A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER III.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asks Gretchen, entering her mother's chamber, with a delicious little pink rose flush upon her cheeks, born of her swift run through the scented garden. Kitty by this time, having safely incarcerated Flora in her dressing room, has also joined her mother.

"To see poor Kenneth Dugdale," returns Mrs. Tremaine. "I actually never heard of his arrival until this afternoon. As it appears he has been in the country now a week. Such a very long time to be in ignorance; but your father is always most careless. He must have known of it, and, I suppose, forgot as usual."

"You mean Maudie Dugdale's brother?" asks Gretchen,—"the poor man who broke his back out hunting, or dislocated his spine, or did something horrible? You and Kitty, I remember, used to tell me of him last year."

"He never would come here since his uncle's death, although that event made Laxton Hall his own. It seems sad that he should come here now for the first time, as master, only to die."

"He may not die for years," says Mrs. Tremaine, who is vainly struggling with a refractory bracelet. "That old man in town with the one large tooth—that wonderful surgeon, you know, Sir—Sir—what was his name, Kitty? —said he might live for a long time. (I wonder they can't make proper clasps nowadays! Thank you, dear.) But poor Kenneth was so willful, gave himself up at once, and, because one doctor spoke unfavorably of his case, could hardly be persuaded to see another. Old Sir—Sir—told me all about it. What was his name, Kitty?"

"Sir Henry Pilaster."

"Of course; of course. Plaister they call him in town,—so rude of them. He told me the poor boy was greatly changed."

"He must be," says Kitty. "I met him wherever I went the season before last, and thought him the gayest fellow possible. He was a general favorite all round, it seemed to me; and now, we hear, he is silent, morbid, melancholy."

"My dearest Gretchen," breaks in Mrs. Tremaine at this moment, "do run away and put on your things. It is quite half past three, and you know how your father hates to have the horses kept waiting."

As the carriage rolls along the dusty road, bearing Gretchen and her mother to Laxton Hall the horses fling up their heads impatiently, as though in eager search of the cool wind that comes not, and throw upwards littie passionate flecks of foam, that, lighting upon their backs gleam like snowflakes against their glossy skins.

The day is merry with the voices of many birds that send their sweet hymns of praise from wood and thicket. There is no less harmonious sound to mar their melody. A sense of peace and warmth has lulled the world into a midday sleep.

Below in the bay the ocean, vast, illimitable, has also sunk to rest Not a breath, not a murmur, comes to disturb the serenity of its repose. Only from out the great gray rocks, that seem ever to keep eternal watch dash the sea-birds wildly from their hidden nests in search of water prey Their snowy wings expanded glint and glisten beneath the sun's hot rays like silver lightning as they hover above the great deep and then drop into its bosom to disappear only to rise again.

Gretchen and her mother have reached the gates of Laxton, have entered, and are driving swiftly down the long dark avenue. On one side can be seen a small but perfect lake, on which swans float gracefully in and out between the broad green leaves of the water lilies that are hardly so fair as their own breasts. On the other side stretches a vast expanse of parks and upland, swelling, waving,—one grand mass of living foliage, tender greens and tawny browns and russet reds, while through them here and there, like a faint streak of moonlight, comes a suspicion of the distant ocean.

The carriage sweeps round a softened angle and, draws up before the hall door. It is opened, and a very gorgeous personage in irreproachable garments comes down the steps and tells Mrs. Tremaine that Mr. Dugdale is pretty well, and down stairs, but he is not in the habit of receiving visitors.

As he draws towards the close of this little speech, Mrs. Tremaine—who, to judge by her expression, must be utterly unaware that anyone has been speaking—takes out a card, scribbles on it a word or two, and gives it to one of her men, who gives it to the other man, who gives it to somebody else inside the hall, who vanishes, returning presently to say that Mr. Dugdale will be very pleased to see them; whereupon Mrs. Tremaine descends from her carriage and Gretchen follows her, and they rustle through halls and corridors, across a library, and past a heavy portiere, into a small room beyond, where lies the hero of the hour.

It is a charming room, not large, but comfort itself. Everything is pale, or faintly tinted; there is scarcely a pronounced color anywhere, unless, perhaps, in the huge bowls of sweetly-smelling flowers that lie about in graceful disorder on all the tables. Against the walls and on the brackets quaint pieces of china frown, and simper, and courtesy, and make hideous grimaces. Upon the cabinets, and in them, old English punch-bowls push themselves officiously before the notice of dainty Chelsea maidens, and cups innocent of handles stand in rows.

