.

Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price, \$1.

Munyon has a cure for every disease. The Guido to Health (free) tells of them. Cures, mostly 25 cts.

Munyon, New York and Philadelphia.

MUNYON'S INHALER CURES CATARRH.

equally true that other kinds of music help to strengthen the moral sense. In order to serve this end, however, there must be "a moral rectitude in the relations of musical tones." Such moral rectitude, declares the writer, "exists in folk-songs, and in all simply constructed melodies whose tone intervals are chiefly diatonic." He concludes:
"The perception of moral truth can come through no broader channel than that of music; for, as Browning says, 'there's no truer truth obtainable by

man than comes from music.' It is the soul's armor; it is mail of sound, and tones are the links. He who is wrapt in this flexible but impenetrable envelope of sound may defy all the pressures of being. I say 'wrapt,' because, in order to be proof against those immoral tendencies which assail us on every side, one must wear music next to the very vitals-must put it on like a garment, and let the tones sink around and clasp the life-centers in a soul-tight embrace."

EXPERIENCE TEACHES

The Only Valid Argument in Favor of Any Medicine Is the Results Achieved by Its Use.

From the beginning of time man has been struggling to overcome disease.

The history of his efforts in this di-

rection would be a very interesting story if collected and arranged. Scientific and theoretical systems of medicines have been devised and promulgated only to be discarded later as unscientific and not practical. Many financial remedies and treat-ments have been and are being put

forward only to fail when brought face to face with disease and one after another to sink into oblivion and b forgotten. There is only one absolute test of the value of a medicine and that is, the results achieved by its application

to the disease it professes to be able By this, the only test, do Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets asked to be judged They claim to be able to cure Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Biliousness, Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Headache, or any of the many results of a disordered or deranged condition of

the digestive machinery. They are based on the latest and most scientific theory, it is true, but they do not ask favorable judgment on that account.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do Cure.

This is their only argument. They have met and conquered the most stubborn cases of long standing Dyspepsia, cases that have been given up as incurable by the best physici-

They have been offered as a remedy for Stomach Troubles for years, and year by year their popularity has increased, as the reports of their victories have accumulated. Reports of remarkable cures have

been published almost daily for years. Every opportunity for verification has been given. Investigation has confirmed and strengthened the truth of the statements made. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have been tried and proven. They have done all they claim to be able to do. They are a genuine cure for all Stomach Trou-

BY BRIBING THE NERVES with opium you may stop a cough, but the inflammation goes from bad to worse. Allen's Lung Balsam, containing no opium, goes to the root of the trouble and cures deep-seated affections of throat

A literary club of Boston has been discussing "The influence of the fashion for creased pants on the decadence of prayer." No burning issue is allowed to escape in Boston.

HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DIS-EASES. Simply apply Swayne's Ointment. No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for other remedy. Ask Swayne's Ointment.

Man grows old before he knows it; woman grows old before she lets any one else know it. THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TALK about Pyny-Balsam, the greatest modern remedy for coughs and colds. It cures quickly and certainly. 25c. Of all dealers. Made by proprietors of Perry Davis'

Pain-Killer. Recent explorations in Egypt have unearthed the consecutive order of seventeen kings, thus establishing a firm foundation for the investigation

of Egyptian history. AND WORKS OFF THE COLD. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25 cents.

Yellow stains in either timber or lumber are an indication of dry rot, and are regarded as an injury to the tree or wood.

For cuts, wounds, rheumatism, stiff joints, burns, scalds, bites of insects, croup, coughs, colds, Hagyard's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. The worst mosquito-infested neigh-

borhood in the world is the cost of Borneo. The streams of that region are, at certain seasons, unnavigable ause of the clouds of mosquitoes. Minard's Liniment is the best

AND HER WAIST.

She Wanted It Made Loose and Her Wish Was Law.

What Befell a Smart Dressmaker in the Imperial Palace at the German Capital.

[New York Sun.] One of the smartest dressmakers in Berlin is the famous Pechstein, who occupies, for the wealthy women of Berlin and St. Petersburg, the same position held in Paris by Worth and Doucet. Not long ago she was summoned to the imperial palace to make an afternoon gown for the empress, who does not as a rule pay such sums for her dresses as to make it possible to employ Pechstein, who is a Pole by birth, and has the reputation of outdoing even the great Worth in the matter of prices.

The day and the hour were fixed, and accompanied by one of her assistants, the dressmaker went to the palace. She was escorted to one of the rooms in the suite occupied by the princess. There was no sign of the royal lady. The dressmaker waited. She continued to wait until two hours had passed. All the time she grew more nervous. Finally one of the doors was thrown open and in the empress came.

"Now, the children are waiting for dinner," she said, "and I can give you just ten minutes."

The dressmaker, now more fright-ened than ever, took out the waist that she had made from the measurements which the empress had sent her, and began to try it on. Her fingers trembled as she fitted the dress, putting the pins in here and there.

The empress was as gracious as possible during this part of the visit, even going so far as to explain that she was kept from arriving on time because there had been some unexpected audiences and appointments made for her by the emperor. Finally the pins were in place and

the waist was just as it should be. The empress looked in the glass. She appeared quite satisfied. "And will it be just like this?" she asked. The delighted dressmaker said that

it would. "All finished but the sewing?" asked the empress. The dressmaker, still satisfied by the manner of the royal patron, smilingly said that it would be just as it was

"Well," said the empress, "I would rather have it feel like this." With these words she stretched back-ward her shoulders and threw out her arms until every pin popped out of the dress and went flying over the room. In despair the dressmaker involuntar-ily seized the waist to prevent the emlly seized the waist to prevent the empress from destroying it altogether.
"Now," said the empress, with a
most amiable smile to the dressmaker,

"make it all over so that I may stretch like that whenever I want to.' She submitted patiently to a second fitting of the waist, and it was made as loose as she wanted it.

