A SCHOOLBOY MILITIA.

Plan to Add Four Million Embryo Soldiers to the British Army.

A movement is now in progress in England which, if successful, will put every public schoolboy in the land in training as a possible recruit for the British army. The plan is to make military drill compulsory in all the board or public schools; to place the training in the hands of regular army officers, with inspections by representatives of the war office; and in addition, to establish a schoolboy militia in the shape of cadet corps and battalions, under the direct control of the war office, with financial support from the government.

The plan originated with the Earl of Meath, and although it has provoked considerable discussion in the English papers, has been commended by Lord Roberts; Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army; Lord Wantage, chairman of the British Red Cross Society, and Lord Methuen.

Most of the boys who attend the English board schools enter school at the age of eleven or twelve years, and leave it at the age of fourteen or fifteen. The new plan will therefore give them three years of drill in the manual of arms, in marching formation and general physical culture.

When the boys leave school the cadet corps will be ready to receive them. There they will be armed with carbines, will drill once or twice a week, practise marksmanship and go into camp for a month in summer. It is calculated that the plan would add four million embryo soldiers to the British army.

The advocates of the measure quote the remark of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, the eminent mechanical engineer, that men thus trained were worth fifty cents a day more than ordinary men, on account of this discipline, alertness and ability to act together. They also believe that in this way the ranks of the corner loafers will be reduced, and, above all, that every young Englishman who attends the board schools will receive a practical training for the defence of his country, should occasion arise.

STOMACH TROUBLE

MAKES THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE MISERABLE.

Mrs. John Holland, of Tarantum, P. E. I., Gives Her Experience for the Benefit of Similar Sufferers—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Watchman, Charlottetown.

Mrs. John Holland, of Tarantum, P.E.I., is well known and highly respected in the community where she resides. For some years her life was one of misery and suffering, having been an acute sufferer from that common foe of humanity, dyspepsia. A reporter hearing of her restoration to health through the agency of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, called upon Mrs. Holland to obtain particulars, which were cheerfully given as follows:—"About four years ago I became very ill, I was attacked with a distressing pain in my stomach, accompanied by flashes of heat and cold. These attacks were generally preceded by a sleepiness and stupor which required constant exertion to keep awake. I had little or no appetite and food lay as a stone on my stomach. As time passed, I was growing worse, vomiting of food set in, with sudden changes of heat and cold in my feet. I was so reduced in strength as to not be able to walk any distance without resting. To work I dare not attempt. I began to feel that I could not live very long in my present condition. I was reduced in weight to 115, pounds. Two years ago I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before this I had tried various advertised medicines, but without any benefit resulting. I was using the second box of the pills before I felt any benefit, but from that my recovery was rapid. I used in all five boxes of the pills, and have never felt better in my life than I do at the present moment. All the disagreeable sensations that accompany dyspepsia have vanished; I can enjoy my meals with relish, and my weight has increased from 115 to 139 pounds. It is now more than a year since I discontinued the use of the pills, and as I have not had the slightest touch of the trouble in that time I feel safe in saying that my cure is permanent. I would strongly advise others suffering from stomach troubles to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

HE WAS THERE!

He knocked at the back door of a suburban house and the cook opened it. He was a sinister-looking fellow and the cook held on to the door.

Lady of the house at home? he inquired, gruffly.

No, trembled the cook.

Master of the house at home?

No.

None of the people in?

None but me," and she tried to shut the door.

Ah! never mind, he growled, setting his foot against it; I'll come in and have a good feed. Let go that door.

She let go the door, and the tramp went in and fell into the arms of a burly policeman who was courting the cook contrary to orders.

SUMMER FOOL.

The fool, who just fur fun,
Points a weapon at your throat,
Has now a rival fool—
The fool who rocks the boat.

NO PAY.

Westralia is the only Australasian colony that pays neither the members of the Legislative Council nor those of the Legislative Assembly.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

"I did not mean you to act as you have done," she said. "That day I was mad with shame and misery, but I did not mean it—I swear I did not. And I did not think you would take me at my word."

He looked at her sadly.

