THE SPRING FEELING.

VARIABLE SPRING WEATHER DISASTROUS TO WEAK PEOPLE.

Even Usually Robust People Feel Run Down and Out of Sorts at This Time—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are the Very Best Spring Tonic.

The spring months are a trying time to most people. At no other time of the year do health and strength seem so hard to gain and to hold. You do not feel that you are really sick, but you feel about as bad as you could if you were seriously ill. That feeling ought to be got rid of—and it can be. What you need is a tonic to enrich the blood and free it from the impurities which have lodged in your system during the winter, and which are responsible for your present condition. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only reliable, never-failing tonic medicine. These pills make new, rich blood, strengthen the nerves and bring health and vitality to every organ in the body. They are an ideal spring medicine and the best thing in the world for all diseases having their origin in impoverished or impure blood. The case of Miss Belle Cohoon, White Rock Mills, N. S., is a strong corroboration of these statements. She says: "Three years ago this spring I was very much run down. The least exertion exhausted me. I seemed to lose ambition and a feeling of langour and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at nights was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a pitiable condition. After trying two or three medicines without benefit, I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they speedily worked a change for the better and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. I have since used the pills in the spring and I find them an excellent tonic."

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these little pills speedily cure anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula and eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, kidney and liver troubles and the functional ailments which make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Other so-called tonic pills are mere imitations of this sterling remedy. Get the genuine with the full name "Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PUTTING HIM RIGHT.

Just where the lad came from is not apparent, but he was rather a crisp-looking youngster of fourteen, small for his age, and foxy about the corners of the eyes and mouth. He entered the office of a wholesale house and approached the head of the establishment, who was in a bad humour about something.

"Do you want a boy here, sir?" asked the applicant for position.

"No, we don't want a boy here," responded the merchant in the ordinary manner of a man in a bad humour.

"Are you sure, sir?"

"Of course I am. Don't I know my business? Get out."

"What's that sitting on the stool over there?" asked the caller very politely, and without being at all disturbed by his reception.

"He's our office-boy," replied the merchant, rather taken aback.

"You want him here, don't you?"

"Of course."

"He's a boy, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, sir, you are mistaken when you say you don't want a boy here. What you really intended saying was that you didn't need me here. Good morning, sir"; and before the merchant could pull himself together this remarkable youth had rushed out and was lost in the crowd on the street.

KNEW WHAT IT MEANT.

"Of course, we won't have any regular house-cleaning at this time of the year," she said, "but we might as well straighten things up a bit and change the arrangement a little. I can see how the house could be made to look much more attractive To-morrow I'll get a charwoman and a man to help me to move the furniture, and——. What are you doing John?"

"I am merely wrapping up my slippers, my dressing-gown, and one or two other things to take to the office," he replied.

"To take to the office?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, that's all right; I'll bring them back," he explained. "You see, I don't want to have to hunt for them after you have put things to rights."

ANOTHER HAPPY MOTHER.

Tells How Her Baby of Eight Months Profited by Wise Treatment.

Teething time is the critical age in a child's life. Any slight disorder in the stomach or bowels at that time greatly increases the peevishness of the little one and may have serious and even fatal results. It is impossible to take too great care of your baby's health during this period, and no better remedy than Baby's Own Tablets is known for the minor ailments of childhood. Among the mothers who have proved the worth of this medicine is Mrs. R. McMaster, Cookstown, Ont. Her little baby girl was suffering from the combined trials of indigestion, constipation and teething, and the mother's strength was severely taxed by the continuous care the child needed. A box of Baby's Own Tablets, however, made such an improvement that Mrs. McMaster is now enthusiastic in their praise. "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the value of Baby's Own Tablets," she writes. "My baby of eight months was much troubled with constipation and indigestion and was very restless at night. I procured a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and the results were so satisfactory that I have not used any other medicine since. My baby girl is now regular and healthy, and getting her teeth seems much easier, and she rests a great deal better. These Tablets are a great help to little ones when teething."

Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. They produce natural sleep, because they regulate the stomach and bowels and comfort the nerves. They promptly cure such troubles as colic, sour stomach, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, indigestion and simple fever. They break up colds, prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Dissolved in water, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Free sample sent on application. Mention this paper.

