A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XV.

"We are going to Lucknow, Mr. Randal," Ada said; "where does it lie?"

He did not know; Beelampore was not in the plan she had given him. His guide then told him that she was not sure of the locality herself, but was certain that it was considerably north of Beelampore.

This information was most depressing, especially when a sudden twinge reminded Philip of his recent wound. He looked with dismay at his companion's slender form, conspicuous in the white boy's dress, and tried to calculate the distance from Lucknow by the time it had taken the bearers to convey him in his palanquin to Beelampore. Alas! these bearers besides being swift and practiced runners, knew the way and were not obliged to hide themselves. The adventure was a desperate one.

"We must make the best of the darkness," Ada said, tranquilly at this juncture. "It will be well to lie quiet during the day. You have been very good and given me no trouble with questions and hesitations."

"I am at your service," he replied, simply; "I know that you would not have left your refuge but for good reason."

"Good reason indeed," she said. "You have heard Gossamjee Bhose speak of the tyrannical moulvie who caused the Hindoo temple to be defiled. This man has sworn that there shall be no more English, and for that reason Gossamjee was so anxious to pass us both off as Hindoos. With me he succeeded fairly well. I was in India until eleven years old. Hindostanee is my second language. I know much of native ways, besides, women do not attract much attention, their lives are passed in such seclusion. But you arrived in English uniform, and wounded, and this somehow got wind. Gossamjee suspects that one of the servants turned traitor. These people are always intriguing, and some friendly traitor warned Gossamjee of the moulvie's plan, which was to search his house—probably this very night. He told Ruksbhai also that he would defend us to the death. Poor Ruksbhai herself proposed our flight; she had the locks oiled, and gave me a master key and a suit of Chunia's clothes, and furnished me with food and a little money. Dear Ruksbhai, she is a good actor, and I hope that she will be able to persuade Gossamjee that she knows nothing of our disappearance. She had to take old Toru into her confidence. Toru dare not betray her mistress. Gossamjee would certainly beat her for her part in it. And for such a breach of hospitality he would beat Ruksbhai severely. Dear Gossamjee, I wish I might have bid him good-by and thanked him. He is such a noble-minded man. Even Ruksbhai loves him, though he is her husband. How I shall miss them all. You did not see Rajmahli, of course? But you may have heard a girl's voice singing hymns. It was Rajmahli. She is sixteen, and a widow. I taught her many things, and we studied Sanscrit together. And little Sata, a child of six. Poor baby! It is bad enough to be a woman in any case, but to be a Hindoo woman; there is nothing more terrible, except to be a Mohammedan woman."

"They are used to it," he replied, his mind busy with more personal matters.

"And I am used to being a woman," she returned, with a scornful smile, "but I find the more I am used to it the less I like it."

"You surely would not wish to be a man?" Philip remonstrated. Perhaps salmon, mackerel, and such lucky fish as are not skinned alive, consider that discipline excellent for eels, who, like Mohammedan women, are used to it.

"At all events," she returned, "I must look as much like a boy as I can till this little excursion is at an end. My name is Carondra Lal, you are Bassenjee Lal, my brother, and we are returning from some pilgrimage to Lucknow, where our parents live. An impediment in your speech obliges me to be spokesman on all occasions."

The moon set and clouds arose, gradually blotting out the stars. They travelled along in the darkness, listening to the cries of wild beasts from the jungle they were approaching, and talking but little; Philip regretting that he had left Gossamjee's hospital roof without a word of thanks or farewell, and speculating on the trouble that might befall the honest merchant on their account. It was well that Ada had explained nothing beforehand, as in that case he would have felt himself bound to tell his good host of his intended flitting.

"Gossamjee will surely think me ungrateful," he said.

"No," his companion replied; "he will think that we found a favorable opportunity for flight and will be glad that we did it before getting him into trouble. It was agreed between us that I was to seize any chance that offered without telling him, so that he might be unable to furnish any clue in case of pursuit. There are some very fierce fanatics at Beelampore who think English blood the most dainty offering for their gods. Oh, Mr. Randal, how beautiful it is to be free. Yours is the first English voice I have heard since—for three months," she said, her breath catching at the memory of the last English voice she had heard; "and I have not had so much as an English Bible to read, and have only spoken English when teaching Rajmahli, and sometimes her father and her brother."

