YOUR DOCTOR . .

Has been for years advising you to discontinue the use of the adulterated, nerve-disturbing teas of Chinaand Japan.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA is absolutely pure, nutritious to the system and delicious to drink. Black, mixed and uncolored Green Japan Tea drinkers should try "SALADA" Ceylon Green. Lead Packets only. By all grocers.

The Emerald of Kandahar

"You defy me to my face? You insult your own father? You, who can't say 'Bo' to a gosling—whose mouth wouldn't melt melted butter. You are a brute beast, miss—yes, a brute beast would know its duty better than you; a crawling reptile would have better manners than to call its father a—what you called me. Once more—will you give up this fellow Cranstoun or no?"

"No," she said, only. In fact, it was the only thing that was open to her to say. She was, doubtless, a brave girl for saying it, but had she hesitated she would have been none the less a coward. There are cases in which the fifth commandment is best observed to the spirit by breaking it to the letter.

"Then——" and he swore a big oath. "Then, you——" and he called her by what was by no means a pet name, "go up to your room and pack your things as quick as thunder!" He rang the bell more violently than ever. "Elise, call a cab. Miss Felicia is going away; and you'll pack after as soon as you please—the sooner the better for me. I'll have no undutiful daughters, no go-betweens, no she-devils in my house. And you, Miss Felicia Grode, confound you, may bundle off, bag and baggage, and be Mrs. Cranstoun as soon as you please. When you repent at your leisure don't come to me, that's all. Make your bed and lie on it. I've done with you. Bring up dinner."

His anger may appear unreasonably excessive, and well calculated to defeat its own end. But to defeat its own end and to be unreasonable is the way of anger, and it was excessive because it had a twofold cause. Sic vita est.

CHAPTER V.

There was a Mrs. Levi.

This sounds startling, when it is remembered what sort of a man was Mr. Levi; but it is less startling when it is understood that Mrs. Levi was not Mr. Levi's wife, but his mother.

She was an old Jewess, something more than plain, but not sufficiently ugly to have borne such a son. "C'eait donc, Monsieur votre pere qui etait si laid," as Taliyrand said to someone who was boasting of his mother's beauty. And, whether for his father's sake or his own, she doted upon her Nathan with a love that to any heart but a mother's is simply inconceivable, thinking him the best, wisest and noblest creature in the world. And, whatever his merits or demerits might be, he was at all events a model son.

Well he might be; well might he bestow upon his mother all the affection that was in his heart to bestow, for there was certainly no one in the world but she who would have held him either good or noble, who would not have held him either in fear or scorn. But he was to her as the very appie of her eye. She had been his protectress in his infancy, his willing slave while he was making his way in the world, and he was now showing his gratitude to her in his prosperity by sharing his prosperity with her.

They lived together in a large house in the neighborhood of Paddington, in much solitude as far as friends and acquaintances were concerned, but in a style of much luxury as regarded themselves. Domestic matters were attended to by a housekeeper, who was a Jewess well on in years, and who was besides a devoted companion to the old lady, and a faithful servant to her master. These three made up the family; and there were a good many servants besides who found their places not altogether unprofitable. In fact, the expenditure of the household bordered upon the extravagant. Levi himself, if he was greedy in getting, was not sparing in spending—indeed, it is a characteristic of his people that, if they are alieni avidi—which may or may not be the case with more than with Gentiles—they are also sui profusi. An avaricious Jew is, of course, as common as an avaricious Gentile; but a Hebrew is less common than a Gentile miser, let people say what they will. "The People," if they understand the value of money, know its use also.

