British Barmaids.

There are 120,000 barmaids in England, and at various times sundry folk have dreamed of having a law passed which should prevent the employment of girls as bartenders, says a London letter. But the efforts in this direction have had little public support, partly because an English institution is not easily set aside, and partly because of a general conviction that the girl behind the bar is not necessarily a bad lot. So an attempt in a new direction has been begun on behalf of the barmaid. Instead of being told that she is probably a sinner, or soon will be one, she is merely invited to come and take tea on Sunday afternoon with a woman who doesn't intend to preach to her and who would like to be a good friend, and, to quote her own words, would like "to give her a bit of blue sky to see."

Mrs. Cholmeley, the leader of this new work is wealthy, and one of the honorary workers in the Church Army, the organization with which the Church of England is unintentionally rivalling Gen. Booth's Salvation Army. She has received contributions from the Church Army and from other sources and engaged four or five girls who have been trained as mission workers to help her. The work, of course, makes it necessary that the barmaids should be visited at their places of business, for these girls work from 7 in the morning until half-past 12 at night, and, naturally, Mrs. Cholmeley has found it difficult to enlist women of her own social position to undertake making the rounds of such places. Another drawback is that there are really only about four hours in the day when this work can be attempted, for the girls are too busy with customers from 12 o'clock until 2 or 3 in the afternoon, and even busier all the evening. In spite of these difficulties, Mrs. Cholmeley and her assistants have succeeded in the last six months in visiting 4,000 barmaids and talking with them. They take with them a little letter, inclosed in an envelope, attractively printed and as little like a tract as possible, written simply yet calculated to interest the girl who receives it and to make her think.

Some of the larger public houses employ as many as twenty-five barmaids, and in others the girls are kept busy from morning until night, but in every case the workers try to have a few words with each of them, as well as to hand them the letters. Every letter is signed with Mrs. Cholmeley's name and bears her address, and the girls are told that she is at home every Sunday afternoon and will be pleased to have them take tea with her whenever they can. At these teas she sometimes has three or four girls, sometimes only one, more often none. Considering that the girls' only breathing time in the whole week comes on Sunday afternoon and then is only five hours long, it is not strange that Mrs. Cholmeley's little receptions are not better patronized.

Mrs. Cholmeley says that there are many more good barmaids than evil ones. The girls usually enter the business for the simple reason that almost all the other lines open to women are paid so wretchedly that the $2.50 a week, with meals, that barmaids receive seems like a fortune. Then, there is nothing degrading about the work, for every barmaid is called "Miss." In their visits, Mrs. Cholmeley and her girls have discovered four barmaids who were formerly teachers in Sunday schools, and several who keep a little box on the bar and make men who swear in their presence drop into it a penny whenever they offend. One girl collected $4, and sent it to a charity fund.

As for the girls the great majority of them would leave in a moment if they could make as much money elsewhere in a more elevated calling. The hours are terribly long; they are obliged to stand all through them. There is dirty work to be done in the morning, sometimes insults to put up with, and always the temptation to drink. Mrs. Cholmeley says fewer of them yield to this temptation than would be expected. The girls are usually related to the proprietor or his friends and some of them enter the business as early as the age of 14. They find their husbands in the public houses. If they don't get married and retire they die young, the result of the hard work and long hours. At least, that was what the girls said when asked what became of the old barmaids.

What Mrs. Cholmeley hopes to accomplish eventually she hardly knows. Her ideal is, finally, to divide the city of London up into districts and enlist women workers enough to look after the girls rather carefully, in case any of them is ill or in trouble, then to find a woman of some prestige in each of those districts who would receive the girls on Sunday or whenever they could come and counsel them if they needed it. At present $5,000 has been spent in the work.

THE LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Mr. Drummond Thinks He Has Found Where Its Waters come From.

On the north side of Lake Ontario, southwest of the Canadian city of Kingston, is a lake situated on a height of land one side of which forms a cliff. It is just south of the arm of Lake Ontario known as Quinte Bay and it stands 180 feet above the bay. There is no opportunity for surface waters to flow into this little lake and no one has the slightest idea whence it derives its waters, which are clear and fresh. The lake is about one and a half miles long with a width of about three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. A. T. Drummond recently wrote a letter to Nature in which he said he believed he had solved the mystery of the invisible inflow which cannot possibly be attributed to springs from any higher ground in the neighborhood. In his opinion the source of the lake is to be found in the Trenton limestone area some twenty-five or thirty miles to the northeast. There is a steady rise in these rocks to the north and their dip is favorable to sending the water that sinks through the soil to them southward to the region of Lake Ontario. Fifty miles away the rocks have a height of 400 feet above the lake.