Wedgewood jugs and Worcester plates, and little bits of rarest Sevres shine conspicuously everywhere. There are eight or nine fine pictures,—some by modern artists, — and a good deal of handsome carving.

The whole place seems full of sunshine as through the open windows the soft breezes creep shyly in and out. It was Maud Dugdale's room in the old man's life, before she married and went to India, and even yet the charm of her presence seems to haunt it.

The windows, made in casement fashion, are thrown wide, so that the ivy and straggling roses that cover the walls outside are peeping in, forming a bower picturesque and perfumed.

The fond little sunbeams, too, lest they should be forgotten have stolen in, and are flecking all they touch with gold. Across the grass comes a tender murmuring as of doves from the wood beyond. It is one of those calm, sleepy days when "all the air a solemn stillness holds" and a sense of peace makes itself felt. The "tender grace" of the hour, the careless artistic beauty of the room and all its surroundings, touch Gretchen, though vaguely, and then her eyes wander to the couch close to the window, upon which a young man lies full length.

As her glance meets his, a great and sudden pity fills her heart. He is a very tall young man, and, though somewhat slight, is finely formed. He is fair, with that rich, nut-brown hair through which soft threads of gold run generously; his face is not so much handsome as very beautiful. His eyes are large and of an intense blue,—eyes that before misfortune clouded them, were friends to laughter, but are now sad with unutterable melancholy.

His mouth beneath his light mustache is tender and mobile, but firm. Originally there must have been a certain amount of happy recklessness about the whole face that fascinated and contrasted pleasantly with its great gentleness. But the happiness and gayety and laughter have disappeared, leaving only regret and passionate protest, and something that is almost despair in the blue eyes.

He flushes painfully as Mrs. Tremaine enters the room, and, closing his left hand with some nervous force upon the arm of the couch, makes the customary effort to rise. It is only a momentary effort. Almost on the instant he remembers and sinks back again passive. But the remembrance and the futile attempt are indescribably bitter.

"Dear Kenneth, I knew you would see me," says Mrs. Tremaine, quickly, with an unusual amount of kindness in her tone, going up to the couch and taking his hand in both hers.

"It is more than good of you to come to me," says Dugdale, raising himself on his elbow. "You must forgive me that I cannot rise to receive you." As he speaks he smiles but it is a smile that saddens one. Even as their voices sound in each other's ears both he and Mrs. Tremaine remember the hour when last they met. They see the brilliant ball-room, the glowing flowers, the pretty faces, and all the piquante that had courted and petted and smiled their sweetest upon poor "beauty" Dugdale.

Involuntarily Mrs. Tremaine stoops and presses her lips to his forehead. A sympathy, almost motherly stirs her breast. Had he been in good health, her greeting in all probability would have been cold, but now in his affliction he seems very dear to her.

"Of course I would come to see you," she says, gently, "and I have brought Gretchen with me. I suppose you and she hardly remember each other." She moves a little to one side, and Gretchen, coming nearer, lays her hand in his.

"I recollect Mr. Dugdale," she says half to her mother, while smiling kindly upon Kenneth; "I seldom forget a face, and you are not so greatly changed. But you were only a big boy then, and I was a little child. It is very long ago."

"I don't remember you," Kenneth answers, reluctantly, shaking his head. "Your face is strange to me; and yet—how could I have forgotten it? It does not say much for my memory, does it? Is your sister quite well?"

"Kitty? Yes, thank you."

"I am so very glad you have come down," says Mrs. Tremaine. "I am sure the fresh country air will do you good."

"Will it?" says Dugdale, in a peculiar tone and with a slight contraction of the brows; then, as though ashamed of his curtness, he goes on quickly: "Perhaps so. At all events rather fancy the country just at this time, and the view from the windows here is perfect. I like this room. It is small, that is one comfort. When a fellow has knocked about a good deal in barracks he gets an affection for his walls and likes to have them near him. All the other rooms are so vast they make one almost lose sight of one's own identity. Though, perhaps,"—slowly and with a sudden accession of gloom,—"there might be worse faults than that."

"There is one fault even in this your favorite room," says Gretchen, hastily, anxious to turn his thoughts from their unhappy channel.