"I understand. On that day you felt capable of anything; afterward you repented."

"I did not think much of it afterward," she replied. "Gerald, my brain is not clear—I am dazed. I forget if I really meant it. I forget if I felt sorry afterward. I only remember that I thought anything better than to let Lancewood fall into such unworthy hands."

His face brightened.

"Then perhaps, after all, I have not displeased you?" he said. "Remember that I would die for you, and that death would be more acceptable to me than your displeasure."

She looked at him with sad dreamy eyes, his meaning quite lost upon her.

"It can all be remedied, Miss Neslie," he said. "You have but to say the word, and I will undo the evil. I will go at once to America and bring the boy back. I can say that he was stolen by tramps or gypsies. I can fabricate a story that will have every appearance of truth. I can say that he was stolen for the sake of the reward that would be offered. Lady Neslie would be so delighted to recover him that she would be quite content to pardon the theft. I should tell her that those who had stolen the child awaited her promise of full pardon before returning him. Trust me—even as I have done this deed, I will find some way to undo it. Miss Neslie, everything rests now in your hands. On the day that you wished the boy got rid of you may have spoken unguardedly, under the influence of unbearable irritation; afterward you may have repented what you said; but now you have time to think, so I leave the matter in your hands. If you say 'Yes,' I will bring the boy back at once, and take all the consequences upon myself; if you say 'No,' I will let him be where he is. It is for you to decide."

She stood motionless, her hands, clasped together; she heard the rustle of Mr. Greston's paper, the faint ripple of the fountain, the sweet whisper of the wind; she heard, and it all seemed to her outside her own life — she was alone with this terrible decision before her—alone with the terrible secret that had almost slain her. Should she say "Yes," and see the old times renewed in all their horror—see "miladi" with her train of followers return—see ruin, destruction, dissipation, even shame, once more at Lancewood—see the ill-trained child of a strolling player master and lord? Or should she say "No," and see more than the ancient honor of Lancewood revive? Should she say "Yes," and purchase for her own soul peace, even at the price of Lancewood? Or should she say "No," and never know peace again?

How long they had both stood there they did not know; hours might have passed in the agony of that interval. At last Vivien raised her face once more to his. It was quite colorless, with an expression in the eyes that afterward never quite left them.

"I have decided," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "Let matters remain as they are."

He caught her hands in his own.

"Do you mean it? You will not repent, you will not regret it?"

"I mean it," she said—"no strolling player's child shall be lord of Lancewood. I shall never repent or regret my decision—it is for the best."

And that was the sin of her lifetime. Once before she had said the same thing, but it was in the hurried passion of the hour, when she was goaded past all endurance. Now there was no anger, no passion. She stood under the calm summer sky, the world at rest, the wind whispering of peace, the flowers of Heaven. She had time to reflect, to deliberate, to judge calmly; and she decided that things should remain as they were—that the heir of Lancewood should not regain his inheritance; and so she committed the sin of her life-time.

Gerald saw her bow down over some crushed passion-flowers in her hand—flowers not more crushed than the noble soul that had fallen into such an abyss of guilt.

He did not interrupt her—he stood patiently by her side, watching her intently, longing to say some word of comfort or of hope, but not daring to do so. The the sun set, and the dew began to fall—he saw some drops on her dark hair and some on her dress.

"Miss Neslie," he said gently, "you must not remain out here. You will be cold—the dew is falling fast."

He never forgot the face she raised to his, so white was it, so full of pain and anguish, the dark eyes dim with unshed tears. His whole heart went out from him in a passion of pity.

"Miss Neslie," he said, "now that we are here, talking for the last time, I hope, of this subject, which distresses you so greatly, I take courage, and venture to speak to you of my reward."

"Your reward?" she echoed.

"Yes; you remember your words—that to the man who would save Lancewood you would give your life? You remember that?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"I do not ask for your life; I ask for your love. You remember the king of old who said, 'Ask of me what you will—even if it be half of my kingdom—and I will give it to you?' You have said more than that to me: I ask for your love."

She looked at him vaguely, as though she did not understand.