But though—with the exception of his mother and of his housekeeper, Judith—he had no friends, a great many people were well, a great many far too well, acquainted with the hideous dwarf. The number of irons that he had in the fire were well nigh innumerable. He was practically the banker of half the eldest sons of England, to whom he advanced money at—well, shame refuses to say at how much per cent. But he was a generous banker in his way, and cared more for interest than for security; as the story of the sale shows, he was content to risk much for the bare chance of a large return. His was the principle of blockade-runners; he went in for grand coups, and even calculated upon losing eleven cargoes out of twelve. But then, his profits upon the twelfth more than recouped him for his losses on the eleven. Then he was a dealer in pictures and in works of art generally, and he was the depository of more than half the jewelry of great ladies whose pin-money was not sufficient to pay for their pins. And he did a great deal besides in funds, in theaters, and in shares of all sorts and kinds. In fact, wherever money was to be turned, there was Nathan Levi, with his pitchfork in his vulture talons, to help turn it. And, somehow, he generally stood on the sunny side of the haycock. A man must have something to live for; and for him, upon whom no man could look without contempt, and no woman without loathing, what was there to live for but one thing? Indeed, in such cases, I doubt if the pursuit of gold, though for its own sake, is altogether ignoble. It contains the romance of impossible love—the glory of closed ambition. Lust of pleasure and lust of fame have their bards, while lust of gold is treated with a contempt at the hands of poets which is ill-deserved, seeing that freedom from it is not by any means one of their special virtues. But is the lust that is praised in itself nobler than the lust that is condemned? Are not both alike vanity and apples of the Dead Sea? For my part, I consider Alexander the Great as being very much on a level with John Elwes.

But, as I do not expect one of my readers to agree with me, let us all return to our sheep, or rather to our shepherd, before whose shears the wool of many a silly, if not quite innocent, sheep had fallen.

He carried home his purchase in his yellow brougham. Then he dined alone, hurling into his ogrish mouth a whole feast of Guildhall. He ate the acres of many a fair estate; he drank rivers of gold and silver, molten into champagne. When he had finished, he had his own private cabinet illuminated with wax candles, gave the strictest orders both to his valet and to Judith that he was not to be disturbed, and retired in order to examine and to report to himself upon the purchases of the morning.

A Rembrandt, whose "chiaroscuro" was enough to send a connoisseur wild with delight, but which he admired because he had got it at a bargain; a Giorgione, over which he shook his head a little, fearing that he had given for it a few pounds more than he intended; a Michael Angelo of doubtful pedigree, which would require a little doctoring; and a Rubens. And then he came to the Jones.

Once more he shook his big head and pondered.

"There must be something in this thing," he thought, half aloud. "People don't run up a picture to eighty thousand pounds and then offer to buy it for eighty-five thousand guineas without a reason. Sentiment! Pooh! No one ever wanted to spend that on sentiment; and besides, I know that Grode couldn't raise it at once, if he realized everything he's got in the world. A warm man, Grode; but he was not christened Fortunatus. Eighty thousand! It's as much as I can manage myself in these hard times. Suppose this should turn out rubbish, after all?" His red hair almost stood on end with panic at the idea. It was all very well to run risks; but to risk a princely fortune on a dead magpie by Jones! But no, it could not be; it must not be.

His anxiety may not be easily comprehended by one to whom pounds are as pence and who can afford any number of them for a whim. But Nathan Levi, rich man as he was, was by no means in this position. To one who made and spent and risked money after his apparently reckless fashion, the nicest calculations, the most accurate balancing of chances was necessary in order to eliminate the element of recklessness in his speculations. He happened just now to have many grand coups on hand, the result of which, taken altogether, would prove certain gain, as they were at present arranged, but would prove almost certain ruin if combined with the failure of an additional venture like this for which he had not provided when he had arranged his present financial campaign. Still, on the whole, he had doubtless acted like a prudent man, though a bold one. His logic had been perfect—it was morally impossible that Mr. Grode should have fought so desperately to get this picture without an adequate motive.

And yet——

So he took a fine sponge, which he dipped into some preparation, the secret of which he had bought for nothing from some needy inventor, and wetted and gently wiped the cracked surface to find some masterpiece of art. There must be something! Perhaps, even—wild and glorious thought!—it might be the very Venus Anadyomen of Apelles—that, indeed, would be cheap at a hundred thousand pounds.

For many minutes he sponged and rubbed, first in one place and then in another—first delicately, then more decidedly.

At last, as if he had been working at a forge, huge beads of perspiration began to gather where his forehead ought to have been, and to roll down into his grizzly red beard. It was only too true. The picture was only worth the price of the canvas now, and of the fly-blown frame. Even the magpie was spoiled by the rubbing, and was a magpie no more.