"And that is?" asks he, with some animation.

"You have flowers, but no roses," says Gretchen, nodding her pretty head disdainfully at all the china bowls full of flowers that are sweet but ill-chosen; "and what is a bunch of flowers without a rose?"

"A mere mockery," replies he, catching her humor: "yes, of course you would notice that. But you must pardon my want of taste. Remember, I have no one to gather them for me."

"I shall do it at this moment. I can see some tempting ones just below me," says Gretchen, craning her neck over the balcony. "May I?"

"Oh! thank you," exclaims the young man, gratefully, a little color coming into his pale face. And then he watches her as she crosses the balcony and descends the steps, her long dove-gray skirts trailing behind her,—watches her musingly as she moves with unstudied grace from tree to tree, a fairer flower herself than any she can gather,—a veritable symphony in gray,—while Mrs. Tremaine talks on, and succeeds, as she always does, in making herself intensely agreeable.

Then Gretchen returns with the roses, and, going up to him, puts them softly to his face.

"Are they not sweet?" she says; and he answers back again:—

"They are indeed," gratitude in his face and voice.

"They will die, darling. Ring for some water and arrange them in one of those Wedgewood bowls," says Mrs. Tremaine.

"If I may have them here beside me just as Miss Tremaine has brought them in, without water and without arrangement, I think I should prefer it," says Dugdale; whereupon Gretchen feeling pleased, she hardly knows why, brings them back to him and lays them on the small table near him.

Then Mrs. Tremaine rises and tells him they must really go.

"Must you?" says Dugdale, regretfully, and wonders vaguely how he could have felt so bored half an hour ago at the mere thought of having to entertain them.

"Thank you a thousand times for coming," he says, earnestly. "Do you know I never realized how lonely I was until you came?"

"Then I am afraid we have done you more harm than good," says Gretchen, mischievously glancing at him over her mother's shoulder, with a kind little smile.

"Oh, no, you must not say that. On the contrary you have given me something pleasant to think of. I shall now live in the hope that you will come again," returns Dugdale, this time addressing Gretchen rather than her mother.

"It is quite dreadful your being so much alone—so disheartening," says Mrs. Tremaine, thoughtfully. "Well we must see—we must see; oh, yes, of course we shall come again, and very soon. Good-bye, my dear Kenneth; and pray do not keep those roses so close to you. Flowers are always unwholesome—so full of midges, and other unpleasant things."

"I don't believe there is anything unpleasant in these flowers," Kenneth replies, with conviction, letting his glance rest on Gretchen for one moment as she bids him farewell. Her clear eyes look calmly into his; his hand closes round hers. This visit, so unlooked for, has proved inexpressibly sweet to him, has linked him once more with the old world on which he has so resolutely turned his back, refusing to be comforted, and yet for which he has never ceased to pine daily, hourly.

There is a color on his lips now, a warmth at his heart, that ever since his sad accident has been unknown to it. He holds Gretchen's hand closely, as though loath to let her go; and she, being quick to notice the signs of grief or longing in those around her, returns the pressure faintly, and says "Good-bye" in her gentlest tones. It seems to him there is a hope, a promise in that voice that sustains him. Yes, she will surely come again. The thought almost reconciles him to the weary days that lie before him, in which life, in its fullest sense, must be denied him. He has so long been a recluse, has so long brooded in solitude over his own misfortunes, that now to hold sudden converse with his fellow creatures seems strange to him, and good as strange. He watches the girl's departing figure, as she follows her mother from the room, with a wistful gaze. At the door she pauses and looking back at him again, bestows upon him a last little friendly smile and bow, after which she vanishes.

To Dugdale it seems as though the sunshine has gone with her. He sighs impatiently, and with a gesture of distaste closes the book he had thought so interesting half an hour before and flings it from him. A gloomy expression falls into his eyes, and the old look of heavy discontent settles round his lips; he raises his hand, and by chance it falls upon the roses at his side. His face softens. Lifting them, he separates them slowly and examines them one by one.

To be Continued.

SPRING DEPRESSION.

PEOPLE FEEL WEAK, EASILY TIRED OUT AND OUT OF SORTS.

You Must Assist Nature in Overcoming This Feeling Before the Hot Weather Months Arrive.