ANOTHER FISH STORY.

Miles—"A learned scientist claims that a fish diet will develop fish characteristics in a man."

Giles—"So? Makes sharks of some and suckers of others, I suppose."

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER I.

"I'm tired of it all; I think I shall settle down and marry Kitty," says Sir John, his voice coming lazily through the small silvery cloud of smoke that curls upwards from his lips.

"The idea is charming," replies his cousin, with a half-smile; "so is your modesty. But Miss Kitty—are you quite sure she will accept you?"

"One is never quite sure of anything, dear boy, in these degenerate days, but as nearly as possible I think I am sure of Kitty. She is not the sort to play fast and loose with any man. She is very honest and very real, and—er—quite different from the usual run of women," winds up Sir John pleasantly, unaware that his remark is paltry, inasmuch as all men say this—and think it—of the women they chance at the moment to love.

"Yes, the others are a poor lot," says Arthur, faint amusement in his tone. "And you believe Miss Tremaine likes you?"

"I think so. I hope so. And at all events I am utterly positive I like her, and—that's all," finishes Sir John, rather abruptly, the ash of his cigar having grown beyond all bearing. He shakes it off gently, and leaning back in his chair, awaits his cousin's answer.

"I thought you were equally positive about Miss Lisle, the year before last,—Mrs. Charteris, I mean."

"Was I?" Laughing slightly. "I hardly remember. My memory was never my strong point."

"If I were in love with a woman I don't think I should get over it so easily," says Arthur, meditatively.

"But was I in love with Fancy Charteris? I almost forget. No, I think not,—not really."

"You were terribly epris, at all events."

"Not even that. I confess I rather affected her society, because she was the most affording person I knew; but no more. For instance, I don't recollect the time I ever envied that elderly gentleman she called 'Robert.'"

"Charteris, you mean. For my own part, I always liked what I know of him,—which was very little."

"So did I, for that matter. He was what one would call sterling, I dare say; but——"

"Yes?"

"There was a good deal of him, wasn't there?" says Sir John plaintively. "He was all over the place. I never met so aggressively thriving a person, except, perhaps, in the matter of hair; and he was bald! Even there, you see, he excelled, because he was the baldest man I ever saw,—not a single hair on his head, I give you my word! And then I can't forget the buttons! Of course a fellow must make a fortune if he hasn't one; but surely there is something more about buttons. I don't think I ever quite got over it."

"I rather admire self-made men," says Arthur, with an attempt at severity. "There is a truer nobility in talent than in mere birth—which, after all, is but an accident."

"I entirely agree with you. That is quite the sort of thing a man ought to say who is well-born himself. So liberal, you know, and that. But frankly, now, was there true nobility in Charteris's nose? And though his fortune was, surely there was no necessity why his clothes should look—self-made. And why on earth couldn't he try Mrs. Allen, or somebody, and cover his head? I never could imagine what Fancy saw in him."

"His money, I suppose," says Arthur, contemptuously.

Sir John regards him reflectively. He seldom troubles himself to think but just now it does occur to him that his cousin's tone is unpleasant.

"What did Mrs. Charteris do to you?" he asks, presently.

Blunden smiles.

"You think me severe," he says; "but the fact is, I never saw Mrs. Charteris, and only knew her husband very slightly before his marriage. So I am not speaking through personal pique; but, from all I have ever heard of her, I should not imagine her a very estimable character. Fast, wasn't she? Eh?"

"Not a bit of it," says Sir John. "People always say that of a woman if she happens to be pretty and good-humored and run after by men. One has to squint nowadays and wear red hair, and sit in a corner, if one wants to escape calumny. I always thought her charming. You knew the Lisles; how did you escape meeting Fancy?"

"Being abroad so much, I suppose. I really think I haven't been through a regular London season for seven years."

"And now you are going away again. You don't let us see too much of you, old boy, do you?"

"I am a restless beggar," says Arthur, flinging away the end of his cigar and stretching his arms above his head. "I can't content myself for long anywhere. But I sha'n't give you the chance of forgetting me this time. Let me see: this is August, and I dare say I shall be back here again about the beginning of May. By the bye, if it does come off, shall I be in time for your wedding?"