He let his head drop for a moment heavily upon the table, and then rose from his seat in unutterable despair. The process had not been long, but it had been final. His admirable logic was scattered to the winds, and, if he had not been mad before, he felt that he must be mad now. He had better have realized his capital and thrown it, or himself, into the sea. Could Mr. Grode have done this trick to ruin him? Could Mr. Grode himself have been deceived?

He raised his head and gazed in despair at the wretched evidence of his madness. Then he kicked away his chair violently, and with a groan and sort of spring, dashed himself down upon the floor. He was grotesque even in his rage, rolling about and wringing and gnawing his hands with his savage teeth till they bled, and groaning as if he were at the door of death. If with his unsuccessful rival it had been "O my ducats—O my daughter," with him it was "O my ducats—O my ducats!" unmixed with any human sentiment whatever. And the worst of it was that it was his own cunning that had betrayed him. A good man of business had been eager to spend a fortune upon this trash. Surely it ought to have been a grand coup—and it had proved a grand coup indeed—grand enough to make him a ruined man.

Then he rushed at what had once been a picture, rubbed it all over again till the canvas showed, examined front and back and sides, looked at it in every possible light, held it to the fire, tried upon it all sorts of chemical compounds, which he seemed to know well how to use, and of which he had good store; but all was in vain. Neither picture nor palimpsest was it; even the poor magpie had vanished into nothingness under all this treatment. Finally he overthrew the table, candles and all, gave a portentous groan, and finally dashed his fist through the canvas, which he hurled with all his force, frame and all, right to the other end of the room.

The room was now buried in darkness, except for the dull light of the fire, that was almost dead from want of attention. He threw himself into a low armchair that stood by its side, gazed absently into the embers, grasped his huge head with his torn and stained hands, and delivered himself up to misery.

It was a fearful sight to see this hideous piece of humanity, rendered by sordid despair more hideous still. And yet the loss of a life's labor is always tragic, to whatever end the labor may have been directed. It was not, after all, so much the loss of the mere gold that affected him thus, though the loss of the mere gold meant simple ruin. He was in the position of a lover who had lost the mistress of his whole soul—of a king who has lost his kingdom. It was not his fault that he could not look sublime in his distress; that the martyrdom which his whole form expressed to the full was only the martyrdom of Mammon. But there was no help for it now. He could not get out of his bargain. The sale had been made publicly in open day, and was notorious to all the world. There was nothing left for him but to groan over his spilled milk, and either cut his throat or hang himself, if he could find sufficient space between his breast and chin to insert a rope or a razor.

[To be Continued.]

BAD BLOOD.

You can't be healthy if your blood is impure or watery,—if poison is circulating through your arteries instead of rich, pure, life-giving blood.

If you feel, drowsy, languid,—are constipated, have pimples or blotches breaking out on your body, the remedy for you is Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I have been using B.B.B., also my brother and sister-in-law, and we find it a most reliable and efficacious blood purifier, and most cordially recommend it. We purchased it from J. R. Ault & Sons of this town." MISS C. M. WATSON, Aultsville, Ont.

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated blood purifying vegetable remedy,—only 1 teaspoonful at a dose,—you add the water yourself.

BBB FOR THE BLOOD

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES.

COLLEGIANS CHAMPIONS OF CANADA

Sturdy Ottawa Men Defeat Toronto's Mariners.

Former Showed Their Superiority Throughout the Game.

Great Game Between West Point and Annapolis Attended by President Roosevelt.

THE RACEHORSES.

Do they know? At the turn to the straight
Where the favorites fail,
And every atom of weight
Is telling its tale.
As some dogged stayer, hard pressed,
Runs true to his breed,
And with head just in front of the rest
Fights on in the lead.
When the riders are out with the whips,
With a furlong to go,
And the backers grow white to the lips—
Do you think they don't know?

Do they know? As they come back to weigh
In a whirlwind of cheers,
Though the spurs have left marks of the fray;
Though the sweat on the ears
Gathers cold, and they sob with distress
As they pace up the track?
They know just as well their success
As the man on their back.
As they walk through a dense human lane
That sways to and fro,
And cheers them again and again—
Do you think they don't know?