It is important that you should be healthy in the spring. The hot summer is coming on and you need strength, vigor and vitality to resist it. The feeling of weakness, depression and feebleness which you suffer from in spring is debilitating and dangerous. You have been indoors a good deal through the winter months, haven't taken the usual amount of exercise perhaps, your blood is sluggish and impure and you need a thorough renovation of the entire system. In other words you need a thorough course of Dr. Williams Pink Pills. If you try them you will be surprised to note how vigorous you begin to feel, how the dull lassitude disappears, your step becomes elastic, the eye brightens and a feeling of new strength takes the place of all previous feelings. Thousands have proved the truth of these words and found renewed health through the use of these pills in spring time. One of the many is Miss Cassie Way, of Picton, Ont., who says:—"A few years ago I was cured of a very severe and prolonged attack of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other medicines I had tried failed. Since that time I have used the pills in the spring as a tonic and blood builder and find them the best medicine I know of for this purpose. People who feel run down at this time of the year will make no mistake in using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills are not a purgative medicine and do not weaken as all purgatives do. They are tonic in their nature and strengthen from first dose to last. They are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, sciatica, nervous troubles, neuralgia, indigestion, anaemia, heart troubles, scrofula and humors in the blood, etc. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont

BRINGING IT HOME.

Mr. Williams is quite an elderly wealthy gentleman, having for his second wife a lady many years his junior, much petted, and very ignorant of the value of money.

Any expressed wish of hers he at once gratified if money could be the medium. One evening she remarked in her charming way:

"I saw to-day in Regent Street a lovely camel's-hair shawl that I want ever so much. Would you let me have the money to-morrow. It's only £25.

"Yes, dear," he replied, "I will bring the money." And next day, with the assistance of his porter he did bring home and place on the table 500 shilling pieces.

At the sight of this pile of metal the wife exclaimed:

"What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Why, love, it's the money you wanted for the new shawl."

"Good gracious! dces it take all that to make £25? Why, I had no idea it meant so much. I will do without the shawl and put it all in the bank if you will let me."

And she did so, and has since added several sums to the deposit. Mr. Williams affirms on his honor that since the event she has not asked for a quarter so much money as before the incident.

CURIOUS EGG.

A duck belonging to a resident of Skinningrove, in Cleveland, has just produced an egg weighing exactly half a pound. Its circumference measured lengthwise was 10½in., and round the width 8 in. Apart from its unusual weight and measurement, it proved, when broken, to be an egg within an egg. The outer shell contained all the usual substance, and embedded therein was another egg, perfect and complete, in a firm, thick shell.

Hicks—"I can tell you one way to escape growing old." Wicks—"What's that?" Hicks—"Die."

A Strong Statement.

When a mother puts a thing emphatically it is because she knows what she is talking about. Mrs. J. F. Harrigan, Huntingdon, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets in our house for over a year, and I can say that they are all that is claimed for them."

Strong Endorsation.

Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says:—"I have never used any medicine for baby that did him as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them."

A Mother's Comfort.

"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a perfect medicine for children of all ages," writes Mrs. H H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man., "and I would not be without them in the house. They are truly a comfort to baby and mother's friend."

Just The Thing for Baby.

Mrs. Ed. Jones, 55 Christie street, Ottawa, says:—"Have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them just the thing for baby."

Satisfactory Results.

Mrs. Hunt, Dumfries, N. B., says:—"I am glad to say that I have used Baby's Own Tablets with satisfactory results."

Free to Mothers Only.

To every mother of young children who will send us her name and address plainly written on a postal card, we will send free of all charge a valuable little book on the care of infants and young children. This book has been prepared by a physician who has made the ailments of little ones a life study. With the book we will send a free sample of Baby's Own Tablets—the best medicine in the world for the minor ailments of infants and children. Mention the name of this paper and address The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Great Help.

"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a great help for my little ones," writes Mrs. James Clarke, 60 Conway street, Montreal, "and I think so much of them that I would advise mothers to keep them in the house all the time."

An Experienced Mother.

"I am the mother of nine children," writes Mrs. John Hanlan, of Mackey's Station, Ont., "and have had occasion to use much medicine for children, and I can truthfully say I have never found anything to equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are prompt in their action and just the thing for little ones."

A Cure for Constipation.

Many little ones are troubled with constipation and it is a dangerous trouble. Mrs. John Keating, Sylvan Valley, Ont., says:—"My baby has been badly troubled with constipation and I have never found anything to equal Baby's Own Tablets. They soon put baby all right."

