La Grippe's Ravages.

A CAMPDEN LADY CURED OF ITS AFTER EFFECTS.

She Was Left Weak and Run Down, and Unable to Regain Her Strength Until She Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In the village of Campden, Ont., and throughout the surrounding country, there are few people better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Albright. Mr. Albright has for many years filled the position of village postmaster, in addition to conducting a boot and shoe business. But it is with the postmaster's estimable wife that this article has chiefly to do, as it gives, practically in her own words, the particulars of her recovery fom a severe illness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To a reporter who asked Mrs. Albright if she would consent to give the particulars of her illness and cure for publication, she said: "If you think my experience will help some other sufferer I am quite willing to give it, for I may tell you that I am a very enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years prior to the winter of 1898 I suffered with a lame back, which frequently prevented me from doing my household work. Later exposure to cold developed sciatica, and every movement of the body caused intense pain. In this way passed gloomy days and restless nights, until the winter of 1898, when my trouble was aggravated by an attack of la grippe. The first and most severe symptoms of this trouble passed away, but it left me in a weak and depressed condition. I did not appear to be able to recover my strength; my appetite was very fickle; I was extremely nervous, and my heart would palpitate painfully at the least exertion. I had been under a doctor's care, but did not recover my strength, and as a consequence I was much depressed in spirits. At this juncture a friend who called upon me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to follow the advice and procured a supply. To my gratification I felt an improvement in my condition almost from the outset, and after using the pills for a little over a month I was once more enjoying the best of health, every trace of the trouble that had afflicted me having disappeared. It is nearly three [illegible] since I used the pills and I have [illegible] and strong ever since, and I have [illegible] st of reason for ascribing my present good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last and thus bring health and strength to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, of six boxes for $2.50.

HOW TO STOP TOBACCO HABIT.

The Evil Effects of Tobacco May be Counteracted by Good Food.

Prof. Hart, the New York food specialist, writing on the tobacco habit, maintains that its evil effects may be counteracted by the simple expedient of eating good wholesome food.

Tobacco, being a narcotic, has first a soothing, then a depressing effect—the very opposite to alcohol—so that if smoking is long continued, without the use of stimulants, the deadening effect on the brain and nervous system is apparent, as the smoke is condensed and absorbed by the saliva.

Even when frequent expectoration takes place the blood is more or less poisoned, and the brain, which should under normal conditions, be very susceptible, becomes deadened and inactive for a time, but may be partially restored by a stimulant containing phosphates.

Such stimulant is frequently taken by men at a convivial party by taking some wine or spirits, which counteract the depressing effects of the nicotine of tobacco.

I am of the opinion, says Prof. Hart, that the effects of tobacco and cigarette smoking are far more serious during the last thirty-five years of one's life than during and previous period, for the simple reason that the people have been deprived of their nerve and brain forming phosphates by the modern miller.

I have positive proof of the fact, in numerous instances, that where excessive smoking and drinking has been the daily habit that by the simple change from an innutritious to a more nutritious and brain sustaining diet the patient has gradually and almost unconsciously been enabled to reduce the number of cigars or cigarettes and the number of glasses of whiskey from ten to two per day, and that without any prescription of prohibition, for the simple reason that the increased strength of body and brain enabled him to so employ his time that he forgot all about the smoking or drinking.

I may mention one case as an illustration, an actual fact:

The Patient—"I suppose if OI make up my mind to follow your dietary you will deprive me of my whiskey and cigars!" He was in the habit of smoking fifteen cigars and drinking ten glasses of whiskey per day.

I replied; "Oh, no; if you eat what I advise you you can drink and smoke what you like."

He then consented to be advised, and within three months was so improved in health and capacity as to attend to his work as the chief accountant of important corporations.

Three cigars and two whiskeys were sufficient.

Constant smoking not only deadens the susceptibility and lessens the capacity for original thought, but it destroys the appetite and natural desire and relish for food.

A LITTLE BIT MIXED UP.