"Poor child!" Philip replied, touched at the thought of her desolation. "I wish I were ten men for your sake."

The dawn was breaking now, not the sudden splendor of the tropics, but a much less gradual dawn than we know in these latitudes. The air grew sharp, the darkness seemed deeper, and then the clouds cleared off, the east glimmered grayly and turned to white and gold, the great sun leapt up from the horizon into a sky of deep glowing orange; the warm autumn day was near.

Ada's spirits had been rising with the sense of freedom, and the stimulus of action, the terrible sorrow and suspense of the last few months was succeeded by a natural reaction She could have sung in the lightness of her heart.

"How beautiful the world is!" she exclaimed, as she watched the glory of the sunrise with tears in her eyes, "and how beautiful it is only just to be alive. I am sure that we shall get through the lines, Mr. Randal. I think that God means to deal more gently now—I have suffered so much, and you have suffered, too. And how shall I ever be able to thank you?"

"If I can help you I shall need no other thanks," he replied; "but it strikes me that if I get into Lucknow alive I shall owe it to you."

They went into a grove of mangoes for concealment rather than shade, to rest awhile, and eat some of the food Ada had brought with her; and a more paradisaic breakfast perhaps had never been taken. The world lying before them in the beauty of the morning was so fresh, so young, and so bright; the experience was so new and so romantic.

Philip scarcely knew Ada in her fresh disguise; the merry Hindoo lad with the sparkling eyes differed as much from the dignified, deep-voiced Indian lady telling him her sad story, as the latter contrasted with the light-hearted girl in the ball-room. His spirits rose with the glory of the fresh morning, and the infection of Ada's, but he could not forget the extreme peril of their position and his own heavy responsibility, and ate the chupatties and fruit he found in his bundle with an undercurrent of serious thought.

"Brother Bassamjee," Ada said hurriedly, after a time, "I wonder in which direction Lucknow lies."

Then it struck Philip that, having walked for so many hours, they ought by this time to be within hearing of the siege guns. He looked over the prospect before him, a rich plain dotted with villages among corn-fields, groves, and paddy fields, with the eternal palm springing here and there; he could see no sign of a large city, or large river. Beelampore was left far behind out of sight. He had no idea where he was.

"We shall soon find the road," he said in a reassuring voice. "Only keep up your heart, Miss Maynard."

Their frugal meal finished, and their feet washed in a stream, the travellers went refreshed upon their way toward a village, where Ada's inquiries procured the disquieting information that they had been diligently walking away from Lucknow all night, and must now retrace their steps, though they were not obliged to pass Beelampore again.

The sun waxed warmer as they walked, and both began to flag, Philip even limping, as the effort told upon his wounded leg.

"It would have been nothing without an adventure," Ada commented joyously; "you didn't suppose we were going to walk across to Lucknow as one walks across the fields to church at home, Mr. Randal?" And he certainly did not.

They had now reached a ravine formed by a cascade dashing from a height; the steep sides were partly clothed with wood, and as it was evident that both were tired out, they rested in this cool and pleasant retreat till the sun's worst force should be expended. Here Philip prepared a couch with leaves and undergrowth, but before he had made much way with it Ada, who had thrown herself at the foor of a tree and began to discuss their plans, suddenly became silent, her head drooping on her breast. She had fallen asleep, dead beat. She scarcely stirred when he lifted her gently from the earth and placed her on the greenwood couch, himself sitting near and fanning the insects off with a green bough. He sat thus for many hours, battling with the drowsiness that threatened to overcome him, and pondering their situation and plans, a perfect passion of pity and tenderness sweeping over him whenever his eyes rested upon the sleeping girl, and he thought of her courage and patience, her utter desolation and dependence upon him.

They had decided to sleep by turns in the day, and travel again at night; but Ada, who had taken no exercise for many months, was so exhausted that the day wore on and nearly away while she slept, and Philip could only keep himself awake by pacing to and fro, to the discomfort of his wounded leg. But at last the sleep faded from her face, she sighed, stirred, and woke, springing to her feet when her eyes opened upon Philip's haggard face, and reproaching him for letting her sleep on—for they did not think it safe to sleep without a watch, a temple above the cascade giving evidence of human habitation near.

Then Philip took her place for an hour, and she watched and fanned in turn, her heart in turn melted with pity when she looked upon the bronzed tired face and the strong limbs relaxed in the helplessness of sleep.