—The Banjo.

FOOTBALL.

Cleveland, Dec. 2.—High school principals, school superintendents and college professors from Western Pennsylvania, Lower Michigan and Northern Ohio held a conference upon educational matters in this city recently. One day's session was devoted almost entirely to the subject of football, and the several speakers took a favorable view of the effect upon the players. W. B. Arbaugh, of Ypsilanti, Mich., sounded a negative note, however, and said that while the game was played less roughly than it had been for a number of years, that altogether too much money and attention was given to the sport by the colleges and schools. He decried the expenditure of so much money for professional trainers and other expenses. The attention that the dozen or two football players received, Mr. Arbaugh thought, was prejudicial to the one to three thousand other students who were subordinated to the heroes of the gridiron.

OTTAWA COLLEGE CHAMPIONS.

Montreal, Dec. 2.—Argonauts went down before Ottawa College on Saturday to the tune of 18 to 3, and now the College are Canadian champions. It was a hard game throughout, and the score scarcely indicates the relative strength of the teams, although Ottawa College undoubtedly put up the best game. For the first half, and almost half of the second half, College was never across Argos' goal line. They had scored 10 points on two drops from the field, but Argos had held them well back from the line. This, and the fact that most of the play was in college territory, shows that the Argonauts were by no means outclassed. Though defeated they put up a most stubborn game, and a game which was individually good. Where College was superior was in team play, and in the following and tackling of the wings. The Argonauts most of the time broke through the College line, but did not follow, and Gleeson's return punts always gained ground. The Argonauts won the toss, and had the wind and sun with them when Langton placed the ball. The teams lined up as follows:

Ottawa College—Back, O'Brien; halves, Callaghan, Richards, Ed. Gleeson; quarters, Dooner; scrimmage, Boucher, Cox, Harrington; wings, McCready, Filiatreault, Devlin, Lafleur, French, Walters and Corbett.

Argonauts—Back, Beale; halves, Ardagh, Hardisty, Henderson; quarter, Fred Boyd; scrimmage, Russell, Wright, Boyd; wings, Kent, Grant, Langton, Wilson, Parmenter, Chadwick, Strange.

Referee—G. Mason, McGill College. Umpire—Charlie Wilkinson, Brockville. Time-keeper—Professor McLeod, McGill. Touch judges—Dr. Howard and W. D. Wilson. The attendance was 2,200.

THE AMERICAN RECORD.

Detroit, Dec. 2.—Last week ended the football season for 1901, and the gridiron warriors have stored their moleskins away until next fall, when another fight for championship honors takes place. Harvard's great victory over Yale at Cambridge gives the crimson gladiators a right to claim the college football championship of the east. Princeton beat Cornell 8 to 6; Yale beat Princton 12 to 0, and Harvard beat Yale 22 to 0. These four are the only teams that have any right to figure in the championship talk this season, for Harvard has also beaten Pennsylvania 33 to 6, Columbia 18 to 0, and the Military Cadets 6 to 0. The West Point team should, perhaps, rank second to Harvard on the eastern gridiron, having played both Yale and Princeton to a tie, and beaten Pennsylvania 24 to 0. In the matter of points secured, Cornell outranks all other eastern teams.

But there seems to be an equally good, and perhaps stronger college football team than Harvard's, and the Cambridge boys cannot with any justice claim the championship of the country. The University of Michigan team seems to outrank Harvard in scoring ability, and it is scoring that wins games. The schedules of the two teams were so different that a just comparison is impossible. But one team that played Harvard met Michigan—the Carlisle Indians—and in that one game Harvard has rather the better of the comparison, having beaten the red men 29 to 0, against 22 to 0 for Michigan. But the Ann Arbor team has met and defeated all the best college teams of the west without once being scored on, and in ten games rolled up the wonderful total of 501 points, which comes pretty near being a record. The University of Buffalo, a team that beat Columbia 5 to 0, was snowed under by Michigan to the tune of 128 to 0, while Beloit, a fairly strong western team, was beaten 89 to 0. The University of Chicago, which Pennsylvania beat 11 to 0, was downed 22 to 0. Football is now played just as scientifically in the west as it is in the east, and there are half a dozen teams that would be able to hold their own or better with the eastern colleges were an intersectional series of games to be arranged. Next to Michigan comes Wisconsin.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONS.