A little three-year-old miss, after watching the cook scouring the pots and pans, reported to her mother that Jane has scrubbed all the kitchen intentions.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

No thought occurred to her of being discovered there with her arms clasped around that marble pillar watching so intently the shadow of that graceful figure pacing to and fro.

No thought occurred to her that a strange event was at that moment transpiring within those walls, or that something was about to happen.

How she longed to look upon his face for just one brief moment! Estrangement had not chilled her trusting love, it had increased it, rather, tenfold.

Surely it was not wrong to gaze upon that shadow—he was her husband.

In that one moment a wild, bitter thought swept across her heart.

Did Rex regret their marriage because she was poor, friendless, and an orphan? Would it have been different if she had been the heiress of Whitestone Hall?

She pitied herself for her utter loneliness. There was no one to whom she could say one word of all that filled her heart and mind, no face to kiss, no heart to lean on; she was so completely alone. And this was the hour her fate was being decided for her. There was no sympathy for her, her isolation was bitter. She thought of all the heroines she had ever read of. Ah, no one could picture such a sad fate as was hers.

A bright thought flashed across her lonely little heart.

"His mother is there," she sighed. "Ah, if I were to go to her and cry out; 'Love me, love me! I am your son's wife!' would she cast me from her? Ah, no, surely not; a woman's gentle heart beats in her breast, a woman's tender pity. I will plead with her on my knees—to comfort me—to show me some path out of the pitiful darkness; I can love her because she is his mother."

Daisy drew her breath quickly; the color glowed warmly on her cheek and lips; she wondered she had not thought of it before. Poor child! she meant to tell her all, and throw herself upon her mercy.

Her pretty, soft blue eyes, tender with the light of love, were swimming with tears. A vain hope was struggling in her heart—Rex's mother might love her because she worshiped her only son so dearly.

Would she send her forth from that home that should have sheltered her, or would she clasp those little cold fingers in Rex's strong white ones, as she explained to him, as only a mother can, how sadly he had misjudged poor little Daisy—his wife?

No wonder her heart throbbed pitifully as she stole silently across the wide, shadowy porch, and, quivering from head to foot, touched the bell that echoed with a resounding sound through the long entrance-hall.

"I would like to see Mrs. Lyon," she said, hesitatingly, to the servant who answered her summons. "Please do not refuse me," she said, clasping her little white hands pleadingly. "I must see her at once. It is a question of life or death with me. Oh, sir, please do not refuse me. I must see her at once—and—all alone!"

CHAPTER XXII.

In the beautiful drawing-room at Whitestone Hall sat Pluma Hurlhurst, running her white, jeweled fingers lightly over the keyboard of a grand piano, but the music evidently failed to charm her. She arose listlessly and walked toward the window, which opened out upon the wide, cool, rose-embowered porch.

The sunshine glimmered on her amber-satin robe, and the white frost-work of lace at her throat, and upon the dark, rich beauty of her southern face.

"Miss Pluma," called Mrs. Corliss the housekeeper, entering the room, "there is a person down-stairs who wishes to see you. I have told her repeatedly it is an utter impossibility—you would not see her; but she declares she will not go away until she does see you."

Pluma turns from the window with cold disdain.

"You should know better than to deliver a message of this kind to me. How dare the impertinent, presuming beggar insist upon seeing me! Order the servants to put her out of the house at once."

"She is not young," said the venerable housekeeper, "and I thought, if you only would—"

"Your opinion was not called for, Mrs. Corliss," returned the heiress, pointing toward the door haughtily.

"I beg your pardon," the housekeeper made answer, "but the poor creature begged so hard to see you I did feel a little sorry for her."

"This does not interest me, Mrs. Corliss," said Pluma, turning toward the window, indicating the conversation was at an end—"not in the least."

"The Lord pity you, you stony-hearted creature!" murmured the sympathetic old lady to herself as the door closed between them. "One word wouldn't have cost you much. Heaven knows, it's mighty little comfort poor old master takes with you! You are no more like the bonny race of Hurlhurats than a raven is like a white dove!" And the poor old lady walked slowly back to the dark-robed figure in the hall, so eagerly awaiting her.