If wild beasts cease to harm each other, and unite to face a common danger, how much more binding is the tie of endurance and peril when shared by human beings? And these had for each other the subtle charms of youth and sex, together with diversity of character and beauty; they were alone together in the wide world, surrounded by cruel and treacherous enemies, at the mercy of elemental forces, hot noons, chill nights, beasts of prey and venomous reptiles, malaria, hunger, and the pestilence that slays and wastes at that season in those climates. Each felt something of the tremendous forces drawing them together, but their youth and the exigencies of the moment hindered them from seeing how deep and subtle those forces were.

Another night's walking, they hoped, would bring them to the rebel lines; but it was not so. What with sickness and other mischances, it was days later when two young English-speaking Hindoos were suffered to pass the English outposts in the evening, and brought guarded into the entrenchments.

Foot-sore and weary, thin and haggard, their white clothing stained and torn, they were led before Europeans almost as tattered, soiled and wasted as themselves; when the younger lad, who was half supported by the elder, suddenly uttered a cry and ran toward a tall man clad in a ragged, dirty flannel shirt, shabby trousers and slippers, but accoutred as a private soldier, and wearing an officer's sword.

"Arthur, don't you know me?" sobbed the boy, throwing himself upon the astonished officer.

"She escaped from Jellypore in disguise," the other fugitive explained. "You may be sure of your sister by this token, Captain Maynard," he added, producing a large ruby from his clothing. "Miss Maynard dropped this while dancing with me, Philip Randal, of the 190th, last winter, and I took it in charge for her until now."

Then ensued a scene in which recognition, doubt, fear and hope, sorrow and joy, were tumultuously mingled, one of many similar scenes enacted in Lucknow that year, when the supposed dead suddenly reappeared after long wanderings, and those reputed living were as suddenly discovered to have been long dead; when reunited friends met with terror, framing questions their lips almost refused to utter, and their ears dreaded to hear answered.

"Is father alive? And mother?—Where is your wife? Algernon was killed and Ethel and all the children—None were saved, civilians or soldiers—My children are gone—My wife still lives—Her baby is a month old—There is still food in the garrison—We have lost all we possessed—We left cantonments in the clothes we stood in—You are ill—I am starved—Ah, poor child, and worn out—And Havelock is ill—Sir Colin is coming—A little patience—Thank God how sad—How sweet—" and such like mingled questions and answers amid tears and smiles, and ejaculations of sorrow and wonder, to the crashing of the grim siege-symphony over-head.

The fugitives separated without farewell; Ada was taken to her brother's wife, and Philip, with a keen pang at a parting he felt to be final, at least as far as the close and pleasant companionship in the last days of suffering and danger was concerned, went to the quarters assigned to his regiment, where another equally ghastly but less emotional scene of recognition, inquiry, sad response, and half sorrowful welcome occurred, in the midst of which the diabolical war music rose in a deafening fortissimo; the wall of the temporary mess room crashed in, admitting a heavy exploding body, men fell in various directions like so many ninepins, the sound of smashing crockery and shattering furniture was mingled with groans, and followed by silence and darkness.

Philip, stunned by the noise, and blinded by the thick dust-cloud, wondered that he was still alive, and supposed himself the only survivor of the explosion; when the cloud began to dissipate itself, a light was struck and a voice quietly remarked:

"Their practice is improving. The last only ploughed the compound a bit."

"What I hate is their confounded stink-pots," said another voice, and the whole assembly, the officers being then at dinner, was soon on its feet, and making use of such furniture as was not smashed, adapting broken things and continuing the repast, as far as circumstances permitted, which was not very far. The body of a poor native servant, the only victim of the exploding shell, was quietly removed without comment a few minutes later.

Then Philip heard of the terrific loss on September 25th, and during the following week, when amputated limbs lay in heaps in the hospital, of the continued fury of the siege apparently undiminished numbers of the enemy, who had rolled back for a short distance round the original entrenched position as the sea would roll back from cliffs rising out of the water, but who invested the reinforced garrison as closely as ever. Outram had not yet heard of Sir Colin Campbell's approach, and thanks to Lawrence's providence there were still provisions for a month. An English paper, smuggled in by a servant, proclaimed the interest and sympathy of England, and the starting of large bodies of troops overland.