"I know," he said, "that I am far beneath you—only the greatness of my love elevates me and places me by your side. I have no money, no position; but I love you with a devotion of far more worth than gold or lands. Your father trusted me; you have trusted me. He left you in some measure to my care—my whole heart and life lie at your feet."

She interrupted him suddenly with a gesture of command.

"Hush," she said. "I did not understand before; you are making love to me—love to me!"

"I am laying my heart, my life, my soul, my love at your feet," he replied. "Words are all too weak to tell you how I love you. I have loved you from the first moment I saw your beautiful face, and I shall love you until I die."

"Yet you have helped me to sin terribly!" she said, with a shudder.

"Is it a sin that takes power from worthless hands and gives it to a noble woman who will use it nobly? Is it a sin to save a boy from the worst of all lives—that of an idle profligate—and make of him an honest man? Even according to your own creed, Miss Neslie, is it a sin to take Lancewood from the child of a strolling player and give it to a loyal descendant of the grand old Neslie race?"

"Yes," she answered sadly. "You and I may use what sophistry we like—we may gloss it over, we may call it by any fine name we choose — none the less it is a mean, pitiful, terrible sin."

"Will you undo it?" he asked patiently.

"I have told you 'No.' Do not torture me," she replied quickly.

"And my reward?" he said. "How I have loved you! I cannot remember an hour, a day, a moment of my life that has not been filled with thoughts of you. I seem to have lived so entirely in my love that I know nothing outside it. Had you asked me for my life, I would have given it."

"You have given me your honor and your honesty," she remarked sadly—"that is more than enough."

"I dare to ask for your love," he continued, "because I know what the love of men is, and I know that no creature living will love you as I do."

She laid her hand on his and looked at him with pity in her face.

"My poor Gerald," she said, "do you not see that, even were there no other obstacle, you yourself have placed an insuperable one between us?"

"I?" he cried.

"Yes, you—by this very sin. Even had I loved you—which I tell you frankly I do not—this sin would have raised a barrier between us. You and I could not share together the inheritance that we have taken from another."

"Then you will not—you will never love me?" he said.

"No; my love is no longer mine to give—even were it so, it would never now be given to you."

"Then may Heaven help me," he cried bitterly, "for I have sinned and suffered in vain!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Vivien and Gerald Dorman had forgotten Mr. Greston, who had finished his paper, and had been more than once to the window to look at them. He thought it rather strange, that long, earnest consultation between the stately heiress of Lancewood and the young secretary—he would have thought it stranger still had he overheard the matter discussed.

"I have sinned and suffered in vain," repeated Gerald Dorman.

"Not altogether in vain," said Miss Neslie; "you have rendered me good service—you have rendered good service to Lancewood."

"It was all for you—for no one else," he told her, "and now you hate me for it."

"Nay," she replied, "I do not hate you—I am grateful to you. I have a kindly liking for you. You have proved yourself in every way, my true, devoted friend—for that I thank you; but there never could have been any thought of love between us, even had I cared for no one else?"

"Never?" he said, mournfully. "Would nothing have won you—would nothing have made you care for me?"

"Not in that way," she replied "and, Gerald, I have still more to say."

A feeling of utter despair came over him. She laid her hand on his. It was cold as death.

"It is something that must be said," she continued. "Gerald, we have sinned—I in thought and word, you in deed—you for the sake of pleasing me, I because of my pride. We have sinned grievously, and henceforward the sight of you will be a terror to me. Knowing the terrible bond between us I could never talk or laugh with you. The very sight of you would be a perpetual and terrible reminder to me of my sin."

"Then I must leave you?" he said.

"You must leave Lancewood. I am grieved to say it, but it must be so. The sin has been committed, the evil done. I refuse to undo it; but I could not bear to live with the one who has shared my guilt—you must go."

"I might have foreseen it," he moaned.

"Imagine," she said, with white lips, "you and me talking, joining in careless conversation, sitting at the same table, with this horrible sense of guilt between us—this story of a stolen child and a stolen inheritance! It could never be."