In order to ascertain the bearing of these rocks upon the origin of the inflow, Mr. Drummond last summer made a series of soundings in the little lake. The larger part of the lake is shallow, but along its southern edge he found a great rent in the bottom nearly a mile long and a third of a mile wide. In this rent the depths varied from seventy-five to 100 feet. He says the rent is probably due to a wide fault or breakage in the Trenton limestone and he believes that the same forces that gave rise to this fault may account for a subterranean connection with the higher ground many miles to the north through which the water finds its way into the little lake that overlooks Ontario. Mr. Drummond's theory is the most plausible that has yet been suggested to account for the source from which this mysterious lake receives its waters.

SCHOOL CHILDREN RIDE GRATIS,

School children in Victoria, Australia, are carried on the streets cars free of charge.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Another little occurrence took place which increased her annoyance. She was in the library one morning with Sir Arthur and Mr. Dorman, when the family solicitor, Mr. Greston, was announced. He had come from London on business connected with the estate. Lady Neslie received him very graciously. It was part of her policy to be civil to every one. She never felt sure what might happen, what friends she might need, and she therefore deemed it best to conciliate all. She paid little attention to what was passing until she heard Mr. Greston say—

"You cannot do that," Sir Arthur without Miss Neslie's consent."

"My daughter will consent," said Sir Arthur. "We have talked the matter over. She gives her consent on certain conditions."

"We shall require Miss Neslie's signature then," observed Mr. Greston. "As heiress of Lancewood, she must sign these papers."

Lady Neslie looked up quickly. Of how little account she seemed! She did not even know what was passing. She rebelled against such a state of things. Surely she had a right to know what was going on. She would not be ignored. She went over to Sir Arthur and laid her jewelled hand on his shoulder.

"What are you doing, Arthur?" she asked.

Sir Arthur looked up with an expression of impatience.

"What are you doing?" she repeated.

"Nothing that you will understand, Valerie," he said. "Mr. Dorman, will you oblige me by looking for Miss Neslie? Mr. Greston's time is precious. He has to return by the evening train."

The young secretary left the room.

"What business is it?" asked Lady Valerie, quickly. She was piqued at Sir Arthur's indifferent reply.

"None that you would understand," he replied.

"Surely," said Lady Neslie, "I may know as well as Vivien?"

She spoke with so much pique and bitterness that the lawyer looked up in wonder. Sir Arthur was greatly annoyed.

"The business concerns Vivien, not you," he said curtly.

Then "miladi" saw that she had gone too far. She had sufficient tact to retrieve any false step that she might make. She laughed—and the lawyer thought to himself what a false ring there was in her laugh.

"I was only jesting," she said.

But Sir Arthur was annoyed. She went back to her seat, and the master of Lancewood bent his head over the papers; he was vexed that Mr. Greston should have witnessed the little outbreak.

"That is a spiteful, ill-bred woman," thought the solicitor, "and, no matter whether her name was D'Este or not, she is no lady."

Then Mr. Dorman returned, and Vivien followed.

Lady Neslie, watching with jealous eyes, saw the deference paid to her by Mr. Greston.

"How great is the difference," she thought to herself, "between the mistress of Lancewood, and the heiress! He treats her with a hundred times more deference than he treated me."

It was bitter as gall and wormwood to her. Of what avail were her present paltry triumphs if this proud girl was one day to send her from the scene of her victories? She heard Mr. Greston explaining, asking questions; she heard him refer to a future time —"When in your hands, Miss Neslie;" she saw that every work Vivien uttered was received with deferential attention by the lawyer, and Sir Arthur, yet when she had spoken, her husband was simply annoyed.

"How I hate her!" she thought. "I hate her for her beauty, which outshines mine; I hate her for her calm, serene pride, her patrician air, her self-possessed manner; I hate her because she will one day drive me from Lancewood.

And, as she looked at her, Lady Neslie thought to herself that she would give all she had in the world to outrival her. Oh, if she had but a son—a son who could displace this girl, a son who would take Lancewood, who would be lord of the domain! If she had but a son! And from her lips came a wild cry to Heaven that her prayer might be granted. She pictured it all to herself, if Heaven would but give her a son, Sir Arthur might perhaps just at first feel sorry for Vivien, but after a time the pride that all men feel in a male heir—above all, in a son of their own—would overpower all other feeling, and in a short time he would be as delighted as herself. A son to inherit Lancewood, but above all, to supplant Vivien! If she had a son who would succeed to the Abbey, then she would never have to leave it. She might live there always, and it would be Vivien who would have to go.