"There was no use in my going to my young mistress; I knew she would not see you. But I suppose you are more satisfied now."

"She utterly refuses to see me, does she," asked the woman, in an agitated voice, "when you told her I wished to see her particularly?"

The housekeeper shook her head.

"When Miss Pluma once makes up her mind to a thing, no power on earth could change her mind," she said; "and she is determined she won't see you, so you may as well consider that the end of it.

Without another word the stranger turned and walked slowly down the path and away from Whitestone Hall.

"Fool that I was!" she muttered through her clenched teeth. "I might have foreseen this. But I will haunt the place day and night until I see you, proud heiress of Whitestone Hall. We shall see—time will tell."

Meanwhile Mrs. Corliss, the housekeeper was staring after her with wondering eyes.

"I have heard that voice and seen that face somewhere," she ruminated, thoughtfully; "but where—where? There seems to be strange leaks in this brain of mine—I can not remember."

A heavy, halting step passed the door, and stopped there.

"What did that woman want, Mrs. Corliss?"

She started abruptly from her reverie, replying, hesitatingly,

"She wanted to see Miss Pluma, sir."

"Was Pluma so busily engaged she could not spare that poor creature a moment or so?" he inquired, irritably. "Where is she?"

"In the parlor, sir."

With slow, feeble steps, more from weakness than age, Basil Hurlhurst walked slowly down the corridor to the parlor.

It was seldom he left his own apartments of late, yet Pluma never raised her superb eyes from the book of engravings which lay in her lap as he entered the room.

A weary smile broke under his silver-white mustache.

"You do not seem in a hurry to bid me welcome, Pluma," he said, grimly, throwing himself down into an easy-chair opposite her. "I congratulate myself upon having such an affectionate daughter."

Pluma tossed aside her book with a yawn.

"Of course I am glad to see you," she replied, carelessly, "but you can not expect me to go into ecstasies over the event, like a child in pinafores might. You ought to take it for granted that I'm glad you are beginning to see what utter folly it is to make a recluse of yourself."

He bit his lip in chagrin. As is usually the case with invalids, he was at times inclined to be decidedly irritable, as was the case just now.

"It is you who have driven me to seek the seclusion of my own apartments, to be out of sight and hearing of the household of simpering idiots you insist upon keeping about you," he cried angrily. "I came back to Whitestone Hall for peace and rest. Do I get it? No."

"That is not my fault," she answered, serenely. "You do not mingle with the guests. I had no idea they could annoy you."

"Well, don't you suppose I have eyes and ears, even if I do not mingle with the chattering magpies you fill the house up with? Why, I can never take a ramble in the grounds of an evening without stumbling upon a dozen or more pair of simpering lovers at every turn. I like darkness and quiet. Night after night I find the grounds strung up with these Chinese lanterns, and I can not even sleep in my bed for the eternal brass bands at night; and in the daytime not a moment's quiet do I get for these infernal sonatas and screeching trills of the piano. I tell you plainly, I shall not stand this thing a day longer. I am master of Whitestone Hall yet, and while I live I shall have things my own way. After I die you can turn it into a pandemonium, for all I care."

Pluma flashed her large dark eyes upon his surprisedly, beginning to lose her temper, spurred on by opposition.

"I am sure I do not mean to make a hermit of myself because you are too old to enjoy the brightness of youth," she flashed out, defiantly; "and you ought not to expect it—it is mean and contemptible of you."

"Pluma!" echoed Basil Hurlhurst, in astonishment, his noble face growing white and stern with suppressed excitement, "not another word."

Pluma tossed her head contemptuously. When once her temper arose it was quite as impossible to check it as it was when she was a willful, revengeful, spoiled child.

"Another man as rich as you are would have taken their daughter to Washington for a season, and in the summer to Long Branch or Newport—somewhere, anywhere, away from the detestable waving cotton-fields. When you die I shall have it all set on fire."

