The harder you cough the worse the cough gets.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

is a guaranteed cure. If it doesn't benefit you the druggist will give you your money back.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO. Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y.

JUST TRY RUNNING.

Will Give Color to the Girl Who Practises it Daily.

To take a mile run daily, as a man in training would do it, is the best way in the world for a girl to get color into her cheeks and sparkle into her eyes.

"If girls would turn their attention to running, they would find it the most exhilarating pastime in the world, as well as one of the most healthful," says an authority on athletics. "Besides adding roses to the cheeks and inches to the lungs, running is the stout woman's best resource.

"Let her take a brisk run daily, beginning with a few yards, and getting up to a mile or thereabouts and she will not need to resort to a diet—that most melancholy and depressing method of reducing avoirdupois."

If a run cannot be taken daily out of doors, the running track found at every well equipped gymnasium should be utilized. A run out of doors, however, is the ideal practice, for fresh air is one of the important factors of the sport. It is fresh air that gives a girl bewitching color in her cheeks and purifies every drop of blood in her body.

After a little practice a girl can run half a mile without stopping. Then let her pause for a two-minute rest before doing the next half mile. Run briskly, but not at top speed.

Without question, one of the best exercises in the world for girls is running. It contributes for one thing that elasticity without which grace is impossible, and spurs every bodily function to its appropriate duty.

Other things being equal, the girl who knows how to run, and does run, will outclass in general attractiveness the girl who does not. She will carry herself more gracefully. Her pose will be easy; she will be better set up, and generally better able to take care of herself in society or out of it.

A BLESSING TO CHILDREN.

"From the fullness of my own experience," writes Mrs. Samuel Hamilton, of Rawdon, Que., "I can say that Baby's Own Tablets are an indispensible medicine in every home where there are infants and young children. They speedily relieve and cure all the common ailments incident to childhood. In fact I think the Tablets are a blessing to children."

It is such sincere, honest words as these that has made Baby's Own Tablets the most popular medicine with mothers all over the land. The Tablets can be given to all children from the tiniest, weakest baby to the well grown child, and where they are used you find only healthy, happy children in the home. You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent by mail at 25c a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE MISSION OF MONEY.

Effect of Improving People From the Inside and Outside.

Canon Barnett, warden of Toynbee Hall, one of the many Englishmen who have worked for the betterment of the people who live in the grimmest and most unlovely part of London, was once asked what he would do "if he were a millionaire"?

"I would not subscribe to give man that which, by energy or self-control, they could one day gain for themselves," he replied. "I would spend my money on objects which would create in them a desire for fullness of life—for the knowledge and energy which hitherto have been the portion of the few."

That is, Canon Barnett, with his million, would improve man from the inside by giving to every seeker after knowledge the best and most sympathetic teaching by which to develop his intellectual and artistic faculties. After that, with the new and higher sense of dignity that had been given him man would do the rest for himself.

To emphasize this point of improving people from the inside, the story of a Scotch nobleman may be told. He had a sense of the duties of a man in his position, and as soon as he came into his large estates set about providing better housing for his people, who were living in an abominable way, huddled together like animals in one-roomed cottages.

He built a row of pretty, comfortable cottages. In a little time each family was living, as before in one room and letting the rest of the house. That is the effect of improving people from the outside.

When a girl starts out to get engaged she leaves no stone unturned—not even a solitaire.

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XVIII

She knew it. Her God was Mammon. Her worship at his shrine was not so much personal, as for the blessings he showered. She loved the possession of money for the sake of parting with it. She had tasted the joys it purchased in the days gone by, recorded in those pasted-down leaves of her life, when the purchase had cost her so much.

She did not intend that danger should attend her present acquirement of what she loved so much. She would play her cards so well that a slip would be impossible. There was only one kink in the chain—her feeling for the boy she was talking to. He had asked her if money was everything to her, and she definatly answered:

"Yes, everything; because it buys everything: houses, horses, carriages, diamonds, bodies and souls."

He looked at her in blank astonishment at the confession.

"And would you sell your body and soul for it?"

"Yes! Not for the mere sake of the purchase-money, but for what one can do with it."

He was positively saddened. He realised, now that she spoke freely, how far she was from being what he had thought her. He was disenchanted. He said slowly.

"I am disappointed in you."

There was just a little mockery in her voice as she answered:

"That remark lacks novelty. Most men are disappointed—in women."

"I never knew you till this moment."

"A moment's knowledge, and you are disappointed!"

"The little I do know makes me think you a dangerous woman."

"Sounds quite proverbial: 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' you suggest that you have the former, and that I am the latter."

