

THE HOW AND WHY OF IT.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the parts of the fruit that do you good. Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes are pressed—the juices separated from the tough, woody fibre—and concentrated. Then—and this is the secret of "Fruit-a-tives"—one more atom of bitter principle from the orange peels is forced into the concentrated fruit juices. By this process—one of the most remarkable achievements of the age—the juices are made stronger, and many times more active medicinally. Finest tonics and internal antiseptics are added, and the whole evaporated and pressed into tablets. "Fruit-a-tives" are the greatest tonic, laxative and blood purifying medicine ever discovered.

See a box. At all druggists.

then he stood still and still looking at space. There was nothing strange or unexpected in the order—that post of honor fell naturally to himself; it was the stunning coincidence of it in that moment. That letter! The trainer's word was traditional law; his own pride in the stable's triumph was incalculable; and Lochinvar was the most sacred thing breathing on earth at the moment. But—how to let the dearest little woman on earth know that he could not keep his promise?

He got his rug over his head and turned on a low light, and sat watching the great animal as it stirred at intervals in its box of splendid isolation. Till long after midnight, the letter burning in his hands, he listened and waited in the vague thought that some telegraphic message must surely bring Miss Greta tapping. And then, as daylight broke, he found that his hot fumbings had unstuck the envelope and reduced the precious enclosure to a soft ball. He would not look at her love-words—no, no; but he knelt down to straighten out the letter respectfully ere he returned it to her hands. And, doing so, he gradually became aware that he was fast gripped in the tentacles of some nameless mystery. He sat there and realized that the letter entrusted to him was no word upon it—he held a perfect blank.

One more velvety-blue dusk had settled down. The fateful day was nearer by twenty-four hours as Tansy turned the key to Lochinvar's box. The footsteps of Lord Poolminster and his trainer were just dying away. All was well. He drew out an evening paper, and allowed himself a long, vast chuckle. It was leaking out; the odds about Lochinvar were steadily shortening. He could almost hear the roar of the crowds as Lochinvar carried the black and sea-green first past the post. Valhalla—bah! He heard twelve strike. He got uncertainly to his feet. Anything amiss? No; the horse stood still as a statue—fast asleep. Then—what was that? A stealthy, straining sound on the sloping roof. Lochinvar heard it; he stirred uneasily. All the stories, real and otherwise, he had ever heard of attempts to "get at" a favorite hummed in Tansy's brain. Beyond the thick glass of the window, just beyond Lochinvar's stall there was some shadowy, sinister interception of the starlight. He clenched his teeth and waited.

Creak—creak—creak! The bolt was giving. Lochinvar had swerved as on an equine prescience. Then, inexplicable silence. Taken right? All the blood in his veins seemed to simmer. Tansy turned the key softly tip-toed out, and made a sudden dash round the zinc wall, his thick fingers feeling out to clutch some dastardly throat.

A rope ladder, and a man crouching at the foot as if ready to run. He saw nothing more; the figure had turned and was racing across the open space. Beyond the paddock there was a wall—the figure cleared it; half-breathed, Tansy rose at a crash. He saw a man with a whip. He was blind, and came down with a crash. When the thunder had died out of his brain the chase was hopeless. There was nothing for it but to limp hastily back—and to stand stupefied. The rope ladder was gone—vanished as without hands. Was he dreaming? Had the Cesarewitch turned his brain? He had clutched the stable-bell rope. He hesitated to rouse the whole place and admit his fiasco—would it be believed? Nothing had happened; Lochinvar stood safe and sound—that was everything. Best, perhaps, to hold his tongue till daylight. He relocked the door, and sat down in a sort of stupor.

What was that? He swayed up once more, just as one struck. Nothing except that Lochinvar had slid down suddenly on to his straw mattress. Tansy watched irresolutely; he had seldom known the horse to sleep in that way. His whim—disturbed, little doubt. He lashed out his fore-foot on being touched—went off to sleep again. Tansy crept back and wiped his forehead resignedly. Wan fingers of daylight were feeling their way through the stable's chinks when that shaft of real, gassy misgiving went through Tansy's heart. Lochinvar, as if scenting the mushroom meadows and his early morning gallop, got on his forelegs. He tottered—swayed—and rolled back. Almost whimpering with fear. Tansy stooped. The great liquid eyes looked glazed and wild; there was damp heat on the silken coat. One glance, one moment of paralysis, and then Tansy was running off as for dear life. Lochinvar!!! It seemed to him as if all the sleeping world around must wake to the revelation with a vast shout. "Lochinvar scratched for the Cesarewitch!"