"It is enough to tempt me to go to any extreme of peril and danger," she thought. "In fiction, a lady who desires a son and heir always buys one and cheats her husband. I wish I could do that; but I dare not even attempt it—Vivien would be sure to find me out. I could deceive Sir Arthur easily, but I could not deceive her."

Then she began to meditate on the feasibility of adopting a son—of pretending it was her own, and passing it off as such. She did not lack invention, but she lacked courage to carry out her plans.

A son—a son! If ever a woman prayed wildly, madly, passionately for a child, it was Lady Neslie. Not that she loved children; hers was not one of those sweet womanly natures that delight in the love and affection of a child. She merely wanted a child as an instrument of vengeance. She would far rather have purchased one and passed it off as her own than have been the mother of one. No sweet instinct of maternal love actuated her, no desire for something to love which should be all her own. She desired a child simply that it might be an engine of vengeance, that it might bring destruction on the proud head of her rival. She had now been married more than two years, and as yet, Heaven had been dead to her passionate prayer for a child.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was the month of May — merry, sunny, happy May—the month of blossoms and leaves, when the world seems to be at its fairest.

Lancewood looked very lovely; the hawthorn was budding in the hedges, the green leaves were springing on the trees, the lilacs were budding, the golden blossoms of the laburnum were formed.

They were all out on the lawn one day, Lady Valerie preferring Lancewood to a season in town, watching the tame doves which fluttered in the sunlit balmy air. Valerie, who was sitting near her husband, sighed deeply; then after a few minutes, she sighed again. Sir Arthur looked anxiously at her.

"What is the matter, Valerie?" he asked. "Why are you sighing?"

"I do not know," she replied.

"You do not seem quite like yourself, my darling. Do you know what I was thinking about?"

"No," she replied, listlessly.

"Last May," he said, "you gave six picnics—only imagine, six picnics in one month!—you had a picnic mania—and this May you have not given one."

"No," she replied, "I have not, Miss Smeaton was reproaching me yesterday."

"What is the reason, Valerie," asked Sir Arthur.

"I do not know," she replied, indifferently; "I do not feel so full of life this year as I did last."

Sir Arthur looked anxiously at her. "Not so full of life, Valerie? Surely you are not ill?"

"I do not know," she repeated; "I only know that the world seems quite different."

Her tone of voice was despondent; it had lost its joyous ring. Looking at her, he saw that the bright smile had died from her face. The master of Lancewood grew anxious.

"Shall we have a picnic next week?" he asked. "Gayton's Craig would be a charming place to visit; you have not been there, I think."

"I do not feel equal to it, Arthur," said Lady Neslie, wearily — and when it happened that "miladi" was unequal to anything in the shape of pleasure, her husband felt sure there was something amiss.

Vivien, prejudiced as she was, could not help seeing that the young wife dropped and faded daily.

"Valerie," said Sir Arthur one morning, "you are losing all your color. You look like a lily, and I prefer to see you like a rose. Would you like to go anywhere for change of air?"

No; she preferred remaining at Lancewood.

"It is the purest air in England," said Mr. Dorman, who was present.

"That it is. But perhaps Lady Neslie would be benefited by a change."

"I shall not leave Lancewood," said Valerie, decidedly; and when she spoke so her husband knew that all further discussion was useless.

On another day he was distressed and anxious about her. She had been the life and soul of the house; she had been used to flit like a sunbeam from one room to another; she was always singing, laughing, or talking; no one had ever seen her dull, out of spirits, or even quiet. But one morning Sir Arthur, going unexpectedly into her boudoir, found her sitting with her arms laid on the table and her face hidden on them, her whole attitude so full of despair, so utterly despondent, that he was first startled and then frightened — what could have happened to his gay young wife?

"Valerie, my darling, what is it?" he asked, tenderly.

She raised a colorless face to his.

"I do not know; I feel very ill, Arthur," she continued, in a low, frightened voice; "do you think that I am going to die?"

"To die!" he repeated, in alarm. "I pray Heaven not. Why, my darling! What a question! I see no sign of death about you. What makes you think of such a thing?"

"Because I feel so ill, so strange," she replied.

"Valerie," said her husband, gravely, "I shall send for a doctor."

"No," she urged, with a shudder; "I dread doctors; I am afraid of them; the very sight of one makes me feel ill."