De Clickin' Ob De Reel.

I's heard de builfrog bellow, De fatty 'possum squeal, But dat's no music like unto De clickin' ob de reel,

I's heard de locus' singin',
De killdea's noisy peal;
But dat don't wake de heart up
Like de clickin' ob de reel.

I's heard de farm bell ringin'. De call fer fiel' han's meal; But dat don't hab no 'traction Like de clickin' ob de reel.

I's heard de foxhoun' barkin', He'd scent de rabbit's heel; But dat were mighty dullness 'Gin de clickin' ob de reel.

Is yer eber bin a-boatin' In de ship widout de keel, En seen de rod a-bendin' To de clickin' ob de reel?

De trow dey call de "castin',"
En when de "strike" ye's feel,
De line she go a-sizzin'
To de clickin' ob de reel.

Yer begin ter wind 'er in den Wid all ye's nigga zeal, Fer ye's like ter cotch'd er bass, sah, Wid de clickin' ob de reel.

From abery nook en connor Natur's mel'dries roun' me steal, But nun ob dem am in it Wid de clickin' ob de reel, -From the Washington Times.

Caught in a Stampede.

Two years ago, when the cowboys of Northeastern Arizona came together to find out who was the "best man" in various ways. James Evans won the find out who was the "best man" in various ways, James Evans won the steer-tying championship by roping, throwing and tying a vicious steer in 24 seconds. But in a recent round-up the champion did a more remarkable thing, by which, says the Kansas City Star, he saved his own and another man's life. While he and some companions were camping for the night on a high tableland, which ended a few miles away in an abrupt drop of 200 feet, a storm swept through the mountains. Made nervous by the lightning, the herd of 1,500 cattle through the mountains. Made nervous by the lightning, the herd of 1,500 cattle stampeded in the direction of the precipice. Evans and his men mounted hurriedly, and, circling to the front of the maddened cattle, tried with whoops and revolver shots to turn them back.

In the dense blackness of the night In the dense blackness of the night Evans' horse missed his footing and went down in a heap, one leg in a gopher hole, The horse of a cowboy named Davis, running close behind, stumbled over Evans' horse, and Davis, too, came to earth and lay still, unconscious.
Fifty yards away came the herd, and a short flash of lightning showed Evans the situation. The swiftly moving sea of cattle reached 100 yards each way. Unable to arouse Davis, and never thinking of leaving his disabled comrade, Evans took the only chance of saving both. He emptied his own revolver and his companion's into the center of the bard cutting a breach in the front of herd, cutting a breach in the front of the mass. Then throwing the inanimate form of Davis over his shoulder, he

awaited his opportunity.

As one of the leaders brushed by,
Evans, with one movement, put the body of Davis across the shoulders of the steer, and mounted also. Vainly the animal leaped, bucked and side-jumped. With his legs wrapped tightly around the body of his mount, Evans drove his spurs deep in and held himself and Davis in

place.

The steer, wild with rage, agony and fright, rapidly left the herd in the rear, and, veering to the right in a furious gallop, carried his riders out of danger. Then Evans rolled off the back of his strange rescuer, and a half-hour later, when his cowboys turned the herd at the rim of the canyon, and rode back to look for the foreman and Davis, they found them both unconscious. The weary look for the foreman and Davis, they found them both unconscious. The weary steer, with his sides covered with blood, lay exhausted a short distance away.

The outfit ordered a medal for Evans, and the steer has been pensioned for life on the best alfalfa in the valley.

Rheumatic sufferers find Hood's Sarsa parilla a permanent cure for their in-flamed and swollen joints and stiff

HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD

A Plucky Young Lady Takes on Herself to Cure Her Father of the Liquer Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.



A portion of her letter reads as follows:

"My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time, but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day after a terrible spree he said to us: 'It's no use. I can't stop drinking.' Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him, and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend." A portion of her letter reads as follows:

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly con-fidential. Inclose stamp for reply. Ad-dress THE SAMARIA REMEDY COM-PANY, 23 Jordan street, Toronto, Canada.

Wellington's Tender Heart.

Mrs. Charles Bagot, in her new book entitled "Links With the Past," gives some interesting glimpses of the Duke of Wellington and his kind heart, as well as an amusing and impressive record of confidence which the people of that time had in the great soldier. "The duke came into Lady Westmorland's opera box, where I was sitting, Lady Westmorland reminded him that by my recent marriage I had become his great-niece. He spoke very kindly to me, took my hand and kept it throughout the act. My husband said to me afterward:

"'Why did you not speak to the duke? "'I could not,' was all I could say. I had been brought up with such in-tense admiration of him by my father and uncles that I was struck dumb. I simply felt that I was setting hand in

hand with the savior of England and As an instance of the confidence the duke's presence inspired, Lady Mornington tells the story that when firing was heard in Brussels (whe staying) at the opening of the battle of Waterloo, she went to wake her maid, a woman called Finlay. woman merely sat up in her bed and

"Is the duke between us and the

French army, my lady?"
"Yes, Finlay." "Oh, then, my lady, I shall lie down and go to sleep again."

Lady Mornington says further that when she first saw the duke at Brussels after the battle and congratulated

him, he put his face between his hands to hide his tears, and said: "Oh, do not congratulate mel I have lost all my dearest friends!" When the duke was told of the death



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