Two or three days in hospital, where a round shot killed a man sitting on his bed, and several of duty of most active description, followed, and Philip saw and heard nothing of the comrade of his late adventures. He contrived to send out a note for Jessie, concealed in a quill, saying that he was alive and well, and then one evening when he had an hour to spare, he made his way to the Maynards' quarters, telling himself that, little as conventionalities could be observed by people whose scanty leisure was spent in dodging round shots and musket balls, it was absolutely incumbent on him to ask how Miss Maynard fared after her adventurous journey.

He found a quiet circle of ladies in shabby clothes, sitting in a veranda to breathe a little air in the comparative lull of the iron tempest, which usually occurred after sunset. Faded, haggard, and languid these ladies were; one wore a bit of crape at her neck, the nearest approach to widow's weeds that she could procure; one was hushing a young fretful baby. This lady received him very cordially, and thanked him for his care of her sister-in-law, while Captain Maynard took the young child and looked at it with a wistful tenderness.

"This little chap began life boldly," he observed, petting the tiniest of arms.

"He ought to grow into a distinguished soldier," Philip replied glancing with a sort of awed pity at the frail creature, who had chosen such a perilous time for his first entrance upon the world's stage, and doubting if he would grow into anything.

Then he heard the low clear voice which had of late become so familiar, though not less thrilling to him, and almost feared to look up to the face he had seen in such varied aspects when Ada came on to the veranda.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "I was afraid you would not have time to come. You were in hospital; I was so sorry. I hear you have been on duty, I hope not too soon."

The young widow's eyes clouded when she saw Philip rise from the block of wood he was sitting on to shake his former comrade's hand; she had heard the story of their wandering with a sort of tender envy and the expression Ada's appearance brought to Philip's face gave him a momentary resemblance to her own soldier slain during the siege. It happened that Philip was clad in a shabby, stained uniform that she recognized too well; she had refused to sell it, but placed it at the disposal of any officer who might need it.

Ada had now recovered her natural hue, and though unsuitably clad in a rich colored silk gown given her by a lady who lived in the Residency, and therefore had all her wardrobe with her when the flight hither took place, she made a graceful and feminine figure in the dim light. Her dark hair was coiled about her head like that of a Greek statue, her eyes were bright with pleasant welcome; she carried a sleeping child in her arms, a wasted, ailing creature, yet no light burden, being at least three years old.

"Ada," her sister-in-law said, "can't you put Willie to bed now? He has been in your arms the whole long day. He will wear you out."

"The moment I lay him down he cries," she replied, gathering him closer in her arms; "he is so good, he lets me work and wash the china and do all sorts of things!"

Philip wondered what "all sorts of things" might mean; without asking he took the child from her, and quickly hushed the feeble moan it made on being moved; then he learnt that its mother was too weak to tend it, and trusted it entirely to Ada.

Just then a slight sibilant noise, followed by a crack, was heard, and a small object bounded from the chair on which Miss Maynard was sitting and struck her on the side.

"Spent, fortunately," she said, with a slight start, while a small leaden ball rolled harmlessly to the ground, whence Philip took it as a souvenir.

"The chair is none the worse," Captain Maynard said, tranquilly examining it; "it was evidently a chance shot."

Philip, whose low seat was one of those wooden blocks fired from mortars at a high elevation into the garrison, keenly realized the brief and precarious tenure on which they all held their lives; was it worth while to think of the future in the near face of death? Why not snatch a little joy from these fleeting moments of peril? Therefore he looked into Ada's deep eyes, and listened to the music of her voice, while the young widow watched them with a sorrowful sympathy, and enjoyed a brief hour of Paradise.

(To be Continued.)

DESPONDENT WOMEN.

Find New Health in the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A few years ago Mrs. James R. Stuart, of Thorold, Ont., who is well known to most of the residents of that town, found her health severely shattered as the result of an attack of anaemia. As told practically in her own words, Mrs. Stuart says: "My blood was turned almost to water; I suffered from nerve racking headaches, and the least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate so violently as to render me almost breathless. I wasted away in flesh and often was so weak that I could not walk about. I was under the care of a good doctor, but as I was not getting better, I grew melancholy and despondent, and felt I was becoming a helpless invalid. At this stage I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began taking them, thinking it would be a miracle if they ever helped me. To my great gratification when I had been using the pills less than a month I found my health improving. I used about a dozen boxes in all and found myself enjoying once more the blessing of good health. I had been reduced to almost a skelton in appearance, and while taking the pills gained over twenty pounds in weight. I gratefully recommend the pills to other ailing women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and nerve tonic known to medical science. Through their use pale cheeks are made rosy, dull eyes made bright, and thin wasted figures made plump. They make new, rich red blood that drives out disease and strengthens every organ in the body. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail post-paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHILDREN AS INCUBATORS.