"But something must be done," said Sir Arthur.

She rose, and he was horrified to see how weak and ill she seemed. She looked at him, trying to smile her old bright, gay, defiant smile; but the effort was a miserable one.

"I will not have any doctor" she said; "let me die a natural death, if I am to die at all. I feel better — I shall soon be better; perhaps I have over exerted myself."—and on the subject of her health she would not say another word.

That same evening—a wild, boisterous evening—when the wind was wailing round the Abbey and bending the tall trees in the park, Sir Arthur had a serious fright. Dinner was over, and the baronet and his wife and daughter were in the drawing-room. Vivien was singing. Lady Neslie had lain down on a couch, as though tired. She rose to find a novel that she had been reading, and when she was halfway across the room she fell, with a low cry, to the ground. Sir Arthur hastened to raise her, crying out to Vivien for help. They laid her down again on the little couch, and were startled at her white face and lips.

"Papa," said Vivien, "I should not let anything prevent my sending for a doctor, if I were in your place. I am afraid Lady Neslie is seriously ill."

"Late as it is," decided Sir Arthur, "I will send directly;" and a servant was dispatched at once to Hydewell in search of Dr. Armstrong. When he arrived Lady Neslie was better, and laughing at the fright she had given them.

"I have never fainted before," she said; "it is a most curious sensation—I do not think that dying can be much worse."

She received Dr. Armstrong kindly, although she felt annoyed at his being sent for.

"I am better," she said. "I have over-exerted myself, doctor. I will not be an invalid, I refuse absolutely!"

But Dr. Armstrong looked gravely at her.

"I should like to speak to you," he said, "if you will permit me"—hearing which Vivien withdrew, leaving the doctor and his refractory patient together.

It was a long interview, and at its close Dr. Armstrong quitted the room with an expression of anxiety blended with amusement on his face.

"There is nothing serious, I hope, doctor," said Sir Arthur.

"No," he replied; "but allow me to say, Sir Arthur, that Lady Neslie is one of the most extraordinary patients I have ever attended."

The baronet smiled.

"I can believe it," he said. "Lady Neslie has a great dread of illness, doctor. I am glad you think there is nothing very wrong. Would you advise change of air?"

"No; let her rest and live more quietly—have less gayety and keep earlier hours—she will soon be well then."

The doctor might have thought her ladyship a wonderful patient if he had seen her as she appeared after he left her. She was standing by the fire, a flush on her face, her eyes flashing, her red lips curved in a strange smile.

"Can it be true?" she said to herself. "Is my prayer really answered? Can it be true? I will not say one word to them until I am quite sure. And if the doctor does—but he will not—he dares not, now that I have forbidden him. Can it be that my prayer is granted? Now for my victory—now for my revenge! There shall be Lady Valerie's Drive without asking Miss Neslie's consent. Miss Neslie will not always be able to sneer at me—to look at me with calm proud eyes, as though I were immeasurably inferior to her. She will not be able to live at the Abbey while I am sent from its doors. She will not be consulted again, while I am told indifferently that it is upon business I do not understand. Farewell to Miss Neslie's heiress-ship and grandeur if this be true! But I will keep my secret yet awhile."

"You are better, Valerie," said Sir Arthur, entering the room and going up to her. "You have found some of your roses again. I was terribly frightened about you."

"I was frightened myself," she admitted, laughingly; "but I am better now."

"Now, Valerie," said her husband, "you must listen to reason. I know you will not be willing to submit to what I am going to say, but I must enforce obedience. You must live more quietly—you must have less society—you must keep earlier hours—you must go out less. We never have a quiet day at home. You have carried your love of gayety a little too far, and you have made yourself quite ill."

To his surprise, she received the little lecture very meekly.

"You are right," she returned—"I see my folly, and I mean to be different. You shall see that I will follow your advice, Arthur."

"What a docile little wife! You may develop into a patient Griselda soon, Valerie."

To his great surprise, he found that she kept her word. She refused half the invitations that came. She said nothing more about giving dances or balls. She was delighted with the change; even Vivien was compelled to acknowledge the improvement. Lancewood became more like itself again. Later on Sir Arthur proposed going to London for a short period, but to his intense surprise Valerie resolutely declined.

"You may go if you like," she said. "I have had enough of gayety; I want to be quiet at home."

"I shall not leave you," declared Sir Arthur. "London has no attraction for me—I would far rather be at Lancewood. But there is Vivien, she ought to have a change."