"Dosed—drugged—ruined!" It was the trainer's whisper, thick with passion, as he knelt back from the stall. "Look for yourself. . . . A lie—a tale! You villain, you've something to answer for here! Fly—fly for Lord Pool-

minster! And not a word to a soul!" To Tansy all the rest seemed muffled and unreal. The news had filtered out; the place was under a spell. He had seen the "vet" coming and going; had watched Lord Poolminster's haggard face pass and re-pass; had heard the hated whispers that there was still a hope left—that the great horse was gaining bit by bit on the baneful torpidity and making heroic efforts to run beside the trainer in the walled enclosure. And so the long hour crept by.

The great day at last! Like a man in a dream Tansy wandered alone in the deserted grounds. He knew only that Lochinvar had travelled the day before and would go to the post; his own dream of witnessing the race and sharing the triumph was shattered—he was keeping out of sight, heart-broken, under a cloud of doubt and suspicion. Unless a miracle happened that day the cloud might never lift in his life.

He had strayed into the shrubbery. A turn in the shadowy paths and he was suddenly face to face with Lord Poolminster's niece and ward. Till that moment he had almost forgotten her—forgotten her letter and her tragic love affair. And Miss Greta—she stood as still there as if she had come upon a ghost, the beautiful brown eyes staring out of a white worn face. A moment they faced, just as if they had never met before. Something strange was in the air. Then—he would never know why—as she went to glide back Tansy took that stumble forward. Husky words had rattled in his throat, and could never be taken back.

"Miss Greta! Face me! You know something; you can clear me—and you will!" "Tansy, spare me—spare me!" It came in a strangled sob that he would never forget. "It is killing me. For his sake—no mine—keep your brave silence. Oh, promise!" "His sake?" he repeated. He scarcely knew the strength of his grip upon the slight little arm.

"It was for him—to save him eternal ruin, I believed!" came her whisper, like that of a child frightened in the night. "Mr. Noel Bradon—yes; my husband that was to be. Tansy! He worked upon my love for him till I was mad—mad with dread. He had gambled and lost his estate; and he had borrowed money everywhere, and staked it all upon that other horse, Valhalla. Then, too late, he heard of Lochinvar's trial. It was the last straw, and he was weak—perhaps vile. He had threatened to shoot himself if I refused to help him. I had to listen to find out all that was going on. That note—that blank note was to get you out of the way; and you had the stable key that he wanted. Oh, you not that look, Tansy! It failed; you were too good, too honest to leave your post. You see it all? That next night his desperate alternative succeeded. He meant to lure you away in pursuit, if only for a moment, while someone—someone crept in and gave the horse the two tiny capsules in sugar that he said would not—would only deaden it for a day or two, and then—"

"Someone?" Tansy's hollow voice echoed, as hers trailed off. In the far distance he could seem to hear the racecourse roar. He was trembling. It was past three o'clock. Another Cesarewitch had been added to history.

"Yes, the woman speaking to you—Miss Greta! I did it, for him! My love, my fear, made me obey him to the last letter. I crept in; I hardly knew what I was doing. One of the capsules fell—wasted—and I dared not stay to complete the work. I took away the rope ladder he had brought; I fled back like a hunted thing; it haunted me! Oh, Tansy, spare him the final blow for my sake!"

A long tense silence, while Tansy stood with closed eyes, his grip never relaxing. Then—then he had whispered steadily:

"Miss Greta, I'll do that—I'll live under the blame, if you'll promise here and now never to take his name—never to wed the blackguard who could use a pure, good love like that. Hever mind me; promise for his sake—and yours!"

And at last it came—the faint, struggling little breath, that told how heart had been swaying in the balances against conscience. "You're right, I won't—I promise!"

They stood in a suspense that could not seem to break, and then—Tansy drew in his breath of a sudden—dashed a hand to his eyes. He had heard a bell—seen the telegraph messenger race past—seen the servants' locking out.

"Hark!" Her trembling hand was pressed in his. "It's here—it's over!"