Surprising Results.

Mrs. William Fitzgibbon, Steenburg, Ont., says:—"My little baby, six months old, was very sick. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and was surprised to find the change they made in him in a few hours. I shall always keep the Tablets in the house after this."

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

GROW SOME GREEN FEED.

The losses that occur annually to our farmers from the drying up of their pastures in July, August and September, should induce every stock man to grow a few acres of green feed. In most cases only personal experience with fodder plants will enable a farmer to ascertain which are best adapted to his own needs, and district. In the past the chief objection to soiling has been that time is too valuable to be employed for this purpose. But it is becoming very evident that on high priced lands, and with valuable herds or flocks, we cannot afford to neglect our stock during the summer droughts. Some suggestions as to the selection and growth of suitable crops for summer feeding are worthy of consideration.

In laying out the work it is necessary to know how many head of animals it is desired to feed. The following estimate has been made of the land required to produce sufficient green feed for a cow for one day. Of Lucerne or other clover three-quarters of a square rod per day; of barley, oats and peas, rye, wheat or millet, one half a square rod per day; of corn or sorghum one-quarter of a square rod per day. This above is a fair estimate for a day's feeding on land in a good state of cultivation, and with no allowance for pasture. No cow can possibly consume half a square rod of rye, barley, oats and peas or millet in a day's feeding, where there is a good strong growth. But allowing that the above estimate is approximately correct, we find that one acre of these crops is sufficient to feed a cow for 320 days. The amount required by other kinds of stock can be calculated on this basis. It is always best to make

A LIBERAL ALLOWANCE.

There need be no waste since any surplus can be cut and cured for winter forage, or plowed under as green manure.

Next it will be necessary to consider the most suitable kind of crops to grow, and the periods at which each will be available. For general feeding, rye, clover, rape, pease and oats, vetches, millet, sorghum and corn, will be found most satisfactory, and the list names will cover practically the whole season, if sown at suitable intervals. Rye sown in the fall will provide the earliest feed in the spring, but as grass is usually abundant at that time, this crop is not so likely to be needed in a complete system of soiling, is practised. Clover, where it will grow well, comes next on the list, and will furnish an abundance of good feed during the latter half of June. Lucerne, or alfalfa, where the soil and climate are favorable to its growth, should be given first place on the list of soiling crops. It can be cut almost as early in the spring as rye, and furnishes at least three crops per season of highly nitrogenous food. It is greatly relished by all kinds of stock, but is apt to cause bloats if carelessly pastured. In the Southern parts of Ontario, it generally stands the winter well, and lasts for years without re-seeding. It should be sown in the spring, on clean, very well prepared ground, either alone or with a light nurse crop of barley wheat or oats, and at least 20 pounds of good fresh seed to the acre. It is a little slow in gaining a foothold, and should not be pastured the first year, but after that it is very tenacious of life, and withstands droughts remarkably well. Rape may be sown about the first of May on rich, well prepared soil for early feeding, and additional sowings may be made at intervals as desired. It is advisable to sow rape in drills two feet apart, and cultivate as for turnips. From one to two pounds of seed or the Dwarf Essex variety should be sown to the acre, if drilled in, or double the amount if sown broadcast. Rape produces large quantities of green feed and is one of the best foods for keeping animals, including pigs, sheep and calves, in good condition. It is not satisfactory for milch cows owing to its tendency to injure

THE FLAVOR OF THE MILK.

Oats and pease make one of the very best soiling crops for general growth, particularly for feeding dairy cows. They should be sown as early in the spring as the ground will permit, and at intervals thereafter, at the rate of about three bushels per acre (equal parts, or two bushels oats to one of pease).

Vetches or tares are now grown in Canada to a considerable extent, especially by dairymen. They are likely to prove of value, not only in Ontario and Quebec, but in the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, and the West as well. The common spring vetch has been much generally grown, but recent experiments go to show, that the Hairy Vetch will yield a considerably larger amount of green fodder per acre in Ontario. It is very desirable for soiling purposes, especially on dry districts. It appears to be relished by all classes of farm stock. The greatest drawback to the more extensive cultivation of the vetch in Canada, is the high price asked for the seed. If production prices it will probably be found best to sow vetches along with pease and oats, at the rate of one bushel of vetches, one bushel of pease, and two bushels of oats per acre. This mixture will produce an excellent crop for July and August feeding and will also afford good pasture after the first cutting, if cut early.