Pathos and humor are combined in a singular story from Russia, relating to a poor peasant woman living near Vilelka, who was left absolutely destitute with six children to support. At last a luminous idea struck her. She suggested to the neighboring poultry farmers that she should relieve them from the trouble and expense of using incubators for hatching chickens and turkeys. They agreed, and the eggs, carefully secured from injury in wooden cases, and packed in wool, were placed in the children's cots, which were constantly occupied, day and night, by the six little ones in turn during the three weeks required for incubation. As each of the cots contained 400 eggs—200 on each side—the human incubators succeeded in hatching 1,200 eggs at a time, for which they received 1 cent an egg, or $12. Their earnings, therefore, for lying in bed for twenty-one days amounted to exactly $4 a week, a sum far exceeding the average wage of a Russian skilled workman in the country districts.

ROSY, HEARTY CHILDREN.

If you want to keep your little ones rosy, hearty and full of life give them Baby's Own Tablets the moment they show signs of being out of order in any way. This medicine cures all forms of stomach and bowel troubles, breaks up colds, prevents croup, destroys worms, allays teething irritation, and gives the little ones sound, natural sleep. No child objects to taking the Tablets and the mother has a guarantee that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. No other medicine for little ones gives this guarantee. Mrs. Geo. Campbell, Killarney, Man., who has had much experience says:—"I find Baby's Own Tablets a fine medicine for children. They are prompt in relieving little ills and gentle in their action." All medicine dealers sell these Tablets or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WORTH BIG FORTUNES.

Priceless Autographs That Repose in London Safes.

Some of the finest and most valuable collections of autographs in the world lie in no less prosaic places than the safes of old-established banking firms, the signatures in question being either in the form of receipts for money or those made in special books for guidance and purposes of comparison at the banks in question.

In at least two cases in London these autographs are absolutely priceless, for they extend back for nearly 200 years, and they comprise specimens of the handwriting of every British monarch during that time, of many foreign potentates, and of nearly every distinguished man, whether in war, commerce, statesmanship or art. For purposes of comparison even now these old-time bank autographs are said to be absolutely invaluable, for it must be recollected that these signatures are the very private and, so to say, hall-marked autographs of their writers, having attached to them secret marks known only to the writer and to the bank; and when saleroom forgeries in the way of autographs are offered now, these often faded writings are as precious as when they were made, to obviate bank forgeries, in times long past.

Only quite recently a small tradesman of Portsmouth happened to look through a lot of what he had always been told by his parents was old lumber. This tradesman's great-grandfather had been a purser on various British war vessels during the Napoleonic wars, one of the ships of which he served having fought at Trafalgar with himself aboard as purser. Most of the old lumber in question was found to relate to this ancestor, and among it were scores of receipts and other documents written by Nelson, Collingwood and many other naval heroes of those days. One particular batch of this old lumber was sold within a few weeks of its discovery for £50. In one account book alone were scores of naval autographs of the greatest interest and value.

SAVED HER BABY.

Incident in An English Zoological Park.

The hippopotamus is not generally credited with great intellectual power, but it seems from the following incident that somewhere in that mass of flesh and fat resides a brain prompt to act when necessity demands. For several weeks the wonder and delight of an English zoological park was a baby hippopotamus which was named Guy Fawkes because its birthday fell upon the fifth of November.

The young hippopotamus was about the size of a bacon pig, of a pinkish slate-color, and as playful as a kitten. It was only three days old when, as the superintendent of the "zoo" was watching the little fellow's antics, it dived to the bottom and did not rise. The grown animals never remain under water much longer than three minutes; so the time went on and no baby reappeared the superintendent became alarmed.

When twenty minutes had elapsed he gave orders that the water be drawn from the tank to recover the body of what he felt sure was a dead baby hippopotamus. As the plug was being removed young Guy Fawkes appeared, shaking his funny little horse-like ears, and wearing a hippopotamic grin, which seemed to say, "Don't be frightened; I'm all right. You don't know all about me yet." The young animals have a great power of remaining under water, which they lose as they increase in years.