It happened most fortunately that the difficulty was soon solved. Lady Smeaton was about to visit town and hearing that the Baronet and Lady Neslie wished Vivien to go, but were unable to accompany her, she invited Miss Neslie to join herself and her daughters; and Vivien consented. Then, when the golden promise of summer filled the land, Lady Neslie told her husband the secret she had been keeping from him; and the secret was, that before many months had passed, there would be given to her the sweetest gift Heaven can give — the gift of a little child.

To be Continued.

From Pain to Health.

A CHIPPEWA LADY TELLS A STORY OF SUFFERING AND RELEASE.

Suffered From Heart Trouble for Years—Her Misery Further Aggravated by Kidney and Stomach Trouble.

From the Star, St. Catharines, Ont.

In the village of Chippewa, and along the Niagara frontier, there is probably no better known or respected residents than Mr. and Mrs. David Schabel. Both are of German descent and display much of that old-fashioned hospitality so often found in the fatherland. To a correspondent of the St. Catharines Star, who recently called at Mr. Schabel's home Mrs. Schabel related the following story:—"Years ago my physician told me I had heart disease. I have been troubled at intervals with palpitation and severe pains, and sometimes my heart would almost cease to beat. I would become dizzy, restless and frightened. At other times I slept badly and had troublesome dreams. I lingered in this state until last winter when exposure to cold affected my kidneys and completely prostrated me. The spring came, when my complaints were further aggravated by stomach trouble. I loathed food and could realize that I was daily growing weaker. My physician's treatment would sometimes slightly benefit me, then again I was worse than ever. Finally, after all hope was apparently gone and a large sum of money, had been thrown away for medicines that did me no good, a friend strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, two boxes of which were brought me at the beginning of the summer of 1899. I used them and to my joy noticed improvement. I continued the use of the pills faithfully until I had taken eight boxes. I am now able to attend to all my housework, feeling entirely cured. I have never had better health than I am now enjoying, and since discontinuing the pills have had no symptoms of the old complaints. I feel that I am under lifelong obligations for the benefit I have derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will continue to praise them when opportunity offers."

A COSTLY TROUSSE J.

No less a sum than $1,500,000 has been assigned by the Emperor of Japan for the purchase of the trousseau of the bride of his son and heir, this enormous expenditure being rendered necessary by the fact that the future Empress of Japan requires a complete European outfit, and likewise an equally comprehensive native trousseau. It is difficult to say which of the two will prove the more expensive. The bride of the Crown Prince of Japan is only 15 years of age, bears the name of Princess Sada, is the daughter of Prince Eugo, and belongs to that illustrious house of Pugiwara, which has furnished quite a number of Empresses to Japan. Her picture shows her to be a girl possessed of all the distinctive features of the women of the old Japanese aristocracy; that is to say, of those princely families who used to make their headquarters at Kioto. She is not pretty, but her face gives indications of the same strength of character as the present Empress of Japan, who is a remarkable woman, and the principal counselor and most enlightened and progressive adviser of her husband. It may be remembered that before arranging the marriage with Princess Sada the Emperor of Japan sounded, very discreetly, it is true, the various courts of Europe with the object of discovering whether it would not be possible to find among the royal families of the Occident a bride for the future ruler of the Oriental Empire of the Rising Sun. And indications were even given that to bring about such a match the Young Prince might be disposed to become a convert to Christianity, which would, of course, have proved a great step toward the transformation of Japan into a full-fledged Christian power.

But no European Princess, not even any of the most mature, felt that she was "called" to contribute to the conversion of Japan to Christianity by marrying Crown Prince Yoshi Hito, and accordingly he was forced to seek a bride among his own people. From a dynastic point of view, this is certainly the best thing that could have happened. It is doubtful whether a match with a European Princess would have been popular in Japan, while the strange mortality which falls to the lot of all the children born of marriages between the yellow and the white races gives rise to the belief that no son of any such union between a European Princess and the Japanese Crown Prince would ever have lived to succeed to the Japanese throne.

The Crown Prince himself is at the present moment 21 years of age, bears a striking resemblance to what his father was when he was young, looking, however, much more wide-awake and clever, and is the offspring, not of the Empress, who is childless, but of one of the ladies of the imperial harem. In fact, it was the existence of this harem, as well as of certain other analogous features in keeping with Oriental ethics, but not countenanced by Western and European ideas, that proved the principle obstacle to the project of a match for the Crown Prince in Europe.