"I see it. I have suffered in vain. I have loved you all my life—you have been my very life; but I must crown my love by the greatest of all sacrifices—I must leave you."

Before she had time to reply, Mr. Greston walked across the terrace and joined them.

"You are admiring the beautiful night," he said. "No wonder. I think a summer night the most beautiful thing in nature." Even as he spoke he felt startled at the sight of the two, haggard white faces.

"It is growing cold," said Miss Neslie. "How quickly the dew falls. I think we will go in-doors."

Her color returned, her eyes lost their dim, dazed look. She had a secret to keep and she determined to keep it well. "It is for the honor of Lancewood," she said to herself, and then shrank within herself at the false words. In one sense the honor of Lancewood was destroyed for evermore.

There was no opportunity of speaking to Gerald again that evening, and the night Vivien spent was one of the darkest and most terrible of her life.

It was over at last, and morning dawned. It brought her a letter from Lord St. Just—a loving, tender, earnest letter—that brought a soft flush to her face, a bright love-light to her eyes—a letter in which he told her that he had waited until he could wait no longer, that now, owing to the unfortunate death of the little heir, Lancewood was hers, the only objection she had to their marriage removed.

"I did not tell you," he wrote, "how keen and terrible the disappointment was to me—almost more than I could bear; but for you sake I bore it. Now it is ended. You shall do with Lancewood as you will; but you must be what I long to make you—my darling, my beloved wife."

It was a letter that might have made any woman that read it proud of the writer's fervent love and entire devotion—proud that such a noble heart was her own. Even as Vivien read it she knew and said to herself that the union could never take place; with her terrible secret weighing down heart and soul, she could never marry him.

Should she—and the temptation was strong—relent, send for the child, make peace with her own soul, and marry Adrian? Up rose a host of objections—"miladi's" triumphant return, Lancewood given up to folly and dissipation. No; she held its honor firmly in her own hands now; and she would keep it so."

"Gerald" said Miss Neslie, "will you come to the library? I wish to speak to you."

He went. She seated herself at a writing-table, with an open letter in her hand.

"Sit down by me," she said. "I want to talk to you. You thought I was hard upon you last night. I could perceive that you did. I want to show you that you will not have to suffer alone. See," she continued,—"this letter is from the man I love better than all the world. He asked me some time since to marry him, but for the love of Lancewood I refused. I told him that I remained there as the guardian of the honor of my name—that I could never leave it; and, though he took my refusal sorely to heart, he seemed to understand. He loved me so well," she continued, with a softened voice, "that for my sake he would have remained unmarried forever. Now he has written to me, and he says in his letter that, the only hindrance to our marriage being removed, he wishes me to become his wife.

Although the fire of jealousy burned like a fierce fever within Gerald Dorman, he loved her so well that he forgot himself—forgot everything except that she was in trouble.

"Let me show you, Gerald," she went on, "that you will not suffer alone. I am going to answer this letter, and I shall tell the writer—the man whom I love with so great a love—that I can never be his wife—never while the world stands—that there is an insuperable barrier between us. My pain will be as great as yours."

He loved her so well that he even pleaded against himself.

"Why should you do it?" he asked. "Why should you not marry him?"

"With the black shadow of a terrible sin resting upon me? 'No—a thousand times no! I love him too well. I am guilty of a crime. He shall not marry a criminal. The noblest of women would not be noble enough for him."

"But," said Gerald, "what will you do with your life?"

An expression of rapt thought—of patient devotion came over her face.

"I shall spend it," she said in atonement. So far as in me lies, I will make up for the evil I have done. I will not live for myself—for my own pleasure—for my own indulgence; I will live for the good of others. Gerald, you will hear of churches being built, of schools established, of hospitals erected,—of the poor, of the aged, and the sorrowing finding help and succor. When you hear of all this, say to yourself, 'That is Vivien Neslie's atonement for a wrong done.'"

To be Continued.

Triumphs of Dr. Chase

Over the Most Obstinate Diseases That Torture Human Kind — Remedies That Bring Health and Happiness to Canadian Homes.