"Pluma!" he cried, hoarsely, rising to his feet and drawing his stately, commanding figure to its full height, "I will not brook such language from a child who should at least yield me obedience, if not love. You are not the heiress of Whitestone Hall yet, and you never may be. If I thought you really contemplated laying waste

A post card with your name and address will bring you free sample of

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA.

"Salada," Toronto.

these waving fields that have been my pride for long years—and my father's before me—I would will it to an utter stranger, so help me Heaven!"

Were his words prophetic? How little she knew the echo of these words were doomed to ring for all time down the corridors of her life! How little we know what is in store for us!

"I am your only child," said Pluma, haughtily; "you would not rob me of my birthright. I shall be forced to submit to your pleasure—while you are here—but, thank Heaven, the time is not far distant when I shall be able to do as I please. 'The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine,'" she quoted, saucily.

"Thank Heaven the time is not far distant when I shall be able to do as I please." He repeated the words slowly after her each one sinking into his heart like a poisoned arrow. "So you would thank Heaven for my death, would you?" he cried, with passion rising to a white heat. "Well, this is no better than I could expect from the daughter—of such a mother."

He had never intended speaking those words; but she goaded him on to it with her taunting, scornful smile, reminding him so bitterly of the one great error of his past life.

He was little like the kind, courteous master of Whitestone Hall, whom none named but to praise, as he stood there watching the immovable face of his daughter. All the bitterness of his nature was by passion rocked. No look of pain or anguish touched the dark beauty of that southern face at the mention of her mother's name.

"You have spoken well," she said. "I am her child. You speak of love," she cried, contemptuously. "Have you not told me, a thousand times, you never cared for my mother? How, then, could I expect you to care for me? Have you not cried out unceasingly for the golden-haired young wife and the babe you lost, and that you wished Heaven had taken you too? Did I ever hear my mother's name upon your lips except with a sneer? Do you expect these things made that mother's child more fond of you, were you twenty times my father?"

She stood up before him, proudly defiant, like a beautiful tragedy queen, the sunlight slanting on the golden vines of her amber satin robe, on the long, dark, silken curls fastened with a ruby star, and on the deep crimson-hearted passion-roses that quivered on her heaving breast. There was not one feature of that gloriously dark face that resembled the proud, cold man sitting opposite her.

He knew all she had said was quite true. He had tried so hard to love this beautiful queenly girl from her infancy up. He was tender of heart, honest and true; but an insurmountable barrier seemed ever between them; each year found them further apart.

Basil Hurlhurst lived over again in those few moments the terrible folly that had cursed his youth, as he watched the passion-rocked face before him.

To Be Continued.

TRUTHS TERSELY TOLD.

Courage is the cure for discouragement.

Money makes the mare go, but it cannot keep happiness in the saddle.

The judgments of God are as loving as His mercies.

Saints' crowns are not awarded on the merits of their frowns.

The feet will go where the heart is inclined.

The wages of sin are always paid right on time.

The fall of the sinner is like that of a meteor, the farther he falls the faster he is consumed.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

The humming bird does not fly as fast as many slow-flapping birds of ungainly bulk.

The honey bee seems to travel like a bullet, yet it takes him two minutes to fly one mile.

The quail appears to get away more rapidly than does the mallard, but he does not do it.

The cormorant of the sea coast seems to be a slow flier, yet he does a mile in one minute and ten seconds.

PRINCESS ROYAL.

The title of princess royal, born by the Empress Frederick of Germany before her marriage, is not given to the eldest daughter of English sovereigns, but only to the first child should it happen to be a girl.

To Get Strong After Grippe.

Build the System Up and Revitalize the Nerves by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Every reader of this paper can recall many cases in which the after effects of la grippe have prove fatal. How many people are now co laining of special ailments or lingering sufferings or weaknesses which are clearly the result of the debilitating effects of la grippe?