"I hardly think so. If Kitty says 'Yes' I shall marry straight away. We have known each other quite long enough for that, you know."

"Three months, is it not?"

"An eternity, as we judge now."

"Look here, Jack," says Arthur Blunden, somewhat earnestly. "Before proposing to Miss Tremaine I would see Mrs. Charteris again if I were you. You used to talk a good deal of her in the old days, I remember; and you were considerably cut up when she married Charteris; and—I always thought there was something in it. I cannot altogether divest myself of that idea even now; and I certainly think it will be awkward if, when you meet her later on, you still find you feel sentimentally disposed towards her. She is a widow now, you told me. Take my advice and try it all over again with her first before saying anything serious to Kitty Tremaine."

"I had no idea you were such a careful man," returns Sir John, with an amused laugh. "And what an objectionable 'again!' I don't believe I ever tried anything with Fancy Charteris, and I know she never cared in the very least for me."

"In that case I wish you luck with Miss Tremaine," says Arthur slowly. "She is beyond doubt charming, and is almost the prettiest girl I ever saw,—except, perhaps, her sister Gretchen."

"You are enthusiastic," says Sir John. "What a pity it is they cannot hear you! They would never forget it to you. Yes, Gretchen is very pretty,—a sort of being one would compare to a flower, or a dove, or an angel, or some such poetic simile. Why don't you go in for her, Arthur? She would just suit you."

"Too good for me," says Mr. Blunden, carelessly. "I'm not of much account, you know; and, besides, I'm not one of your marrying fellows." With this he rises, and, going over to the window, stands there gazing out idly upon the darkening landscape,—upon the soft green lawns, and swaying beeches, and little flickering sunbeams that seem loath to die.

"Who is that coming across the grass?" he asks, presently; and Sir John, thus accosted, gets up, also, and joins him at the window.

Standing thus side by side with their backs to the room and only part of their faces to be seen, one cannot fail to be struck with the wonderful similarity between the two men. There is in each the same tall, straight figure, the chestnut hair, warm and rich in tint, the same beautifully turned cheek and chin, destitute of beard, and, from where they stand, just a suspicion of the long, drooping moustache.

"It is Brandy Tremaine, is it not?" Sir John says, after short scrutiny. "Let us come out to meet him."

"Her brother!" returns Arthur, with a little shrug. "Oh, by all means. Let us pay him every attention in our power."

Sir John laughs and as they both turn to move towards the door there comes an opportunity to mark the great difference between them. About Arthur's mouth there is a superciliousness, and in his blue eyes an expression keen and penetrating, quite foreign to Sir John's whose mouth is always more prone to laughter than to contempt, and whose eyes rarely ever trouble themselves to look beyond the surface.

To be Continued.

MARINA.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Are we not here to have them performed?" returned Strato, while a slight shade of fear passed across his face.

"For that purpose we came."

"And surely you will not deny me what good Ludim had promised?"

"Look ye, Strato; when you sought the hand of that fair girl you thought her of gentle blood. Now that she proves to be the daughter of a poor armorer, will you still seek it?"

The young monarch made no answer in words. For a moment a strange light beamed in his eyes, and then he arose and stepped down from his throne. He took the jeweled crown from his head, and placing it upon the brow of Marina, he knelt at her feet.

"She is yours," cried Gio, as he stepped forward and raised the king to his feet. "Here, take back your crown, and now let the rites proceed."

"But first," said Strato, in an earnest tone, "tell me more of this. There is a deep mystery here which you have not opened to us."

"And you shall know it all ere long."

"But now," urged the monarch. "Tell me who and what you are?"

"Yes, father," uttered Marina, in a peaceful tone.

"Not now. Let this marriage proceed. For that we are here assembled—afterwards you shall know all."

"Come," whispered Esther, "you can trust me once more."

Marina gazed into the face of her sweet sister and smiled, and on the next moment she was led to the

Doing homage to their king and queen, a hundred faithful servants knelt around the royal throne. Gio alone stood erect. He knelt not, nor did he bow. Only a smile illumined his features as he saw the diadem sparkling upon his daughter's brow, and a proud look dwelt upon his face as he heard the heart-sent shouts that rent the air.