The marvellous successes of Dr. Chase's great family remedies prove to all the world that no disease is too severe or of too long standing to yield to these great prescriptions. Their worth to the sick and suffering can never be estimated.

PILES FOR 23 YEARS.

Mr. W. T. Wigle, "Uncle Mike," Kingsville, Ont., states:—"For about 23 years I was troubled with piles, which at times would cause most intense distress by itching, and would ulcerate and bleed. I was treated by several physicians, and tried every remedy I could hear of, but could get no more than slight temporary relief. A traveller, Mr. Golding of Toronto, recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I at once purchased from our dealer and obtained relief after the third application. Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me. That was two years ago, and I have never since had a touch of piles. It has since cured many to whom I have recommended it, and I am anxious to have every sufferer know of its value."

PALE AND WEAK.

Mrs. Stephen Dempsey, Albury, P.E. County, Ont., writes:—"My little granddaughter, nine years old, was very pale and weak, and had no appetite. She had a tired, wornout appearance, and was delicate and sickly. I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for her, and it has helped her very much. She is gaining considerably in weight and looks real healthy."

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

Mr. Geo. Benner, Wiarton, Ont., writes:—"I don't like to have my name put in public print, but I feel it a duty to my fellow-men to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For about four years I was troubled with chronic constipation and weakness of the kidneys. My condition was serious when I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I verily believe that they have saved my life. I am now well and feel like a new man."

Dr. Chase's portrait and signature is on every box of the genuine remedies. Imitators dare not reproduce them. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SOMETHING QUITE NEW—

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Same flavor as Japan, only more delicious.

RESOURCEFUL BADEN-POWELL.

How He Avoided the Attentions of a Young Lady in Malta.

It may be said that no man has aroused more affectionate enthusiasm among the English people of any of the leaders in the Transvaal war—not even excepting "Bobs" himself—than Colonel, now General Baden-Powell, the hero of the siege of Mafeking. This is due not only to his achievement in successfully resisting the Boer investment for nearly five months, but also to the picturesque character of the man himself. Nobody in England refers to him as Baden-Powell nowadays. He is known everywhere as "B. P.," and to arouse the enthusiasm of a British crowd it is only necessary to mention these letters, or to display the familiar of "the British Rough Rider."

Many good stories concerning B. P. are going the rounds at present, and one of the best of these relates not to his achievements in fighting Kruger's men, but to his success in escaping from a bore of another sort in time of peace. The handsome Colonel has always been a favorite with the ladies, and he has received a great deal of the sort of attention that is lavished on matinee idols. It is said that when he was quartered at Malta he was greatly bothered by the persistent attentions of an admiring person of the kind designated in England as "a garrison hack—' a term applied to young women who devote themselves to officers on station. This particular garrison hack persisted in accompanying the gallant B. P., then a captain, on his daily walk. To escape from a bore in so small a place as Malta is a difficult matter, but devoting some thought to the subject B. P. managed to do it by disguising himself as a navvy. For three days in this disguise he lounged past the unsuspecting damsel as she was waiting for him. Emboldened by this success on the fourth day the "navvy" approached the siren and said, "Beg pardon, miss, could you tell me where Captain Baden-Powell is to be found? Three days he has sent out among the lasses who like walking, so that he can take his tramp in peace. I haven't seen so much as a stayiace on the road and I want to report to him.'

It is related that thenceforth B.P. took his afternoon tramp undisturbed.

IT IS A PAPER ARMY.

That of China Seemingly Vast and Wholly Useless.

Although China has two armies, neither of these is known as the Imperial army. There is an army for each province. This body, known as the Army of Eight Banners, contains nominally about three hundred thousand men, who are descendants of the Manchu conquerors and their allies. Of these about eighty thousand are maintained on a war footing, and are divided into three groups, Mongols, Chinese and Manchus, and form an hereditary profession within which intermarriage is compulsory. Of these hereditary soldiers about four thousand are usually stationed at Pekin as an Imperial Guard.