The best plan is to prevent la grippe, if possible, or, once a victim, to apply yourself diligently to obtaining what relief you can. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is wonderfully beneficial, because it allays the inflammation in the throat and bronchial tubes, loosens the cough, heals the lungs and prevents pneumonia or consumption.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a mere cough remedy. It is far more. It thoroughly cures the cold as well, and seems to take the aches and pains out of the bones. No ordinary cough mixture could ever attain the enormous sale which this medicine now has. For old and young alike it can be used with perfect safety and with absolute assurance that the effects will be remarkably beneficial.

If weakened and debilitated by the enervating effects of la grippe there is nothing so suitable for your use as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great nerve restorative and blood purifier. The regular and persistent use of this great food cure is bound to result in the up-building of the system, because it contains in condensed pill form, the most efficient restoratives known to man.

Though only known in Canada for a few years, this famous discovery of Dr. Chase's, the Receipt Book author, has become generally recognized by physicians and people alike, as a great strengthener and blood builder. In no case is it more successful than in restoring and reinvigorating a system wasted by la grippe. Whether weakened by overwork, worry or disease. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will renew vigor and vitality. Fifty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

STORIES ABOUT VICTORIA.

GENEROUS KINDNESS FROM EARLY CHILDHOOD EXEMPLIFIED.

Her Treatment of Tenants and Servants Was Extremely Kind—Her Wish to be Married in Every Respect Like Any Other Woman.

In the days of happy childhood the Duchess of Kent and her daughter traveled a great deal about England and were familiar visitors at several of the leading watering places. Many incidents which happened during these trips are recalled at the present time.

At one place on the Kentish coast the lighthouse was kept by a Godly widow, who in a moment of sanctified generosity inwardly resolved that all money which might be given her before noon on Monday of each week she would give to the cause of missions. The very next Monday morning a gentleman who called to see the lighthouse handed her a sovereign—an unexpected addition to her scanty income. It was a sore temptation. The widow pondered, consulted her friends, and prayed. The result was the sovereign went in the missionary box.

In the afternoon of the same day a lady who seemed to be a widow of distinguished rank accompanied by her daughter called, and on leaving gave the keeper a handsome donation, followed, two days later, by an additional £30 delivered by messenger. The friends who rewarded the lonely lighthouse widow's constancy of purpose were the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria.

In her treatment of tenants and servants the Queen was extremely kind. An old man and his spouse living near Balmoral were given notice to quit their home. The notice was ignored till finally they were forcibly ejected, together with their furniture and effects, which in the middle of the road were exposed to the inclemencies of Scottish skies. Happily for old Willie and his afflicted spouse the

QUEEN HAPPENED ALONG

while his woe was at its climax. Her Majesty, moved by the spectacle, ordered an inquiry, and on learning the truth provided the old couple with a home in Balmoral Castle as well as furnishing the man with a permanent situation.

On her birthday the Queen herself distributed presents to her household servants. As one by one they came forward each received from the hands of the Sovereign some pretty or useful keepsake in memory of the occasion. At Balmoral a footman and a dressing-maid were despatched with a carriage filled with presents for the cotters, each needy woman for miles around receiving a dress, a pound of tea, and two pounds of sugar. There was also a daily distribution of food, the remainders of dishes, etc., which would not be again required by the household. Five poor persons, each carrying a pitcher and a basket, could be seen walking towards the castle every week day when the Queen was in residence to fetch away beef, bread, dripping, etc., and as each five went only once a week the remains were thus distributed among thirty families of the district. In addition to this all the poor people of the estate, that is to say, all for miles around, were desired in case of any sickness to send freely to the castle for soup, beef-tea, grapes, lemons, wine, or anything that an invalid can require. The Queen also kept

A QUALIFIED NURSE,

at a hospital near the house, more especially for servants or tenants, but whose services were by no means confined to such; she was freely sent to anyone in the neighborhood who might need her attention.