This is the third time since the Canadian Union was organized in 1892 that a Quebec Union club has held the championship. This is the fifth time that the championship has gone to an Ottawa team, the Rough Riders having won in 1898 and 1900, while the College held it in 1894, 1897 and 1901. The folowing is a list of the champions:

1892—Osgoode Hall 45, Montreal 5.
1893—Queen's 29, Montreal 11.
1894—Ottawa College 8, 'Varsity 7.
1895—'Varsity 20, Montreal 5.
1896—Ottawa College 12, 'Varsity 8.
1897—Ottawa College 14, Hamilton 10.
1898—Ottawa City 11, Ottawa College 1.
1899—No game.
1900—Ottawa City 17, Brockville 10.
1901—Ottawa College 18, Argonauts 3.

'VARSITY CHALLENGES OTTAWA COLLEGE.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—When the 'Varsity team, champions of the Intercollegiate Union, heard that Ottawa College had defeated the Argonauts, the following message was sent to Montreal: "Ed Gleeson, captain, Ottawa College: "Will you give 'Varsity a game here Saturday next? Will give half gate receipts. (Signed) John A. McCollum." Mr. McCollum is captain of 'Varsity, and on consulting the rest of his committee, decided to send the dispatch. A letter will be sent to Ottawa today, stating further particulars.

THE CONQUERING HEROES.

Ottawa, Dec. 2.—The champion footballers were given a great welcome home on Saturday night after their victory over the Argonauts. A special train, bearing several hundred of their friends, went down the Canada Atlantic to meet the victors, and upon their arrival in the city they were met by about 1,000 people. The night was filled with their shouting.

ARMY VS. NAVY.

Philadelphia, Dec. 2.—Probably the most distinguished gathering that ever witnessed a football contest in this country, and admittedly the greatest crowd that ever entered the gates at Franklin Field, saw West Point defeat Annapolis on Saturday afternoon by the score of 11 to 5. From the moment that President Roosevelt and his party entered the great amphitheater until half an hour after the time-keeper had blown his whistle, announcing the cessation of hostilities, there was an almost continuous uproar, such as has probably never taken place on any football field in the country. Even the president and several members of his cabinet, worked up to a nervous pitch by the excitement, left their seats in the private box which had been set apart for their occupation, and took positions on the side-line benches, which are usually used for substitute players and coachers.

Old Age IS MADE Vigorous BY THE USE OF DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

"I suffered for six years with constipation and indigestion, during which time I employed several physicians, but they could not reach my case," writes Mr. G. Popplewell, of Eureka Springs, Carroll Co., Ark. "I felt that there was no help for me, could not retain food on my stomach; had vertigo and would fall helpless to the floor. Two years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and little 'Pellets,' and improved from the start. After taking twelve bottles of the 'Discovery' I was able to do light work, and have been improving ever since. I am now in good health for one of my age—60 years. I owe it all to Doctor Pierce's medicines."

FISTIC.

MAY FIGHT AGAIN.

New York, Dec. 2.—Young Corbett, of Denver, Col., who defeated Terry McGovern in Hartford, Conn., last Thursday, said on Saturday that he and his manager, Johnnie Corbett, would meet McGovern and his manager, Sam Harris, in a newspaper office on Park Row, this city, today, for the purpose of arranging another match. The match will be governed by the same conditions as to weight that prevailed in the one which proved so disastrous to McGovern, but there will probably be much more money placed at stake in the coming battle when articles have been signed and every other condition ratified. McGovern is more than anxious to try and retrieve his lost laurels, and, judging from appearances, Young Corbett is more than willing to give him the opportunity. Young Corbett on Saturday afternoon met Dave Sullivan and agreed to a 25-round contest at 126 pounds for $5,000 a side. Final arrangements will be made today.

HOCKEY.