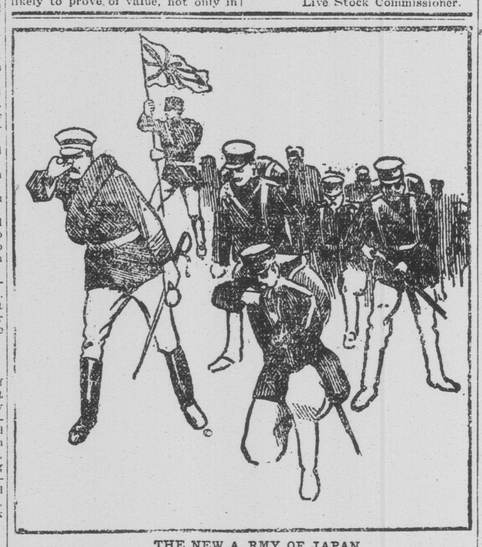
Millet is another plant that is particularly good as a catch crop. It can sometimes be sown after a forage crop of pease and oats has been taken off the ground and if there is sufficient moisture to start it, it will yield a fair crop. If sown early in June, at the rate of about thirty pounds per acre, it will furnish a large crop of good fodder by the middle of August. The Japanese Barnyard in moist soil, and Japanese Panicle are

THE BEST VARIETIES.

Corn (when it grows well), is the great standby for fall feeding. Another very valuable fall fodder plant for the southern part of Canada is sorgnum. The Early Amber is the most suitable for our latitude. It should not be sown until the weather has become settled and warm, on land that has been prepared in the same way as for corn. If sown in drills like corn, three pecks of seed will be ample for an acre, but if broadcasted, more will be required. It is slow in starting, but, after it has attained a height of a few inches, growth is very rapid, and the crop very heavy. It is greedily eaten by stock, but like corn it is carbonaceous in its nature, and some additional feed such as clover, oil cake, etc., should be added to balance the ration.

Soja or soy beans have been rather extensively grown for fodder in the Southern States for some years, and are gaining popularity in the North as well. They produce a great amount of rich forage, growing to the height of from two and one-half to four feet, branching freely and producing numerous woolly pods containing two to three round yellow beans. Sow about the same as for corn on a fine, deep, firm and moist seed bed, in rows about 30 inches apart, and on the level, from two to four pecks of seed to the acre. They are likely to do well in Southern Ontario, and in similar latitudes, although they have not as yet been largely tried. On account of their richness in protein, and their nitrogen gathering ability they are worthy of attention and trial. The yellow soy bean has been the most satisfactory of all varieties tested in Canada.

F. W. HODSON,
Live Stock Commissioner.



THE NEW A RMY OF JAPAN.
Japanese Infantry in Action—Supports Coming Up to Reinforcement of the Firing Line.

WOMAN'S SINGLE - BREASTED BLOUSE.

No other garment is more popular than the simple blouse. Young girls and women alike hold it the most satisfactory of all models, both for the suit and the cost of velvet, velours and the like. The example shown has the merit of absolute simplicity combined with smartness. The original is made of broad cloth in tobacco brown and makes part of a suit, the extension being omitted; but all suiting materials are appropriate as well as those already mentioned.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size, 3¾ yards of material 21 inches wide, 2½ yards 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, or 1¾ yards 54 inches wide will be required, with ½ yard of velvet for collar.

STORY OF PRINCE EDDIE.

Little Prince Edward of Wales is already showing a delightful sturdiness of character. He has a profound dislike for arithmetic, and shares the opinion of the bard who laid down the axiom, "Multiplication is vexation." Many times has the future King of England been "put in the corner" owing to this; and recently, when he saw the hated preparation of slates and arithmetic book being made to start the day's lessons, he arose from the table with a sigh for the impending inevitable catastrophe, and meekly said to his tutor: "I don't think I'll do arithmetic to-day; I think I'll go to the corner again instead, if you don't mind." And marched away like a soldier under arrest, leaving a very bewildered tutor in the rear.

LUMBAGO CURED.

A SERIOUS CASE OF THIS PAINFUL DISEASE IS RESTORED TO GOOD HEALTH.