Indeed the Queen herself would sometimes discover some aged or ailing creature who required some extra attention. One windy, rainy day Her Majesty noticed while out in her carriage that the thatch of one of the cottages had been blown away. The Queen stepped out of the carriage and into the cottage, where she found a woman in bed with sundry basins distributed over the coverlet to catch the copious drippings from the roof. A peremptory message was at once despatched to an official to have a new thatch on the cottage, and that quickly.

From the first the Queen showed a wholesome regard for the Sabbath, with an effect in contrast to that in the reactionary days of Charles II., when the open desecration of the Sabbath at Court encouraged loose habits among humbler folks until the people were demoralized.

One day guests more than ordinarily distinguished were expected to dine at Windsor Castle; and as the music on such an occasion was by no means a minor matter, the band required in this instance to partially rehearse the pieces selected. Because the music was difficult and Sunday intervened in the brief space of time at his disposal, the conductor innocently decided to appropriate that day for practice. The men were ordered to attend; and two German Wesleyans who had scruples of conscience in the matter were threatened with dismissal if they refused to attend. The two Methodists were firm; they stayed away throughout the Sabbath; and when they appeared on Monday morning they were greeted with

VIOLENT LANGUAGE

and told to go about their business. They walked away somewhat downcast at losing their situations, but soon after leaving the castle they happened to meet the Bishop of London, who stopped his carriage, and after hearing all about the affair promised to mention it to the Queen herself. Soon afterward the leader was summoned into the Royal presence, and on being asked as to what had become of the two players he explained how their "absurd religious scruples" had led to their discomfiture. The Queen at once decided the matter for herself by giving commands that the discharged players should at once be restored to their places, adding with emphasis; "I will have no more persecution in my service for conscience's sake and I will have no more rehearsals on Sunday."

A pretty story of Her Majesty's visit to Ireland in 1842 is told. As the yacht approached the extremity of the pier near the lighthouse at Queenstown, where the people were most thickly congregated, and who were cheering enthusiastically, the Queen suddenly left the two ladies-in-waiting with whom she was conversing, ran with agility along the deck, and climbed the paddle box to join Prince Albert, who did not notice her until she was nearly at his side. Taking his arm, she waved her right hand to the people on the piers. She also ordered the royal standard to be lowered in courtesy to the

CHEERING THOUSANDS

on shore. Lord Clarendon said; "There was not an individual in Dublin who did not take as a personal compliment to himself the Queen's having gone upon the paddlebox and ordered the royal standard to be lowered three times."

An interesting anecdote is told of the Queen in connection with her approaching marriage. It is said that the Archbishop of Canterbury waited upon Her Majesty and inquired if it were her wish that any alteration should be made in that portion of the service appointed in the Liturgy for the solemnization of matrimony which included the promise of "obedience"—a curious promise for the Sovereign of Great Britain to make to her subject Prince Albert, who had just taken the oath to her as his liege lady. The Queen is reported to have replied that "It was her wish to be married in all respects like any other woman, according to the revered usages of the Church of England, and that, though not as a Queen, as a woman she was ready to promise all things contained in that portion of the Liturgy."

January has been a fateful month in the life of the Royal family. It is a singular coincidence that Queen Victoria passed away on the 81st anniversary of the death of her father the Duke of Kent, which event occurred just six days before the death of his father, George III., in 1820. It was on the 20th of January, 1896, that Prince Henry of Battenberg passed away, and it was also in January that the Duke of Clarence, the direct heir to the throne in the second generation, came to his untimely end.

Another fact which has not been known is the intimate friendship between the Queen and King Leopold of Belgium. His father was her chief adviser when she ascended the throne, and helped to bring about the marriage with the Prince Consort. The present King of Belgium for many years had corresponded weekly with the Queen, and his letters to her have been continued year after year. The ers when he came to England to attend the final services at Windsor.