Governor Nash, of Ohio, is an authority on the history of that State, which he has made a lifelong study. His library of works on this subject is probably the largest and most valuable extant.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea is always uniform and always the best. Try it

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

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

PEN PICTURES OF WAR.

What a Battle is Like Under Modern Conditions.

One of the war correspondents, in the course of a private letter to a friend give some vivid pictures of the realities of war under modern conditions:

"As regards my own feelings in a fight it is very hard to describe; I know when the thing is all over and when I am all right I feel much happier. Any man who has been in a modern fight where men are being knocked over all around, and says he likes it, is a liar. In former days it must have been different. The enemy could be seen, the smoke could be seen, and rifles had to be reloaded after every shot. At 1,000 yards you were in comparative safety. The infantry after receiving one volley, would charge, knowing that until the enemy had loaded again each man was practically safe.

"Nowadays, that is all changed. Nothing is seen, no man, no smoke. The only thing seen is the dust thrown up by the bullets, like a rainstorm on the surface of the lake, the artillery throwing shells and the shells bursting. In contrast to this is the noise which is internal; with occasional lulls it sounds as if a million kettle-drums were being played—a constant tra-ra-ra-ra, with the boom, boom of the big guns and the harsher sound of the pumping of the Maxims, Hotchkiss, Maxim-Nordenfeldts and machine guns in general. The discord is appalling, as every gun has a different sound, and each shell going through the air hums, or whistles according to its breed. After a time you can tell what is coming, or, if it is one of your own, what is going.

"The most terrifying of the enemy's guns is a sort of Hotchkiss, which fires about five rounds at a time, and throws a one-pound shell, which bursts. You are safe nowhere, as a bullet fired at an object at 800 yards, which misses hits and kills at 2,000 or 5,000. It practically means with these rifles that a bullet is never spent until it hits something and remains there. When a bullet strikes you hear nothing; it goes right through a man and probably travels on another 2,000 yards. You hear a grunt or a gurgle, and the man collapses and doubles up; sometimes if hit in the arm or leg he spins around and falls, and probably gets up again, as it is only the shock which knocks him down, and he hardly feels the bullet. At Modder River I went down with three guns of the 18th Battery to within 1,300 yards and saw five men go over, one after the other, but only one killed.

"The worst thing is a bullet wound in the stomach, below the navel, which is mortal. The pain is excruciating and they howl like a shot hare; it sounds like a child screaming, and is horrible. But you see such a lot of beastly sights and hear such a lot of heart-rending sounds that you become accustomed to them and callous. I found a wounded Boer at Magersfontein who was shot—evidently while lying down—through the top of the head above the right ear; the bullet had traveled through his head and out at the back of his jaw on the left side. It had then broken his collarbone and taken a turn, traveled round his ribs and out at his side. He was not pretty to look at, but did not seem much the worse, and while I gave him water he explained to me the course of the bullet. Some of the recoveries are perfectly marvelous. I suppose after the thing is over the doctors will publish some of the extraordinary cases which have passed through their hands."

THE FLETCHER CASE

A Petrolea Lady Vanquishes a Stubborn and Persistent Enemy.

She Was for Months a Martyr to Inflammatory Rheumatism—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

Petrolea, April 2.—No lady resident in this town is more widely known, and more highly esteemed for her many good qualities, than is Mrs. A. Fletcher, of the Fletcher House. Throughout the adjacent country district also, she has a very wide acquaintance.

All who know this estimable lady, know that for months past, she has been a ceaseless sufferer from inflammatory Rheumatism. So severe did the disease become that her finger joints and fingers were so terribly swollen that she could not bend them. So was unable to get downstairs without assistance, and every impending change of weather brought her the most indescribable agony.

Many remedies were used, in efforts to effect a cure. Different medical men were called in to attend her, but all failed dismally.

At length Mrs. Fletcher, having read of Dodd's Kidney Pills, decided to give them a trial—as a final effort. She did so and the only possible result followed. The first dose soothed her awful pain. Every succeeding dose did more and more good, and five boxes left her a sound and healthy woman. Not a vestige of her old disease remains.

Rheumatism has no terrors, when Dodd's Kidney Pills are used. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism, and all other Kidney Diseases, just as certainly, easily, quickly and naturally as a drink of water cures thirst.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Many young ladies who have an almost unlimited supply of pin money, are making and laundering their own handkerchiefs, and those who must economize, can save a considerable sum every year by following their example. India linen, cambric, mull and wash silk are a few of the materials used for white handkerchiefs, and the style of finish is so varied that any taste may be suited. There are the plain hemstitched ones without any ornament except a monogram or initials embroidered in one corner with white embroidery silk or cotton. Others have an edge of valenciennes lace, real or imitation according to the size of the pocketbook, put on around the narrow hemstitched hems. Narrow lace insertion is sometimes set two or three inches from the edge all around between two hemstitched hems. Handkerchiefs made of silk with embroidered hem and a scroll or monogram are very handsome.