The next time baby went to the bottom, however, was not so much of a joke. He tried to climb up the side of the tank in which there were no steps. He fell back again and again, until he sank exhausted. The keepers were gathered about the tank in great anxiety, but unable to help. The mother, however, hurried to her baby with all her clumsy haste. She dived, put her broad nose under Guy Fawkes, shoveled him up, and held him above the surface until he had recovered his breath and was rested.

It was nearly half an hour before the little fellow was able to make another attempt. Then he made a huge effort, Mama Hippopotamus gave a big shove with her head, and Master Guy Fawkes clambered triumphantly up the side of the tank.

ROBS WAR OF HORROR.

Hungarian Invents a Gas-Charged Shell.

At last it has been discovered how to make a military omelet without breaking the eggs. Hereafter war may be bloodless; ship's companies, battalions, whole armies may be placed hors-de-combat, but only temporarily. In the middle of the wildest charge squadrons of cavalry may be reduced from a state of heroic fury to beatific anaesthesia, and may instantly be precipitated, in most regular formation, into peaceful slumber.

In a word, a Hungarian genius has invented a shell which, on bursting, liberates a gas warranted to stupefy all who breathe it without causing any permanent or serious effect.

When such a soporific shell bursts and awake, perhaps, to find themselves prisoners in a hostile port.

Let a number of such shell explode over a fortress and not the fortress but the garrison will fall—into coma.

Scientifically speaking, it is entirely possible that this gas-charged shell will do all that its inventor claims. He is now in communication with the Japanese government, so it is not improbable that Port Arthur and Vladivostok may be as quiet soon as the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. The inventor's Hungarian hatred of Russia, dating back to 1848, prevented him from approaching the czar, to whose pacific ideas such a humane shell would strongly appeal.

Of course, such a shell would revolutionize warfare. The hospital corps would become the most important branch of the service, and would need to be enormously increased in order that prostrated combatants could be removed from the field and restored to consciousness.

The next Hague convention would have to agree that all who were asphyxiated by this gas should consider themselves dead until the war ended.

And what would happen when opposing artilleries employed the wonderful shell? Each side would surely increase the charges of gas until some would be killed by an overdose of it. Thus the shell's beneficent purpose would be defeated.

BAD DREAMS.

Indicate Improper Diet, Usually Due to Coffee.

One of the common symptoms of coffee poisoning is the bad dreams that spoil what should be restful sleep. A man who found the reason says:

"Formerly I was a slave to coffee. I was like a morphine fiend, could not sleep at night, would roll and toss in my bed and when I did get to sleep was disturbed by dreams and hobgoblins, would wake up with headaches and feel bad all day, so nervous I could not attend to business. My writing looked like bird tracks, I had sour belchings from the stomach, indigestion, heartburn and palpitation of the heart, constipation, irregularity of the kidneys, etc.

"Indeed, I began to feel I had all the troubles that human flesh could suffer, but when a friend advised me to leave off coffee I felt as if he had insulted me. I could not bear the idea, it had such a hold on me and I refused to believe it the cause.

"But it turned out that no advice was ever given at a more needed time for I finally consented to try Postum, and with the going of coffee and the coming of Postum all my troubles have gone and health has returned. I eat and sleep well now, nerves steadied down, and I write a fair hand (as you can see), can attend to business again and rejoice that I am free from the monster Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days trial of Postum in place of coffee will bring sound, restful, refreshing sleep. There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

A COMPLETE CURE FOR BLADDER TROUBLES IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

James Atwell Tried Other Medicines and Bandages, but they Failed—Dodd's Kidney Pills Didn't.

Campbellford, Ont., May 22—(Special)—"I had Lumbago and Bladder Trouble for years. I could get no relief till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me."

This is the statement of James Atwell of this place, and all his neighbors know it to be true. Speaking further of his cure Mr. Atwell says:—

"For five months of the time the pains in my bladder were very severe and in passing my urine would hurt me so as to almost cause tears to come to my eyes.

"I used other pills and got no relief. I used a bandage and got no relief. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely and permanently."

All bladder diseases are caused by disordered kidneys. There is just one natural way to cure them—by curing the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

ORGY LASTED FOR DAYS.

What the Wreck of a Vessel Meant in a French Village.