And across the open space rang the fateful message, followed by a wild cheer:

"Black and sea-green. Lochinvar first, Valhalla second. Short head."

"Miss Greta," Tansy whispered, "it's the greatest day of my life—and yours."—London Tit-Bits.

Appreciation of the Japanese Since the war began people are learning to appreciate the qualities peculiar to the Japanese nation. Just previous to the war there were a few, now there are many thousands, of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, mucilage, and typewriter supplies. These are made in Canada, and are in a class above all competitors.

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, in the evening, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or even Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. H. H. writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family use it in cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Woods' and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, these pills have the trade mark and price 25 cents.

Love's music is never perfect without the chords of pain. Obstacle is often only another way of spelling opportunity.

No man ever broke his back under his brother's burden. You are not likely to slay the enemy by drawing a long bow.

A niggardly purse in the pocket becomes a thorn in the side. Many a man mistakes a floating indebtedness for a sinking fund.

Tears over to-day's broken toys blind us to-morrow's treasures. Many a man thinks he is mellowing when he is only getting moldy.

You cannot cure your sorrows by taking them out in a wheel chair. The fear of reputation often taken for the love of righteousness.

He who has a good word for no one cannot have the word of God for any one. Many a man thinks he is virtuous because he feels virtuous when he sees others happy.

The reason some are not wedded to one bad habit is because they are courting so many. When folks get to fighting over creed the enemy takes his forces to another part of the field.

When you have to do with those who are blatantly honest it is time to buy more padlocks. Some folks rely upon first impressions; others only decide after mature deliberation. The percentage of mistake is equal.

Wise is the courageous man who knows when it is necessary to be afraid. Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

BELLS

Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. 115 Bloor, O.

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY

Church Bell and Chime Bells. Best Copper and Tin Only. THE W. VANDEZEN COMPANY. Buckeye Bell Foundry Cincinnati, O. ESTABLISHED 1857

FARM LABORERS

Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau. Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH, Director of Colonization TORONTO

Unrivaled By Rivals COSGRAVE'S

None Superior ALE Peerless Beverage

COSGRAVE'S From Pure Irish Malt For Health and Strength

COSGRAVE'S Delicious Blend of Both HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken

ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS Cosgrave Brewery Co. Toronto, Ont.

Educational

Loretto Abbey WELLINGTON PLACE TORONTO, ONTARIO

This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size is situated conveniently near the business part of the city and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.

The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to uniform, terms, etc., may be had by addressing LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

St. Michael's College

IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY

Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.

TERMS, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE: Board and Tuition, per year ..... \$ 160 Day Pupils.....\$ 30

For further particulars apply to REY. DANIEL CUSHING, President

St. Joseph's Academy ST. ALBAN ST. TORONTO

The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every Branch suitable to the education of young ladies.

In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

Pupils on completing their MUSICAL COURSE and passing a successful examination, conducted by professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas. In this Department pupils are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University.

The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School, and awards Teachers' Certificates. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, and for Senior and Junior Leaving, Primary and Commercial Certificates.

Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Photography and Typewriting. For Prospectus, address MOTHER SUPERIOR

School of Practical Science TORONTO

The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto

Departments of Instruction: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

Laboratories: 1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metallurgical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.

Calendar with full information may be had on application. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

A NY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector.

Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

Companies

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated 1851 FIRE and MARINE

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT.

CAPITAL \$2,000,000

Assets.....\$ 3,545,000 Annual Income.....3,678,000 Losses paid since organization.....37,000,000

DIRECTORS: Hon. G. A. COX, President; J. J. KENNY, Vice-President and Managing Director; Geo. R. R. Cockburn, J. K. Osborne, H. N. Baird, Esq., E. R. Wood, W. R. Brock, Esq., C. C. Foster, Secretary.

WM. A. LEE & SON, General Agents, 14 VICTORIA STREET

Phone—Office Main 592 & Main 5998 Phone—Residence Park 667.

ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., LIMITED

OF LONDON, ENGLAND ESTABLISHED 1808

CAPITAL \$11,000,000.