W. O. H. A. MEETING.

Berlin, Ont., Dec. 2.—A meeting of the Western Ontario Hockey Association was held in the Walper House here on Saturday afternoon. The following officers were elected: Honorary president, A. G. H. Luxton, Georgetown; president, M. W. Dougherty, M.A., Guelph; vice-president, E. D. Seagram, Waterloo; secretary-treasurer, I. K. Ross, Berlin; executive, A. G. H. Luxton, M. W. Dougherty, Ed Seagram, I. K. Ross and I. R. Falseter, Guelph, Ayr, Waterloo and Berlin were represented. Schedule will be arranged later.

TURF.

THE NO-RECALL SYSTEM.

The news comes from the south that the no-recall or "one up" system of starting will not be used at the New Orleans track, which threw its gates open on Thanksgiving for a 100-days' meeting. "For this much," says the New York Press, "the men who bet on the races are indebted to the wisdom of the managers of the New Orleans meeting. The no-recall system has had a long and thorough trial in the east, and it has been found wanting. From the first it has been the worst kind of a failure. It is productive of scandal and destructive of form. It makes fraud easy, and, while making it easy, destroys all evidence of it. Beyond question, it has been responsible for much of the in-and-out running at Washington, and all of the scandalous gossip which flowed in the wake of that in-and-out running. One correspondent in the latter part of last week wrote: 'Out of 43 horses starting in three races today, more than one-third of the number were left at the post.'" The Press thinks that it is about as strong a presentment as possible could be against a style of starting which should not be tolerated on any reputable course. So it would be if it were true, but as it is a lie pure and unadulterated, of course the statement stands for nothing. In the three races, out of 43 horses that were started, only five, or less than one-eighth, through the stupidity of the jockeys, failed to get off with the rest of the fields. If the jockeys had been fined $100 apiece they would take care to get away in the future. A system that is alike to all, that is good enough for England and Australia, and every country in Europe, and that minimizes the jockeying tactics when recalls are likely, should be good enough for the United States. Of course, if the starter be incompetent, or absolutely antagonistic, and the jockeys are the same, no system would perfectly fill the bill.

AT BENNINGS.

Washington, Dec. 2.—Favorites won four of the six races on closing day at Bennings. Jack Martin rode two winners. Conover won the steeplechase. Sister Juliet, owned in Toronto, was outside the money in the fifth race. Summary:

First race, 5½ furlongs—Delmarch (Hayden) 1, Adelaide Prince (Wonderly) 2, Land of Clover (Martin) 3. Time, 1:18 ⅘.

Second race, maidens, 5 furlongs—Cornwall (Martin) 1, Hot (Henderson) 2, Alaok (Shea) 3. Time, 1:03¼.

Third race, steeplechase, 2½ miles—Conover (Mara) 1, Carrillo (C. Johnston) 2, Jim McGibben (Ray) 3. Time, 5:16.

Fourth race, Maximum, 3 miles—Carbuncle (Redfern) 1, Surmise (Shea) 2, Dick Furber (Rutter) 3. Time, 5:35.

Fifth race, handicap, seven-eighths mile—Pigeon Post (Mitchell) 1, Flora Pomona (Wonderly) 2, Death (Slack) 3. Time, 1:29⅘.

Sixth race, selling, 1 mile and 100 yards—Lee King (Martin) 1, Astor (M. Henderson) 2, Lizzie A. Redfern) 3.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans, Dec. 2.—The feature of Saturday's racing was the defeat of Felix Bard, a strong favorite, in the Magnolia selling stakes at a mile. The favorite, though off none too well, seemed to have a chance up to the last furlong, but spirked the issue at the end. The weather was clear and track fast. Bristol was the only winning favorite. Summaries:

First race, selling, 7 furlongs—Boomerack (Otis) 1, Siron Song (Steele) 2, Sylvian (Lyne) 3. Time, 1:27½.

Second race, 5 furlongs—Postillion (Lindsay) 1, Dolce Far Niente (Lyne) 2, Lingo (Rice) 3. Time, 1:01¼.

Third race, steeplechase, short course—Bristol (Gaddy) 1, Sauber (Comer) 2, Divertisement (A. Johnston) 3. Time, 3:07½.