Fifteen persons out of several hundred summoned were fined fifty francs in connection with the scandal which followed the wreck of the British vessel Vesper at Molene, France, last November. The vessel was laden with casks of wine, and the inhabitants along the coast broached the casks as they came ashore, and indulged in an orgy, lasting some days. From drinking at the bungholes of the casks, the revellers stove in the heads of the casks and ladled out the wine with pails.

The more thirsty did not wait for pails, but used their wooden shoes as drinking cups, while one adventurous woman leaned into a cask to drink, with the result that she fell in and was dragged out by the heels barely in time to save her life.

For days the entire population, men, women and children, were in a state of wild drunkenness. Ordinary avocations were entirely suspended, cattle died of starvation through want of attention, and generally the condition of the neighborhood was deplorable.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Life to me," said the very young man, "was but a desert until I met you." "Ah, that's why you dance like a camel," said his fair partner in the waltz.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Clara—"Pa, that nice young fellow Mr. Reed, is awfully fond of kissing." Pa—"How do you know that, you good-for-nothing girl?" Clara—"I had it from his own lips, pa."

Rheumatism — What's the Cause?—Where's the Cure?—The active irritating cause of this most painful of diseases is poisonous uric acid in the blood. South American Rheumatic Cure neutralizes the acid poison. Relieves in 6 hours and cures in 1 to 3 days.—90

Wife—"Nearly time to start house cleaning." Husband—"What a nuisance! Let it go this year, can't you?" "Impossible." "Well, I'll tell you how to arrange it. Don't do any cleaning—we'll move."

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

A CHANGE OF OPINION.

"Pa, have—have you seen Harold since you told me he was too poor to think of—of marrying me?"

"Yes. I ran across him at the club last evening. We got into conversation, and he struck me—er——"

"Struck you! Oh, papa!"

"Struck me as quite an agreeable young man. I understand his uncle has left him a hundred thousand dollars."

HORSE SENSE.

The person who advertised for "A man who speaks German and understands horses" was satisfied with the wording of his advertisement until the first applicant arrived.

"Vell," said the would-be stableman, soberly scratching his head, "I schpeaks Chairman all righdt, but I don'd know dot I can understand dose horses. Vat langquiches do tey schpeak?"

You Can Overcome The Tired Feeling.

Instil New Vigor and Energy Into the System and Add New Flesh and Tissue by Using

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Why not join with nature and rejoice at the coming of spring? There is means at hand whereby you can overcome the feelings of languor and fatigue and make spring the time for renewing health and vigor, instead of giving way to weakness and despondency.

Everybody needs a spring restorative to enrich the blood and build up the system after the debilitating effects of artificial winter life.

Experience has proven that there is no preparation extant so well suited to these needs as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is only reasonable that this great food cure, which has been endorsed by tens of thousands of people on this continent, should be superior to the prescription of an ordinary doctor, hastily written and hastily filled at the drug store.

Headache, sleeplessness, irritability, stomach troubles, loss of energy, ambition and the ability to apply one's self to the task in hand are among the indications of an exhausted condition of the system.

A month's treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will do wonders for you.

Besides the benefit you feel, you can prove that new flesh and tissue is being added by noting your increase in weight.

Mrs. I. Edwards, 14 Winnett street, Woodstock, Ont., and whose husband is employed with the Canada Furniture Co., states:—"My daughter was very much run down in health, felt tired and languid, and was very nervous. She began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and now I can say that she is very much better. She has gained in weight, her color has improved, and she seems real strong and well. We have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment in our family and I cannot speak too highly of its curative properties."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy. 7B

Quality should always be the first consideration, price the next, remember this if you are ever tempted to buy a Tea which does not bear the brand

Blue Ribbon

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO, Limited

Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Doubt determines nothing.

Faith owes her force to facts.

Kicking raises nothing but dust.

He who will not choose must lose.

There is no short cut to happiness.

Salvation is more than a fire escape.

Virtue is not a matter of vocabulary.

Nothing succeeds where the soul fails.

With God life and love are synonymous.

A little silence may save a lot of sorrow.

A sharp man always cuts his own fingers.

Repentance cannot tear up the roots of the past.

The man who takes life as a dose always finds it a bitter one.

No man reaches the stage of triumph but by the steps of trial.

Virtue may be its own reward, but it is not its own advertising agent.

A man makes no particular progress by patting himself on the back.

Some men expect to acquire all their good habits in their second childhood.