Satisfactory Improvement Leads to Continued Treatment Which Results in a Complete Cure—An Interesting Story Which Will No Doubt Profit Anyone Suffering With Lumbago.

Holyrood, Ont., Mar. 24 (Special).—Mr. Bat. Pinnell, of this place, has for the past two years been a great sufferer with that most painful and stubborn disease—Lumbago.

The pain he suffered was almost beyond description and many were the medicines and treatments he used to try and get some relief. However, nothing he could find seemed to help him in the least, and he became very downhearted.

At last someone suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills and Mr. Pinnell, although very skeptical, thought he would make one more trial for a cure and began to use them.

The first box did not do him very much good, but after he had used part of the second he began to feel a change for the better, so he kept on until he had used in all seven boxes, when he was delighted to find that every symptom of the Lumbago had entirely disappeared.

His general health is much improved and he feels better to-day than he has for years.

To say that Mr. Pinnell is pleased does not begin to express it. Only those who have suffered as he did with this very painful disease can understand the extreme satisfaction of one who has found a complete cure and restoration to health and strength.

Lumbago is a direct result of disordered kidneys and should always be treated as a Kidney disease.

Efforts to cure or even relieve by outward applications are invariably unsuccessful. Rubbing may in itself for the time being produce a little relief, but in order to secure a complete cure it is absolutely necessary to go right to the root of the trouble.

The Kidneys must be restored to their normal condition. This is just what Dodd's Kidney Pills do, and this done the Lumbago very soon leaves for without diseased Kidneys there can be no Lumbago.

ELEVEN MILES OF SNOWDROPS.

In the grounds of Longford Castle, Ireland, there is a large tongue of land known as "The Underwood." The spot is given up to nature, and is intersected with a network of shady and delightful walks. The late head gardener planted the sides of the many paths with snowdrops, so that in the early spring the whole surface of the Underwood is covered with these graceful flowers. In order to ascertain the length of the ground covered by the flowers the present Earl of Radnor recently pedalled along the paths, making the distance that is whitened by these early blossoms no less than eleven miles.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House

1896 was the record year for British shipbuilding for foreigners. 100 sailing-ships and 232 steamers were built that year to foreign orders.

Judge—"We are now going to read you a list of your former convictions." Prisoner—"In that case perhaps your lordship will allow me to sit down."

TEMPERANCE EXPERIMENT.

People's Refreshment House Association.

The problem of drink and genuine temperance reform is one of the most difficult the world has to face. Any serious attempt to solve it commands earnest thought on the part of believers in temperance—and who would not include himself in that class?

Such an attempt is now making in England. It began about six years ago, when the Bishop of Chester organized the People's Refreshment House Association. It has recently gained fresh strength in the formation of the Central Public House Trust Association, under the presidency of Lord Grey.

These organizations do not undertake to do away at once with the public house,—as the saloon is called in England,—but to improve it. To this end the element of private profit is removed. The association owns the house and pays a salary to a manager. His income does not grow with the increased sale of liquor; but of all profits, above a certain amount, on food and non-intoxicating drinks he does receive a percentage. These are the things, therefore which he tries hardest to sell.

The association itself is not trying to grow rich. After paying a five per cent. dividend to shareholders, it puts the surplus of profit into improvements, often of public utility. Thus in one place a bowling green, a singing class, a football club, a new electric lighting system, a public library have all been helped out of these funds.

The proof of a pudding is in the eating—and about forty public houses in England and Scotland conducted on this new plan are proving of marked benefit to the towns and villages where they are established. The plan has not yet been tested in large cities.

The distinctive marks of this undertaking are that the sale of intoxicants is controlled by the friends of temperance, and that the success of the saloon is the greatest when it sells the least liquor.

STORY OF PRINCE EDDIE.

Little Prince Edward of Wales is already showing a delightful sturdiness of character. He has a profound dislike for arithmetic, and shares the opinion of the bard who laid down the axiom, "Multiplication is vexation." Many times has the future King of England been "put in the corner" owing to this; and recently, when he saw the hated preparation of slates and arithmetic book being made to start the day's lessons, he arose from the table with a sigh for the impending inevitable catastrophe, and meekly said to his tutor: "I don't think I'll do arithmetic to-day; I think I'll go to the corner again instead, if you don't mind." And marched away like a soldier under arrest, leaving a very bewildered tutor in the rear.