The national army is called Yingpang. This body is known as the "Green Glags," and the "Five Camps," it being divided into five distinct parts. This army is subdivided into eighteen corps, one of each province, and is under the immediate command of the Governor-General or Viceroy. The nominal strength of this national army is about six hundred thousand, but of this number only about two hundred thousand are available for war. The Tientsin army corps is the most important, and has about thirty-five thousand men. These have been drilled by foreign officers, and have modern arms and equipment, and do garrison and police duty at Tientsin and at Taku. The "mercenary troops," play an important part in the Chinese military system. Then there are the Mongolian cavalry and other irregular cavalry, numbering about twenty thousand, which have been described by foreign observers as "of no military value." The total land army on a peace footing is estimated at three hundred thousand men, and on a war footing at about a million; but the army as a whole, according to the same authority, has no unity or cohesion; there is no proper discipline; the drill is mere physical exercise; the weapons are long since obsolete, and there is no transport, commissariat or medical service. There are, though, several arsenals maintained by different provinces where war material in the shape of guns and ammunition, is made and stored. The largest of these arsenals is at Shanghai, and is modern in its equipment, being organized by Europeans and in charge of two Englishmen; the other arsenals are those of Tientsin, Nanking, Hankow, Foochow, Canton and Chingtu. At many of these absolutely useless war material is turned out—fitting component parts of what goes to make up a useless military organization.

DOING IT EVERY MINUTE.

Tess—Miss Phussy is in for everything. She is constantly doing something.

Jess, who recognizes Miss Phussy as a rival—Yes, but the one thing she is doing most constantly she won't admit.

Tess—What's that?

Jess—Growing older.

THAT IS DIFFERENT.

Love laughs at locksmiths, quoted the minister's wife.

But not at wedlocksmiths, amended,

One of the most dangerous and repulsive forms of Kidney Disease is

DROPSY

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually *dammed up*, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one Kidney Medicine

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ABOUT LIGHTNING.

If lightning strikes a tree after a long period of heavy rain, when the whole surface of the tree is damp, it generally does very little harm to the tree and often none at all. If, on the other hand, the tree is struck when its surface is dry it is more severely damaged, because then the electric spark will descend by a line of lower resistance along the damp wood under the bark. In this case the heat of the spark instantly produces steam to a very high pressure under the bark, and it is generally blown up.

CHINESE THRIFT.

What Western Civilization Will Do for the Chinaman.

No race of men can surpass the Chinese in habits of industry and thrift, says D. Z. Sheffield in the Atlantic. With the introduction of Western civilization the vast resources of the country will be developed, the products of the soil and manufacture will indefinitely increase, and domestic and international trade will be multiplied in its proportions. Now, in all this material regeneration of China the natives will take part.

Not a dollar will be gathered from the soil, from trade, from mines, from manufactories, without his securing a due proportion as a reward for his share in the enterprise. He will patiently and faithfully work for a master for half a generation, and in the second half he will appear as his own master, at the head of a thriving business.

Thus, in the industries of the future, wherever there is work to be done there will be found Chinese ready to "sell strength,' as working for hire is called in China; and they will sell more strength for the money than will men of any other nation.

Again, one dollar in the hands of a Chinese represents far greater purchasing power than it does in the hands of a European. In China one dollar will purchase fifteen hundred pieces of cash composed of copper and zinc. These, with a hole in the centre and strung on a cord, weigh seven pounds. A servant or common laborer in Peking is glad to give ten days of labor, and a carpenter or mason six days, to secure this amount of cash, which will give a comfortable support to an average family.

Three dollars a month, or thirty-six dollars a year, cover the living income of a Chinese family of the working class. In short, the Chinese will survive and prosper under conditions of life which would discourage and finally overcome the European. who talks without restraint. It has made a difference in him? Yes. He used to be one of the most indolent men I ever saw. It was impossible to get him wakened at a reasonable hour in the morning. Is he different now? Yes. Since he started he can't sleep at all.

HINDU LOYALTY.

Glimpse of Oriental Passivity and Indifference.

An exultant Indian baboo, referring recently to the gifts and offers of services in South Africa made by certain officers and princes, characteristically expressed his satisfaction.