When a man is content with what he is, he is never content with what he has.

CAN YOU NAME HIM?

There is a man in our town who thinks he's wondrous wise, and when there is an argument, he's right there to advise. But when there's labor to be done, this man with smile so bland, looks wiser yet and shakes his head—he never lends a hand.

Eighty Years Old — Catarrh Fifty Years. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures him. Want any stronger evidence of the power of this wonderful remedy over this universal disease? Want the truth of the case confirmed? Write George Lewis, Shamokin, Pa. He says:—"I look upon my cure as a miracle." It relieves in ten minutes.—89

Lawyer—"What was the thing that led to your financial downfall? You seemed to be doing a good business." Bankrupt—"I was; but one day I started out to see if I could borrow some money. I found it so easy that I kept on borrowing."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

AN ISLAND OF BLACK CATS.

One of the queerest corners of the earth is Chatham Island, off the coast of Ecuador. This island lies six hundred miles west of Guayaquil, and the equator runs directly through it. Captain Hutman, who went to the Galapagos group of islands to inquire into the proper grounding of a deep-sea cable, stopped at Chatham Island, and says it abounds in cats, every one of which is black. These animals live in the crevices of the lava foundation of the coast, and subsist by catching fish and crabs instead of rats and mice. Other animals found on this island are horses, cattle, dogs, goats and chickens, all of which are perfectly wild.

Clerk—"Please, sir, can I have a week's vacation?" Employer—"What's wrong with you now?" Clerk—"I'm going to get married." Employer—"Now, you were away a week with influenza and ten days with a sprained ankle. I declare there's always something going wrong with you, Jones."

Worry wont cure a cough. When you find a cough holding on—when everything else has failed—try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't, we'll refund your money.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 304

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A MUTUAL MISTAKE.

Two ladies stood on the doorstep of a friend's house waiting for admission, and they became very impatient at the delay.

"It's very odd to be kept waiting at Mrs. Darley's," said one. "The door is usually opened so promptly."

"So it is. I'm getting very tired."

"I wonder if there is absolutely no one in the house?"

"Of course there are people in. We'll ring again."

"You rang before, didn't you?"

"Why, no. I thought you rang?"

"Well, I was sure you rang. How ridiculous!"

"Yes, isn't it?"

Then one of them rang, and the door was opened.

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, MO.

From April 25th to Dec. 1st, inclusive, the Wabash Railroad will sell round trip tickets to the Great World's Fair, St. Louis, at the lowest one-way first-class fare, good for fifteen days, fare and a third; good for thirty days, good either via Wabash direct line or via Chicago, with stop over privileges. Canadians going to this, the greatest of all Expositions, should remember the great Wabash line is the shortest, quickest and best route. The only line that owns and controls its own rails direct to the World's Fair gates. For time-tables and descriptive World's Fair folder, address any ticket agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

"You used to sing 'Every morn I send you violets' before we were married," said Juliet, with a sigh. "Yes," answered Romeo; "but my devotion has now taken a more practical form. Every month I pay the meat bill!"

Sudden deaths on the increase.—People apparently well and happy to-day, to-morrow are striken down, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the heart is the cause. The king of heart remedies, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, is within reach of all. It relieves in 30 minutes, and cures most chronic cases.—91

Suitor—"Sir, you are, undoubtedly, aware of the object of my visit?" Father—"I believe you desire to make my daughter happy. Do you really mean it?" "Unquestionably." "Well, don't marry her, then."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Mary—"I would never squeeze my feet out of shape." Jane—"Oh, yes, you would, if you were in my boots!"

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

The Cook—"Would ye mind giving me a recommendation, ma'am?" The Mistress—"Why, you have only just come." "But ye may not want to give me wan when I am leaving."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Bookseller—"Now this, madam, is the most popular book of the day; everybody is reading it." Mrs. Nuritch—"I don't want nothin' that everybody reads. Show me somethin' more exclusive."

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22—26

"There's one thing that I can say about my daughter," said Mrs. Hawkins. "She has a fine disposition." "Have you known her to meet any severe tests?" "Yes, the way she can sit down and listen to herself playing the piano shows that she must have extraordinary patience."

IT MEANS OSTRACISM.

Foul Breath Disgusting Discharges, Due to Catarrh, Make thousands of People Objects of Aversion. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 10 minutes.

Hon.