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than two ounces of common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

A HANDSOME MENU CARD.

It is a noticeable fact that the dining car department of the Grand Trunk Railway System is second to none on the American Continent, and new improvements and modern innovations are continually being made. The Cafe-Parlor cars which have been running on nearly all of the divisions of this great System are a constant source of praise from the travelling public. The company has recently altered the style of the menu cards used on all of the dining cars and cafe-parlor cars, and have gotten up a very handsome and neat bill of fare that appeals to the artistic sense. The stock used is what is known as Old English Ruskin Bristol of fine texture, and must grey in color. The Grand Trunk trade mark in black appears at the top left-hand corner surrounded by a neat combination of scroll work of Italian renaissance design, printed in gold and embossed in high relief. The name of the meal is also embossed in high relief, and the tout ensemble is a pleasing and artistic combination. The wine lists have the same design at top, and are printed on the same quality of card, but an olivette color for distinction.

A HAPPY SUGGESTION.

People who are married through matrimonial agencies ought to be sure that they have the price of a divorce.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—After suffering for seven years with inflammatory rheumatism, so bad that I was sometimes confined to my room, and for two years could not dress myself without help. Your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT in May, '97, and asked me to try it, which I did, and was so well pleased with the results I procured more. Five bottles completely cured me and I have had no return of the pain for eighteen months.

The above facts are well-known to everybody in this village and neighborhood.

Yours gratefully, A. DAIRT.
St. Timothee, Que., May 16th, 1899.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"Bridget, what did you say to Miss Smith when she called?"

"I told her you were out this toime for sure, ma'am."

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

£31,000,000 of gold and £18,000,000 worth of silver are imported into England in the course of a year, and a little more than these amounts exported.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

NOTHING COLD.

Hungry Hank—"Hav' youse ennything cold ter eto, lady?"

Mrs. Squelchem—"Do you think I'm going to the trouble to keep things on ice for specimens of your class?"

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Of foreigners in England, Germans come first in point of numbers, with 50,600, and next to them Russians and Poles, of whom that country shelters 45,000.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

If you drink Japan tea try a packet of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green which is fast displacing it.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

MAPLE SYRUP We are handling large quantities. We can handle yours to advantage

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

Consignments of Butter, Eggs, Apples and other Produce Solicited.

THE BEST PAINT.....

Is the paint made from the best materials, studied out, thought out, by practical paint men, and put to the test in actual use in Canada for many years.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

are the best, and the most, economical, ready for use in handy can, containing the best paint pigments known, ground fine and mixed by experienced men to prevent cracking, blistering or chalking. They are made to wear.

Drop us a card and ask for BOOKLET "K" FREE, showing cuts of beautiful homes.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL Estab. 1842 Paint Makers

Ornamental Gates and Lawn Fences are a specialty with us. Prices on application. THE FROST ornamental gates are the handsomest and best. Write for catalogue.

THE FROST WIRE FENCE CO. LTD., WELLAND, ONT.

DISCRIMINATION NECESSARY.

Emerson's advice to hitch your wagon to a star was excellent," said Hojack.

"And yet discrimination is necessary," added Tomdik.

"So?"

"Certainly. It would not be wise to tie up to a shooting star."

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

8,600,000 of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom are between one and five years of age, a number about equal to all who are over 85 years old.

Stop the Cough and works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

In the south-western counties of England, 37 out of every 1,000 persons are in receipt of out-door relief. This number falls to 19 in the north-west counties.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

The population of the United Kingdom passed that of France for the first time in 1892.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

England has a yearly surplus of births over deaths of 369,000; Scotland, 51,000; Ireland, of 27,000.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

In 1871 there were 1,268 'buses in London. There are now 3,200.

W P C. 1124

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If no agent of ours in your town, write direct Montreal, Box 148.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Montreal.

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FOR SALE.—Two 2-revolution Campbell Presses, bed 40x56 inches. Splendid order. Price $1,000 each. Terms easy.

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Instruments, Bugles, Fifes, Drums, Caps, etc.

EVERY TOWN OR SCHOOL Can have a Fife and Drum or Bugle Band.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Illustrated price-list mailed free. Write us for ANYTHING in MUSIC or MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or

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Oleadine POSITIVELY and speedily cures Piles. It is the quickest, safest and cheapest remedy known. No irrit