Once more all was still and quiet.

"Now," said Gio, "you shall know it all. I am not a native of Tyre, nor yet of Phoenicia, but of a country which owes no allegiance to any other. There were two brothers of us—we were twins, and so nearly did we resemble each other that even our parents were at times mistaken. I had a wife whom I loved as the apple of my eye—one in whom was centered the whole of my heart's affection, but in an evil moment I became maddened by the thought that she was false to me. What should have put such a fancy into my head I know not—but it came, and it made me mad. My wife protested her innocence—she swore she had not wronged me—but I believed her not. At length she bore me a child, and then—oh, horrors, the frenzy came! I looked upon the little innocent, and I swore that it was no child of mine. No tears, no entreaties could change my stubborn will—the worm was cankering in my heart, and I resolved to kill the gentle offspring. My heart was kindly moved for once, for I resolved that my wife should not know of her infant's fate, so I stole away by night and carried it to the river bank. The moon shone down brightly upon the face of the child as it snuggled to my bosom, and once it smiled upon me.

"The smile of innocence! At once the nobler thought came to me, that however my wife might have been, that gentle being was not guilty! Then I resolved that I would not kill it, but that I would give it a chance for life. I went back to the city and had a strong box made, and so arranged that the infant might live within it for some time; and thus I took the child to the seamore and cast her upon the waters. I then wished never to see her again, but yet I secretly prayed that some kind hand might save her and rear her up.

"I returned to my home sad and morose. My wife asked for her child, and then I told her what I had done. She did not rave, she did not upbraid me, nor yet did she blame me for what I had done; but she sank, body and soul, into the dark gulf of deep despair! Gradually I became aware of my wife's innocence, and I knew that it was my own child I had consigned to the sea! Another child was born to me—the gentle Esther, but even that could not make me happy; but I grew more morose and more miserable; and at length, to cap the climax of my folly, quarrelled with my brother, Gio Balbec. Our dissentions ran so high that he resolved to banish himself from the country; and, as I have since learned from his own lips, he came to Tyre. He sought first the high priest of Hercules, with whom he made a compact; such a one as I cannot explain but yet the purpose of it I know. Gio Balbec was to let himself to Strato—your father, sire—and when the priest died he was to follow to the office. Both my brother and myself possessed strong ventriloquial powers, and whether that peculiar deception of voice served him in the temple you must judge for yourselves; I know I once deceived the king by my own powers, and he thought the oracle had spoken.

"Balbec became the priest of Hercules long before he threw off his laborer's dress, and still he worked at the forge for his master and at stated seasons he would repair to the temple and assume the priestly disguise. With me time sped on, but it brought me no joy. The dart of sorrow was firmly fixed in my heart, and the last smile that I saw by the soft moonlight upon my infant's face haunted me by day and by night. At length I heard from my brother and he sent me the startling intelligence that from the lips of a dying man he had learned the fact that, years before, a box, such as I set adrift, was picked up by a citizen of Tyre. At once I arranged my affairs and came to this city, determined not to return till I had found my child. For the first time in long years a smile came to the face of my wife, and beneath the influence of that bright beam my whole soul was changed to a sea of swelling hope.

"I came to Tyre. My brother still resembled me so nearly that none could tell us one from the other, and seizing upon that circumstance I made my way for immediate settlement in this city. Balbec had just left your father's service, and assuming his humble armorer's dress I took his place at the forge, while he devoted all his time at the temple. Knowing the quick wit of Esther, I brought her with me, and during the last year I have worked at the humble calling I have assumed, and at the same time diligently prosecuted my search. I soon saw that Tyre was badly governed, that foul sores were festering upon her social constitution, and that wickedness was stalking abroad on all hands. You may wonder that I, who had been guilty of the crime for which I suffered should have looked upon the sins of others, but you must remember that the fault of mine was the result of a madness, and that all manners of suffering had been mine in expiation.