The amount of National Bank stock held by women in America is estimated at $130,000,000, and the amount of private and State Bank stock at $137,000,000.

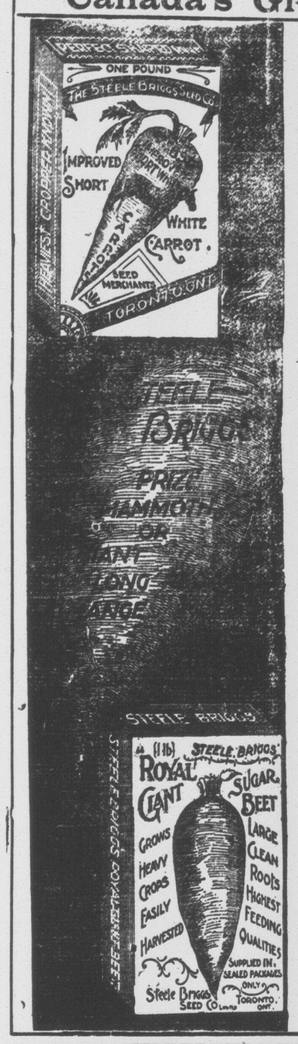
Trolley lines in Connecticut last year carried 59,084,702 passengers, and the steam lines 50,269,468.

IT IS THE BEST—Always pure—always the same—

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA. Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

"Canada's Greatest Seed House."



THE SECRET FOR SUCCESS

Is in using the best seeds at all times, because you secure more tons per acre in the yield of roots. When you use cheaply grown seeds you sacrifice by poor yield in crop and inferior quality of roots many times the cost of good seed.

STERLING SPECIALTIES

Steele, Briggs' CARROT

"Improved Short White"

The King of Field Carrots, largest cropper, heaviest and cleanest rooted, most easily harvested of any Carrot grown.

Use Steele, Briggs' Sealed Packages only (see cut), then you get the genuine sort.

Price (post-paid) ¼ lb., 20c.; ½ lb., 30c.; lb., 50c.

MANGEL WURTZEL

"Steele, Briggs' Money Makers"

Have been perfected by repeated selections of seed roots during several years past, thus securing the finest strains that can be obtained. Growers who value their Mangel Crop will use Steele, Briggs'

"Prize Mammoth or Giant Long Red"
"Giant Yellow Oval" and
"Giant Yellow Globe."

Price, each, by mail (post paid), 29c. lb.; in 5 lb. lots or more, 27c. lb.

STEELE, BRIGGS'

"Royal Giant" SUGAR BEET

A new and distinct variety, roots rose color, very large, clean, easily harvested and heaviest cropper of any Sugar Beet known. Every grower should try it.

Can only be had in (¼ lb.) sealed packages (see cut).

Price (post-paid) 50c. per lb.

NOTICE TO GROWERS

Steele, Briggs' Field Root Seeds are all produced from specially selected roots and with unusual care, that the Canadian grower may secure the most profitable result from his crop. Steele, Briggs' Seeds may be obtained from local dealers who consider the growers' best interest, rather than the small increased profits to themselves by supplying "cheaply" grown seeds.

Secure STEELE, BRIGGS' Seeds

If not obtainable from your resident merchant, send your orders direct, that you may have the best.

CATALOGUE MAILED FREE TO INTENDING BUYERS.

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., LIMITED TORONTO, Ont.

THE WEDDING RING.

There are few more universal customs among the modern nations than that of the wedding ring. Yet it has come down to us from very early times even from ancient Egypt, whence it came to be prevalent among the Hebrews. It is supposed that Tubal-Cain, the worker in metal, taught the art of ring-making to his fellows and descendants. The ring was first worn as an ornament and came to be an emblem of authority in the case of kings and those in high places. Messengers carried the king's signet to insure recognition. Physicians wore rings to prevent contagion and the common people to insure themselves against the influence of evil spirits. In the civilization of the ancient Egyptians the circle was a symbol of eternity and it was so used in the picture writing. There is, perhaps, something to this idea in the sentiment that has applied the finger ring to the union of two souls by marriage. The position of the ring on the hand has been changed. The Romans and Greeks wore it on the forefinger, and this seems to have been the custom even in the time of Charles I. of England. But previous to his reign, in the time of Elizabeth, the custom was for the ladies to wear their wedding rings on their thumbs. When George I. came to the throne the finger had been changed to the third. The left hand is chosen for the ring, perhaps because it is emblematic of submission, whereas the right stands for authority. The Greek church still authorizes the wearing of two rings, both on the right hand.