THE ADJUSTMENT OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Plenty of people imagine that when they have built a large house with all modern improvements and have had one firm decorate it and another furnish it regardless of expense, they will have a "home ready to walk into." This is a mistake. One cannot walk into a ready-made home any more than into a ready-made friendship; both must be built up bit by bit until the result is felt to be almost a part of one's self—in other words, both must be properly lighted and shaded after a long study of the elements which go, respectively, to make them up. It should be a source of extreme satisfaction to the sex feminine to view the fact that while men may build houses, to make homes is the inherited and beautiful prerogative of women. Perhaps it may appear a bit paradoxical to say that the home atmosphere comes quite as much from the furniture and arrangement thereof as from the house itself—that is, that the woman who is gifted with the home-making power and able to take her furniture with her, will shed her own personality over every house she inhabits; whereas a woman without that power will have a handsome house, which yet falls short of a home. With much discretion and a little money even a very simple house may be made beautiful. This discretion, it goes without saying, must be displayed not only in choice which the buyer makes, but in her arrangement of the various articles of furniture and decoration as well.

The beauty and charm of an apartment as well as of a picture, a character, or a conversation depends primarily upon the proper adjustment of light and shade. A room like a picture in which there is nothing but deep shadows and high lights, with no intermediate tones, no delicious and soothing grays, is grotesque and unpleasant in the extreme. A home of heavy shadows unrelieved is about as cheerful as a mortuary chapel. On the other hand, one should avoid general distribution of bright light, which, though it renders a home cheerful, at the same time lessons the air of repose so soothing to tired nerves.

Monotony of tone is even more wearisome than monotony of color. Instead of selecting everything to match, the woman of taste buys so as just not to match, but to harmonize. All sorts of subtle shades and tints she seeks in wall-papers and fabrics, and arranges darkly mysterious cosy corners and half-lighted nooks in the same room in which is a bright south window by day, and by night a bright hearth fire to throw its flickerings, lights and weird shadows.

The nice adjustment of light and shade which goes to make up a genuinely artistic and beautiful apartment can best be secured in a room in which there is plenty of unoccupied space. The woman who possesses real treasures will be especially particular in the matter in order to show her possessions to advantage. In such a room let there be neither so much uniformity of color and design as to weary the eye, nor so much variety and eccentricity as to irritate; as a result of these precautions the effect on the occupant is not that she is in a room intended for luxurious display, but in an exquisitely furnished room adapted for daily use. In other words the controlling idea of those who seek to make their houses charming should be to combine comfort with elegance so skillfully that while one may realize the latter one is conscious only of the former.

QUALITY ALWAYS WINS—the reason why

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA, has proved a winner. It makes new friends every day.

Lead Packets 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

VALUE OF VEGETABLES.

Parsley is cooling and purifying.

Asparagus is very cooling and easily digested.

Turnip tops are invaluable when young and tender.

Celery is delicious cooked, and good for rheumatic and gouty people.

Tomatoes are health-giving and purifying, either eaten raw or cooked.

Spinach is particularly good for rheumatism and gout, and also in kidney diseases.

Lettuces are very wholesome. They are slightly narcotic, and lull and calm the mind.

Beetroot is very cooling, and highly nutritious, owing to the amount of sugar it contains.

Onions are good for chest ailments and colds, but do not agree with all.

Watercresses are excellent tonic, stomachic and cooling.

Green nettle shoots, if gathered in spring and cooked as spinach form a most delicate and wholesome blood-purifying vegetable.

Cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts and broccoli, are cooling, nutritive, laxative and purifying to the blood, and also act as a tonic, but should not be eaten too freely by delicate persons.

Potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips and artichokes are highly nutritious, but not so digestible as some vegetables. Potatoes are the most nourishing and are fattening for nervous people.

Chili, cayenne, horse-radish and mustard should be used sparingly. They give a zest to the appetite, and are valuable stomachics. Radishes are the same, but are indigestible, and should not be eaten by delicate people.

A LITTLE RAPIDS SENSATION.

A VERY SICK MAN MADE VERY WELL IN A VERY SHORT TIME.