"At length, so vividly came the picture of Tyrian suffering to my mind, I resolved that if I found my lost child she should be queen of Tyre. Then, oh happy moment! I discovered her in the supposed daughter of Kison Ludim. I knew that I was not mistaken, for the same bright smile that had for so long lain upon my heart played over her features and she looked the very counterpart of the mother who bore her. I sought the priest, my brother, and told him all, and then he made the oracle speak the determination I had made, and the mysterious decree was conveyed to Mapen. That very day the king asked Ludim for Marina's hand, and he was refused. I would have then claimed my child, but I gained an inkling of a plot among the people, and I waited for the denouement, and though that procrastination came nigh proving fatal to my hopes, yet all has turned out happily, with the single exception that I have lost my brother; but the great God called him away; and I am content. At times I have worn the priestly robe and the white beard, while Gio Balbec has played the armorer, and hence you will see how easy has been the deception we have practised. The rest you know. The rising of the people has accomplished that which I intended, and the circumstance has made my daughter queen of Tyre. It was I who gave to Strato the directions concerning the looking for the rising sun, for I felt assured that when the people found that he had instructed Alzac in this particular, they would give to Strato the preference, even though he was a noble. Marina, come once more to thy father's embrace."

"And my mother?" murmured the fair girl, as she sprang to her father's bosom.

"She yet lives," returned Gio, while his eyes sparkled with swimming tears.

All those who stood around were yet lost in mystery. Who is Gio? was a question that dwelt upon every lip, and a hundred tongues might have given it utterance, but for the entrance of a sweat-streaming, panting messenger.

"Sire," he cried, "we are lost! The coast opposite to the city is swarming with armed men, and many of them have taken boats to cross over. We cannot oppose them for our forces are not organized."

To be Continued.

"Are you thinking only, of the present?" asked the serious man. "Or, are you doing your duty and trying to leave something for those who come after you?" "Those who come after me," repeated the man of genius pensively. "Do you refer to posterity or my creditors."

At the Police Court—"Then, my lad, you acknowledge having committed the robbery?" "Yes, your worship." Starting rather early, eh? Why, you cannot be over ten years of age." "This is how it is, your worship; father is ill, and so I've got to do all his work."

The Prince of Wales has all these titles: Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothesay, Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, Earl of Dublin, Duke of Saxony, and Lord of the Isles.

MANY ADVANTAGES OVER OTHER LINES.

That the New York Central possesses great advantages over other lines cannot be gainsaid, and they are too numerous to enumerate, but a few of the principal features are: the great train service (twelve express trains each way between Buffalo and New York), four tracks and the Grand Central Station the only station in the city of New York.

This is the route of the famous Empire State Express.

"Beauty is only skin deep," remarked the Wise Guy. "Yes, and some people are pretty thin skinned at that," murmured the Simple Mug.

SETTLERS' LOW RATES WEST.

Chicago & North-Western R'y; every day during March and April. Colonist one-way second-class tickets, at very low rates from Chicago to points in Colorado, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Nelson, Rossland and other points in Kootenay District. Also special round-trip Homeseekers' tickets on first and third Tuesdays, March, April and May. Full particulars from nearest ticket agent or B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont.

Champagne was invented about 240 years ago by a monk named Perignon, at the Abbey of St. Peter, Hautvilliers, in France.

$33 TO CALIFORNIA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

Chicago & North-Western Ry. from Chicago daily, March and April, only $6.00 for berth in tourist car. Personally conducted excursions Tuesdays and Thursdays from Chicago and Wednesdays from New England. Illustrated pamphlet sent on receipt of two cent stamp by S. A. Hutchison, Manager, 212 Clark street, Chicago.

The biggest guns in the British navy are of 16½-inch calibre, and can only be fired once in three minutes. They weigh 110½ tons. The new 12-inch gun weighs only 50 tons, but can be fired three times as quickly.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO CALIFORNIA.

The Wabash Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets to Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal., at less than the one way first-class rate. Tickets on sale April 19th to 27th, good to return any time before June 25th, 1902. Choice of routes going and returning. All tickets should read via Detroit and over the Wabash, the short and true route from Canada to California.

This will be the grandest opportunity ever given the people of this country to visit this land of sunshine and flowers at a low rate.

Full particulars of this excursion from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east corner King & Yonge Sts., Toronto.

The best home-made fire-extinguisher is 4 ounces of pearlash dissolved in hot water, and added to a pail of cold water.