TORONTO BRANCH, 24 Toronto St. A. WARING GILES, Local Manager

WM. A. LEE & SON, General Agents, 14 Victoria Street, Toronto

Tels.—Main 592 and Main 5998 Residence Tel.—Park 667.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND

ASSETS \$62,000,000. DOLLARS

C. Mc. L. STINSON, Local Manager

WM. A. LEE & SON, General Agents, 14 Victoria Street, Toronto

Phones—Main 592 & Main 5998 Residence Phone—Park 667

EXCELSIOR LIFE Insurance Company

Head Office—TORONTO

Some Salient Features from Report of 1904.

Insurance in force - \$7,646,798.35 Increase, 24 per cent., \$1,474,192.85 New Insurance issued - \$2,258,157.00 Increase, 26 per cent., \$609,958.75 Cash Income, Premiums, Interest, etc. - \$283,546.51 Increase, 26 per cent., \$57,566.09

Total Expense, Payments to Policy-holders, etc. - \$166,931.19 Interest Revenue alone more than pays Death Claims. Death Claims during year - \$38,517.00 Rate per 1,000 means Insurance in force 5.56 per cent. Average annual Death Rate 14 yrs. 2 1/2 mos. - 3.54 per 1000 The lowest rate on record for any Company of same age.

Reserve (being in excess of Gov't standard) - \$744,074.49 Increase, 23 per cent., \$139,726.12 Total Assets for Policy-holders security, bal., - \$1,253,216.05 \$1.67 for every dollar of liability, including Reserve. Net Surplus on Policy-holders' Account - \$84,141.56 Reserves for seven years on Hm. table, Interest at 3 1/2 per cent. Interest earned on mean Net Assets, 6.33 per cent.

Agents Wanted E. MARSHALL, Secretary. DAVID FASKEN, President.

SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 2677 RES. 3 D'ARCY ST., PHONE M. 3774

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER

has removed to 240 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first class work. Solicit a trial

DRESS WELL

First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones.

FOUNTAIN, "My Valet" Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing 30 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 3074.

Legal

JAMES E. DAY JOHN M. FERGUSON DAY & FERGUSON, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

SUCCESSOR TO J. LANGIN & MALLON Office—Land Security Chambers, 34 Victoria Street, Toronto.

L. E. O'DONOGHUE & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sts., Toronto, Ont., Offices—Bolton, Ont. Phone Main 1583 Res. Phone Main 207, W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., John G. O'Donoghue, LL.B. W. T. J. O'Connor.

M. C. BRADY & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Proctors in Admiralty. Rooms 67 and 68 Canada Life Building, 64 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone Main 2525.

L. V. McBrady, K.C. J. R. O'Connor Res. Phone North 452.

H. EARL & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Proctors in Admiralty. Offices: Canada Life Building, 64 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 1040.

T. FRANK SLATTERY, Residence, 285 Simco St. Res. Phone Main 576. EDWARD J. HEARN, Residence, 21 Grand Ave. Res. Phone 1628.

L. ATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS. Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents. OTTAWA, ONT. F. R. Latchford K.C. J. Lorn McDougall Edward J. Daly.

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, Etc. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Property Disputed Boundaries Adjusted. Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corner Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto. Telephone Main 1355.

Architects ARTHUR W. HOLMES ARCHITECT 10 Bloor St. East. TORONTO Telephone North 1260.

Roofing FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established forty years. 153 Bay Street. 'Phone Main 53.

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER 388 King St. East, Toronto Telephone Main 104.

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER TELEPHONE MAIN 679 359 YONGE ST. TORONTO

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS 222 Queen E. and 649 Queen W. Tel. M. 2838 Tel. M. 1406

Dr. E. J. Woods, DENTIST. 450 Church St. Phone North 3258 Branch office open Tuesdays, Francis Block, Thornhill, Ont.

E. M'CORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR . . . 27 COLBORNE STREET Opposite King Edward Hotel

MEMORIALS GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS Most Artistic Design in the City PRICES REASONABLE WORK THE VERY BEST

McINTOSH-GULLETT CO., Limited Phone N. 1249 1115, Yonge St. TORONTO

Established A.D. 1850. ROBERT McCAUSLAND LIMITED 86 Wellington St. West Toronto, Canada

Memorial Stained Glass Windows References: St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. The Foy Memorial and Sir Frank Smith Memorial Windows. St. Mary's, Toronto, etc.

EMPRESS HOTEL

Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes. RICHARD DESBETTE - PROPRIETOR