"The faithful Indian subjects of Queen Victoria," he wrote, "have now by own sweet will donated gratis their superabundant quota, pursuant to prosecuting in extremis the combattle against South African enemies of her gracious majesty.'

Mr. Rudyard Kilpmg has not shared the "combattle," but he has been at the seat of war, and in his recent account of his experience with ly a glimpse of Oriental passivity and indifference. At asiding the hospital train overtook a train that was loaded with horses—remounts being sent to the front. They were from India, the offering of native rajahs. Mr. Kipling can talk Hindustani.

"Suddenly,' he says, "we overhauled a trainload of horses, Bhownagar's and Jamnagar's gifts to the war; stolid saices and a sowar or two in charge,' and this conversation ensued:

"Whence dost thou come?'

"From Bombay with a sahib.'

"Dost thou know the name of this land?'

"No."

"Dost thou know whither thou goest?'

I do not know."

"What, then, dost thou do?'

"I go with my sahib.'

"Great is the East, serene and immutable!' exclaims Kipling. "We left them feeding and watering, as the order was.'

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

WHEN WE URGE YOU TO TRY

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA, we are so confident that its excellent flavor will please you.

LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c

A Good Painter

Always recognizes a good paint when he sees it, or when he uses it. He knows it pays to use good paint, and that's why so many painters ask for

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

The smoothness of its working qualities, its great "covering" capacity, and its remarkable durability, for both indoor and outdoor use, are some of its characteristics.

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English Teething Syrup

Comforts Crying Children.

POSITIVELY PREVENTS CHOLERA INFANTUM.

CURES COLIC, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, HIVES and all TEETHING TROUBLES.

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REPLIES WHILE YOU WAIT.

An eccentric fat man who was on exhibition became so tired of answering questions that he had the following replies printed and pasted on a board at his side:

I weigh 345 pounds.
I am fat.
I know I am fat.
I am growing fatter every day.
I am growing larger every day.
I can not tell you how much larger I am going to get.
I expect to grow until I either die or collapse.
Yes, I have a good appetite.
No, I do not eat all the time.
Yes, I am going to stop eating.
No, I was not always as large as I am now.
I do not remember when I was as thin as you.
Yes, my father was a large man.
Yes, my mother was a large woman.
I can not tell you how long it will take you to get as fat as I am.
I do not know if you will ever be as fat as I am.
I like to be told that I am fat.
I like to be stared at.
I like to have people stop in the street and laugh at me.
I like people who give me advice about reducing my weight.
Yes, I have tried dieting.
It did not do me any good.
If there is any other question you can think of that I've not answered, don't be bashful. Just ask it, and I'll try and answer it. Are you going? Well, good-bye.

Cold was Found

In the discovery of so wonderful a remedy as Nerviline—nerve-pain cure. No remedy in the market affords such prompt relief for toothache, neuralgia and rheumatism. Its action in cramps, colic, &c., is simply marvellous.

CRUELTY.

Mr. De Fashion—I see an English woman has been fined for having her two dogs pull the baby carriage.

Mrs. De Fashion—She ought to be, the cruel thing. Why didn't she make the baby pull the dogs?

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES.

She—Am I the first woman you ever loved.

He—Yes. Am I the first man who ever loved you?

She—Contemptuously—You are insulting!

THE FAR REACHING

Perfume of a good name heralds the claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure, certain, and painless remedy for corns. Fifty imitations prove it to be the best. At druggists.

STRAPPED.

Boutton—I didn't meet Jack Goodheart at the restaurant to-day.

Upton—No; Jack is a married man now, and it's three days since pay day.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HER GOLDEN FUTURE.

I'm going to marry a man with half a million dollars, said the girl in the bicycle suit.

I'm glad to hear it, said the other girl. Who is he?

O, I mustn't tell you that. He hasn't got it all yet.

DOESN'T MATTER.

The Fiancee—Poor fellow! He confessed that I was not the only girl he ever loved.

The Confidante—Oh, well, that doesn't make any difference.

The Fiancee—Of course not; he seemed to be afraid it might.

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I thought you and Rebecca were the same age. We were; but she seems to have receded, while I've been going on.

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