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

Most deaths during the 24 hours take place between 5 and 6 a.m., the least between 9 and 11 in the evening.

Mirard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

WHY WOOLENS WEAR THIN.

A SCENE IN A GROCER'S STORE.

Sir, I have just come roung myself to tell you that you have absolutely spoiled a pair of blankets on me.

I have!

Yes, sir, you have!

Surely you are mistaken, madam! I am not mistaken. I sent round my little girl a few days ago for a good strong soap to wash out some heavy things. In all innocence I used what you sent me, and the result is that my blankets are just the skeleton of what they were. They are ruined, sir, and it's your fault!

Yes, but I sent what I usually send in such cases.

What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out; I find you usually send her the same soap.

But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have had it.

Named a particular brand! How was I to know anything of brands? but I know better now, and I know what ruined my blankets—and my hands are in a nice plight, too!

I can assure you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers, and I shall be glad to know how you prove that what I sold you injured your blankets and your hands.

Well, I was telling Mrs. Neill my trouble, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it:

"Dr. Stevenson Macadam, Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh, describes the destructive property of soda upon wool very graphically.

"After mentioning how strong alkali such as potash and soda, disastrously affect cotton, linen, and wool he says:

"On one occasion I employed this property of soda in a useful way. There was a large quantity of new blankets sent to one of our hospitals which, when given out, were said by the patients to be not so warm as the old blankets were, and that led to an investigation as to whether the blankets were genuine or not. They looked well and weighed properly, and I got a blanket sent to me for examination and analysis. We found soon that there was cotton mixed with the wool, and the question was as to separating the two, because they were thoroughly woven throughout, and it was only by detaching the fine fibres from each other that you identified the cotton fibre. I fell on the device of using soda. I took a bit of blanket and put it in a vessel with soda, and boiled it there, and very quickly the wool got eaten away by the soda, and there was left behind the cotton as a kind of skeleton—a sort of ghost—of the original blanket out of which it was taken. I mention this merely to indicate to you the pernicious effects of using caustic materials, which, when employed strong by themselves, affect woolen articles in this way, and which, even when not very strong, will more slowly, but with equal certainty, tend to destroy the woolen fibre."

Now, I want to tell you that we neighbors have had a talk over the matter, and we are not going to have our clothes and hands ruined in this way. Several of our neighbors who know have proved to us that Washing Sodas, Potash, Chloride of Lime, and "soap substitutes" are most injurious to clothes and hands. "Free alkali" in soaps is practically the caustic soda that burns the clothes. Why, you dare not keep Caustic Soda in a tin canister; it must be in an earthen jar, or it will even corrode the tin! Now, it's for you to provide us with pure soap without free alkali, or we must find it elsewhere.

Madam, you enlighten me! So many soaps are advertised as pure, that I really took little heed to any difference between them.

I have one, however, that has medical certificates of its freedom from free alkali. It is guaranteed pure; and the makers offer $5,000 reward to any one who can prove it is not pure, and further, I am authorized to return the purchase money to any one finding cause for complaint.

Let me see it! Sunlight soap! It's a beautiful, clean, fresh-looking soap, and this Octagon shape is very handy. Give me five bars.

Note by the Grocer: This whole neighborhood is using Sunlight Soap now. There are no more complaints. I have no room in my store now for noxious concentrated alkali soaps; but it is not the grocer's fault if the public are satisfied with common soaps. If the whole set for Sunlight Soap—octagon bar—we give it them.

The Mutual Life of Canada.

Head Office, - Waterloo, Ontario.

(Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life.)

32ND ANNUAL MEETING.

The Company Solid and Progressive.— Another Year of Substantial Gains.

The Thirty-second Annual Meeting of this popular and prosperous life company took place at its Head Office, Waterloo, Ont., on Thursday, March 6th, 1902, at 1 p.m. The Company's spacious Board room was well filled with policyholders who evinced deep interest in the proceedings which were throughout both harmonious and instructive.

The President having taken the chair, on motion, Mr. W. H. Riddell, Secretary of the Company, acted as Secretary of the meeting, and at the request of the President read the

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your Directors submit for your consideration and approval their report, with financial statements for the year ended Dec. 31st, 1901.