The Case of D. Haight is an Interesting Story of How a Despairing Invalid Finally Gained Health and Strength Through the Use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Little Rapids, Algoma, Ont., Feb. 11.—(Special).—Most of the inhabitants of this district are constantly exposed to inclement weather and extremes of heat and cold, with a result that very many bad cases of chronic kidney disease, lame back and rheumatism are to be found among our people. Mr. D. Haight is one of our most respected residents who has been a terrible martyr to the dread torture of chronic kidney disease.

For four years he has suffered. He has tried every prescription, patent medicine and home remedy that has been suggested to him or advertised, but all to no purpose. Mr. Haight enumerates at least a dozen disagreeable doses which he has forced down his throat in the hope of securing some relief, but all in vain. Some of these would help him for a time, but very soon the pain would return with renewed vigor to torture him.

At last some one suggested that king of kidney remedies, Dodd's Kidney Pills. He had tried so many medicines that he had very little faith, but at the suggestion of his friends he bought and used a box. He commenced to improve from the first dose and gained steadily as the treatment continued, till finally every vestige and symptom of his old enemy had disappeared, and he was a well man. This is over a year ago and Mr. Haight has had no return or sign of the old trouble.

His has been regarded by the people here as one of the most remarkable cures that has ever been effected in Algoma. Mr. Haight says, "Four years ago my kidneys were in a bad state; I tried old medicines and new medicines of all kinds, doctors' prescriptions and homemade cures. Some of them relieved me for a little while, but I was soon as bad as ever again and a second trial of the same thing proved its worthlessness. At last I was recommended to get Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me and I have stayed cured."

KING IS AN EARLY RISER.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is an early riser. One morning recently at eight o'clock he arrived unexpectedly at the office of administration of the royal household, which is situated opposite the palace. He found one servant dusting and sweeping. The king lighted a cigarette and walked up and down, waiting. At 9.30 the first clerk arrived. The king asked at what hour the employes were expected to be at the office; "At eight o'clock, your majesty," replied the embarrassed official, "And now it is 9.30," remarked the king, taking up his hat and leaving the premises. Since then all the clerks and officials make their appearance promptly at eight o'clock.

KNOX AT THE DOOR.

Puns made on persons' names belong, perhaps, to the poorest class of wit; still, sometimes they are amusing, and the following story, told by Mr. Justin McCarthy, is worthy of a place in the very sparkling paper which he has contributed to the Gael on "Good Things That I Have Heard." It concerns Mr. Vesey Knox, who was at one time member for Derry. Mr. McCarthy relates that one day in the House of Commons, he wanted to find Mr. Vesey Knox. He went out to the central lobby, and met Mr. Thomas Sexton, and he went eagerly up to him and asked: 'Where can I find Knox? There he is at the door, replied Sexton. Knox would naturally be at the door!

TOMMY'S VIEW.

Mr. Selfmade—Remember, children, when I was a boy I often went to bed hungry, and seldom had a square meal.

Little Tommy, who is tired of hearing about it,—Well, that just shows how much better off you are since you're known us.

RESOLUTIONS FOR GIRLS.

Resolve to dress sensibly, and stick to that resolution as long as you can!

If you are earning money, or receiving an allowance, resolve to save a portion of it no matter how small that portion may be.

Resolve to do whatever you consent to do at all, as well as anybody can do it.

Resolve to be a good, sound, reliable, easy-working cog, in the social or business machinery, of which you are a part. In the household, in school, in office work, anywhere and everywhere, this resolution will apply. Don't say to yourself: "What difference does it make if I am fifteen minutes late?" but, "What difference would it make if everybody were a quarter of an hour behindhand?" That swollen cog that has to be removed, may still be of use as a paper-weight, if anybody wants it, but its days of active efficiency are ended. All great work depends on organized co-operation, systematized, regulated, mechanically perfect.

E W Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

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Bacon says "The debauches of youth are so many conspiracies against old age."

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Don't lace tight, because it impedes circulation, which affects the complexion, and a pretty complexion is far ahead of a small waist any day.

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