It was in the fourteenth century that an Italian astrologist invented a system of wedding rings to insure good fortune. The nature of the ring was to depend on the month in which the bride was born, as follows: If in January, a garnet would win her friends; February, an amethyst would protect her from poison; March, a bloodstone would make her wise; April, a diamond would keep her heart innocent; May, an emerald would insure her happiness; June, an agate would give her health; July, a ruby would preserve her free from jealousy; August, a sardonyx would prevent quarrels; October, a carbuncle would increase her love of home; November, a topaz would keep her truthful and obedient; December, a turquoise would keep her faithful. At some places in Spain and Portugal three rings are given, the custom being closely associated with religious ideas, as one is given in the name of each member of the Trinity.

10,000 FREE SAMPLES.

Guaranteed Cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Throat Irritation, Colds, &c.

Don't let that Catarrh or Bronchitis run on. Root it out before it becomes chronic. The best, simplest, and quickest remedy for these complaints is "Catarrhozone." It costs nothing to test, for we will send you, free, a 25 cent outfit, sufficient in many cases to cure, and one thousand testimonials. Enclose 10 cents for boxing, postage, &c. Poison & Co., Kingston, Ont.

An agent for the American Bible Society says that the first book printed in Minnesota was a Bible. It was printed in 1836, about 13 years before the first issue of a newspaper in St. Paul.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT OF MALT

Invigorates and Strengthens.

LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

Three men who have been newspaper reporters in Albany have become members of the Cabinet. The late Daniel Manning, Daniel S. Lamont and Charles Emory Smith.

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

There are 6,750,000 volumes in the libraries of the American colleges and universities. Harvard has 500,000 volumes, Chicago University, 350,000, Columbia, 275,000, and Cornell 225,000.

PAINT WASTED...

It's a waste of paint, time and money to use inferior materials. The best costs but little more, and lasts twice as long. The reputation acquired by

RAMSAY'S PAINTS,

which are sold by all first-class dealers, is a guarantee of satisfaction.

They are mixed ready for use, and one gallon covers 350 square feet a coats.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL. Paint Makers. Est'd 1842.

HOW TO MEND A GLOVE.

When a glove is too small and splits, it is worse than useless to sew up the rent; it must be patched. The patch must be of kid of the same color. Turn the part inside out, having trimmed the hole round so that the edges are even, and cut the patch of kid to the right size. Then with fine needle and cotton sew in the patch, taking care only to take up the inside the kid and keep the seam flat.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

GOOD ADVICE.

Fredy—She is all the world to me! What would you advise me to do?

Percy—See a little more of the world, old chap!

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop's.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot, two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements. Rates moderate.

M. Anagos, principal of the Perkins, Institute for the Blind, in Boston, will be one of the American representatives at the international congress in the interest of the blind, to be held in Paris, next August.

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.

Montana is said to have mined $40,000,0000 worth of copper last year. That beats the gold and silver record of any State in the Union.

W P C 1018

CALVERT'S

Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER ENGLAND

Dyeing! Cleaning!

For the very best send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO." Look for agent in your town, or send direct. Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 581 Queen W. Toronto.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

Every Town can have a Band

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

HARRIS Brass BRASS

LEAD, COPPER, BRASS.

Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1729.

WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, APPLES, and other PRODUCE, to ensure best results consign to The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Cor. West-Market & Colborne St., Toronto.

LAW Mills, Mills & Halse Barristers, etc., removed to Weller Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

Carters COLD CURE 10c. Cures in a day. P. McCormack & Co., Agents, Montreal.

THE DES MOINES INCUBATOR—Best and cheapest. O. Rolland, sole agent for the Dominion. Send 3c. stamp for catalogue. 375 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Statuettes, Religious Pictures, Statuary, and Church Ornaments, Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. SADLIER & Co., Montreal.

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING. J. L. JONES ENG. Co. 6-8-10 ADELAIDE STW. TORONTO.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want good, RELIABLE, ENERGETIC men in "unrepresented districts" throughout the Dominion to sell our stock for investment.