New Business They are pleased to inform you that the business of the year in all respects has been of the most satisfactory character, enabling them to make the same liberal distribution of surplus to policyholders as in the past. The volume and character of new business were all that could be desired; the death rate was much below the expectation, and the lapses and surrenders, in proportion to business in force, very moderate. Amount of applications for new assurance received was $4,469,809; accepted and policies issued $4,071,069, all of which with the exception of $95,500 was secured in Canada.

Canada First The Board of Directors have not seen any reason why they should depart from the rule hitherto followed of confining their operations to our own country and Newfoundland.

Insurance in Force The number of policies in force was 21,785, assuring $31,718,951, the reserve on which, based on our own standard, Actuaries 4 per cent., on all business previous to 1900, and Hm. 3½ per cent. on all business taken since then, is $5,301,100.41.

Assets and Income The cash assets are $5,439,541.65, and the total assets $5,757,822.17. The surplus on Government standard, over all liabilities, is $605,470.00; on the Company's standard, $379,979.53. The net premium income was $208,619.06; interest and rent $255,817.02; annuity premiums $23,250; total income $1,277,686.08.

Paid to Policyholders The amount paid to policyholders was $498,532.45, of which sum $95,021.95 was paid to living policyholders. The Death Claims paid were $186,510.50; Matured Endowments $160,460; Purchased Policies $22,023.37; Surplus $22,255.51; Annuities $6,733.07.

Investments During the year the demand for money has been active, and the funds of the Company have been fully employed. The rate of interest has been good, and payments on both instalments and interest have been promptly met, the interest overdue being much less than in any former year.

The manager, officers and staff continue to discharge their duties to the entire satisfaction of the Board, and in the best interests of the company.

The Executive Committee have carefully examined all the Securities, and compared them with the entries in the ledger, and found them to correspond therewith.

You will be called upon to elect four Directors in place of Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Alfred Hoskin, K. C., E. P. Clement, and Hon. J. T. Garrow, whose term has expired, all of whom are eligible for re-election.

Waterloo, March 6, 1902. ROBERT MELVIN, President.

ABSTRACT OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1901.

INCOME.

Premiums, Net	$ 998,619 06
Interest, Rent and Annuities	279,067 02
Total	$1,277,686 08

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims, Endowments, Profits, etc.	$ 498,532 45
All other Payments	215,076 94
Total	$ 709,209 39

ASSETS.

Loans on First Mortgages and Bonds	$2,650,566 61
Municipal Debentures and Bonds	2,012,449 03
Loans on Company's Policies	643,361 93
Real Estate, including Company's Office	123,729 01
Cash in hand and in Banks	14,312 25
Other Assets	313,403 34
Total	$5,757,822 17

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 and 3½ per cent.	$5,301,100 41
All other Liabilities	76,751 23
Total	$5,377,851 64

SURPLUS

On the Company's Standard 4 and 3½ per cent.	$ 379,970 53
On the Government Standard, 4½ and 3½ per cent.	605,470 00

In moving the adoption of the Directors' and other reports submitted to the meeting, the President ably reviewed the business of the Company during the fiscal year ending December 31st, 1901, showing that steady progress had been made in all that denotes strength and stability, while the ratio of expense to income was the lowest in the history of the Company, being $23,951 less than the previous year. It was gratifying to find that the interest and rents from investments exceeded the amount paid for death losses in 1901 by $67,307, and that the large sum of $395,021 was paid to living policyholders during the same year for endowments, annuities, dividends, etc. On the whole the business of the Company for 1901 was in all respects most satisfactory, and if everyone interested in its welfare will do his duty the year upon which we have entered will be still more successful than the one just passed.

Mr. A. Hoskin, K. C., First Vice-President, having supported the motion at some length, the reports were adopted unanimously.