Fourth race, Magnolia selling stakes, 1 mile—B. G. Fox (Coburn) 1, Andes (Otis) 2, Petit Maitre (Dale) 3. Time, 1:40.

Fifth race, selling, 7 furlongs—Velma Clark (Blake) 1, The Rush (T. O'Brien) 2, Fake (Lyne) 3. Time, 1:27.

Sixth race, selling, 1½ miles—Deloraine (Hegelson) 1, Uncle Tom (D. Mitchell) 2, Swordsman (T. O'Brien) 3. Time, 2:36¼.

BASEBALL.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Chicago, Dec. 2.—The American Association of professional baseball clubs, with Thomas J. Hickey as president, was launched last week. Chicago will be President Hickey's headquarters as soon as he can arrange his personal matters and come to this city to stay. The circuit and owners of the franchises were announced as follows: Indianapolis, W. H. Watkins and J. Bauschkap; Milwaukee, H. D. Quinn and C. S. Havenor; St. Paul, Geo. Lennon; Columbus, T. J. Brice; Toledo, Chas. Strobel; Minneapolis, A. B. Beall; Omaha, W. A. Rourke; Kansas City, Geo. Tebeau. The new league announced that it would not affiliate with the National body or with any of the minor leagues. Contracts will be respected, but not reservations. The Western League, of which Hickey was formerly president, will be reorganized with a six-club circuit, including Denver, Colorado Springs, St. Joseph, Des Moines, Sioux City and Lincoln. Applications for franchises were refused to Grand Rapids, Cincinnati and Chicago. The owners of franchises for the eight clubs have deposited $500 each as a guarantee of the permanency of the ten-years agreement signed on Friday. A board of directors, which will have the powers of a board of control, was elected. It is composed of Milwaukee, St. Paul, Kansas City, Indianapolis, and President Hickey, ex-officio.

IN WOLFE CO.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Continue to Make Remarkable Cures of Hopeless Cases.

St. Joseph De Homme, Que., Dec. 2.—(Special). — Mademoiselle Eugene Dube, a very popular young lady of this place, has been ill for a long time. Her trouble commenced some three years ago, and has gradually grown worse, till she was very much worn down with the constant pain and weakness.

Her friends were very anxious, and everything that could be thought of was employed to bring about her recovery; but nothing came of it till someone suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills.

From the first two boxes an improvement was noticed, and when six boxes had been used the young lady was well as ever. She had then nothing of her old trouble or pain left.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are without doubt proving themselves to be suffering woman's very best friend, as very many women have testified.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—The recent prosecution of parents for failing to register births has had considerable effect. During the month of November 504 births were registered at the city clerk's office. In October the number was only 303, and in November, 1900, the number was 368. The delinquent parents have until Dec. 15 to register without fear of prosecution on account of previous tardiness. There were 276 marriages registered in November, 1901, and 213 in the same month last year. The deaths registered were 271 in November, 1901, and 260 in November, 1900.

NORTH BRUCE ELECTION CASE.

Toronto, Nov. 30.—The particulars in the North Bruce election appeal against the return of James Halliday to the Dominion House were filed at Osgoode Hall today. Mr. Halliday's majority was 17, and his opponent was Major Campbell. It is the intention of the Conservatives, if the decision of the trial judges is against Mr. Halliday, to take the case to the supreme court. The hearing is set down for Dec. 10, at Wiarton, before Chancellor Sir John Boyd and Mr. Justice MacMahon. The particulars contain a large number of charges of bribery through agents. In addition numerous cases are cited of men voting who had not the right to do so. The usual charges of illegal hiring of rigs and the payment of money to bring voters to the polls are anticipated.

Premier Robinson said immigration agents during the past year had brought into Manitoba and the Northwest a splendid class of settlers from the Middle and Southern States.

Grip-Quinine Tablets

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are devoid of any unpleasant effect, prompt and certain in action, pleasant to take, cheaper than other Quinine preparations. Cure Grip, Colds, Coughs, Sorethroat, Neuralgia, and all cold weather complaints. Relief in a dose, cure in a day. They are useful at all times and an occasional dose will maintain the health—"Just what you have been looking for." All druggists sell it, at 25 cents per box.

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