The scrutineers reported the unanimous re-election of the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. J. T. Garrow, A. Hoskin, K. C., and E. P. Clement as Directors for the ensuing term of three years. The full Board is now composed of the following members:—Robert Melvin, President, Guelph; Alfred Hoskin, K. C., 1st Vice-President, Toronto; the Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, 2nd Vice-President, Kingston; Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, P.C., G.C.M.G., Premier of Canada, Ottawa; Francis C. Bruce, M.P., Hamilton; J. Kerr Fisken, B.A., Toronto; E. P. Clement, Berlin; W. J. Kidd, B. A., Ottawa; Geo. A. Somerville, London; Hon. F. W. Borden, M. D., Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa; Hon. J. T. Garrow, K.C., Goderich, and Wm. Snider, Waterloo; and the officers of the Company are:—Geo. Wegenast, Manager; W. H. Riddell, Secretary; T. H. Earl, Supt. of Agencies; J. H. Webb, M. D., Medical Director; and Millar & Sims, Solicitors.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

A SCOURGE OF DOUBT; OR THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

With this issue we enter upon a story which sets forth the well-known blindness of those who have been wounded by little Dan Cupid. The story is written with all the crisp breeziness of a bright spring morning. Begin it now and it will give you many a pleasant half-hour's relaxation.

Ad. to a Young Husband—Don't start out by giving your wife advice, but bring her home a package of

MONSOON

BLUE

IF YOU WANT GOOD PRICES FOR YOUR Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Apples or other Produce CONSIGN THEM TO THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO

Correspondence Solicited.

Good Paint

Don't use cheap paint on your house, or the first blast of storm and rain or hot summer sun makes it look shabby. Cheap paint with no reputation is dear paint.

RAMSAY'S PAINT

is the purest paint, the oldest and best known in Canada. Made from pure materials—made right to preserve your house to beautify it, to make it look fresh and bright. Ready for use and sold by all dealers at the right price for the best that goes in paint making.

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

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

A Chain is no Stronger than its Weakest Link and a Wire Fence is no Stronger than its Uprights.

No one should expect a fence to hold up of itself between the posts. The Frost uprights are large and strong. The Frost Lock holds them in place and each support bears its own share of the weight. Light tie wires give no support. Bending to the weakest them and they are apt to break when the strain is severe. Frost Fence never breaks. Write for Catalogue.

THE FROST WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED, - WELLAND, ONT.

A vulgar fop called to a bootblack to polish his shoes and showered vituperative epithets upon him for his slowness, till at last the little fellow stopped his work and looking up, exclaimed:—"See here, mister, 'tain't no use to work on your shoes till somebody polishes your tongue."

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO CALIFORNIA.

For the meeting of the Independent Order of Foresters at Los Angeles, April 29th, cheap round trip rates will be in effect via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. Rate from Toronto $62.00, and proportionately low rates from other points in Canada. Three through trains daily from Chicago, with Pullmans, Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars. Select the best route, affording finest scenery and quickest time. Choice of routes returning. Full information and special folder of this session can be obtained from B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King Street, Toronto, Ont.

TWO FRIENDS.

To gain his ends
In Life's fierce tussle,
Man's two best friends
Are Hope and Hustle.

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 all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels and bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Italy, Roumania, Servia, and Greece are the only European countries where men outnumber women. Greece has 118 men to 100 women.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

HEAD.

To be less than candid was to be less than just.

"Your head is extremely thick!" said the teacher, accordingly. "So thick, indeed, that unless you study very hard you will be unable to thrust hatpins through it when you grow up!"

Much terrified, the little girl now applied herself assiduously to her lessons.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—After suffering for seven years with inflammatory rheumatism, so bad that I was eleven months 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. DAIRE.

St. Timothee, Que., May 16th, 1899.

200 years ago land on Manhattan Island, where New York stands, was sold at two cents for 12 acres. To-day it is worth $1,250,000 per acre.

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.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Clara—"Half the time he says he doesn't know whether I love him or not, about one-quarter he hopes that I do, and the rest he thinks I may, and in addition he is nearly always utterly miserable."

Maud—"Well I'm glad you're making such a success of the affair."

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

A youth went forth to serenade
The lady he loved best,
And by her house at evening,
When the sun had gone to rest,
He strolled until daylight,
And would have warbled more,
But morning light disclosed the sign
"To Let" upon the door.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House

In the United Kingdom only 1 person in 200 is a landowner. In France 9 in 100 own landed property.

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.

Flying fish have been known to rise 20 feet above the surface of the sea.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

A pound of cork is sufficient to float a man weighing 154 pounds.