"I am sorry—very sorry—that I ave said what I have. I—My eyes are open now."

"And, being open, what can you see? Be reasonable, Reggie. You see a woman, not a fool; not one who would sacrifice her every ambition for what you term 'love'—the chances of a whole future for the mere gratification of a fleeting fancy; a woman who is not all selfish."

"Not all—selfish?"

"No; for I think of you."

"You—think—of—me?"

"Yes; for if I did as you desired and things turned out as you wished them to, I should be a drag on your future, weighing you down. I care for you too much to spoil your chance of success."

"You—care—for—me?"

"Yes. Curious, is it not, that such a feeling should exist in a temperament such as mine? I admit I like you. I don't like liking you. I would, if I could, be above such a feeling; it is the fly in my ointment. It spoils, it interferes with my plans. And knowing all this, I, who pride myself on my strength of mind, am so weak as to confess I cannot help it! Nay, hear me out. We are to say good-bye. Before you go, Reggie, I want you to understand my farewell. I want you to look on me as if I were a husband-man, who, having sown his seed, watches and waits as the plant matures till the flower turns to fruit, golden fruit, and then invites some one he cares for to share it with him. Change the sex in the parable, Reggie, and apply it. In time to come, not so very long, perhaps, I may be a wealthy woman, and then——"

"You—think——"

She interrupted him quickly.

"I think that when the time does come, you will think twice before you refuse to share with me the golden fruit—the life of pleasure which money will enable us to enjoy together!"

How he had misunderstood her! How she was misunderstanding him! The scales had fallen from his eyes.

"You think that, having sold your body and soul for money, I could fall to the level of sharing the purchase-money with you?"

"You put it brutally; yet, nevertheless, yes, I think so."

"You think me capable of such a thing?"

"Yes."

"My God!"

"Reggie, I must go now." She rose and walked up to him. "You may give me just one kiss—not a good-bye kiss, but au revoir, something to remember; a seal which binds a contract we shall enter upon later."

She was close to him, and about to put her arms round his neck. He repulsed her, stepped back, and said:

"Don't touch me!"

The woman's arms dropped to her side. Looking him steadily in the face, she asked:

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? That I am overcome by a revulsion of feeling at finding the woman I thought an angel little better than a fury."

"You are polite!"

"I am honest! It would be idle to pick words and phrases, to mince matters with such a woman as you are. Half an hour ago I would cheerfully have laid down my life to save you hurt or pain; now rather than see you loose upon the world, I would gladly see your lifeless body stretched upon this floor."

She smiled sarcastically as she commented:

"How very dramatic! How very kind!"

"Kind! Kindness is thrown away upon such women as you, whose mercenary heartlessness drives many a poor wretch to the bad. I felt this separation at first, now I am grateful to that Providence which caused it. Now I see you in your true colors I scorn you!"

"Your politeness grows apace. A moment ago you called me a 'fury,' now you 'scorn' me."

There was a mocking intonation in her voice as she asked, "Do you remember that 'Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned'?"

"I pray Heaven we may never meet again!"

"A prayer, my dear Reggie, which will remain unanswered. Rely on me—we shall meet again!"

"The interview will not be of my seeking, and, should it come about, we meet as strangers."

"Really?"

"I require not even friendship with a woman remarkable only for her heartless, callous, cruel nature!"

He left the room; and she, the mingled tears of love and indignation standing in her eyes, sank in a chair with a sob in her throat.

"He insults me! Me! I, who have been used to—— And yet what a fool—fool—fool I am! I cannot even be angry with him!"

And standing in the framework of the conservatory entrance, having observed his nephew's departure, and now watching the woman's grief, stood Sir George Grayne.

CHAPTER XIX.

She walked to the mirrow to wipe away those traces of tears, to see her hair was straight, that nothing was wrong in her appearance—for her beauty was her stock-in-trade, and she husbanded it. And in the mirror she saw the reflection of Sir George standing in the background!

At once—a woman of resource—she saw that he must have seen and heard something, and resolved on letting the tears come; they could only do good with a man. They were there—it was a pity to waste them. So she struck a pathetic attitude, with an arm on the mantel, and her handkerchief to her eyes, and waited.

Sir George stepped into the room and spoke. She gave a start of surprise, and struggled to conceal the traces of grief with a skill worthy the leading lady at a leading theatre.

"What was that I heard, Miss Westcar?—'callous, cruel nature,'—such words to you from my nephew!"

"Oh, pray, Sir George,"—she sank into a chair, sobbing,—"take no notice. I am so sorry, so sorry!"

"You, sorry! Rather should I express sorrow that beneath my roof a kinsman of mine should so far forget himself as to insult a lady, and that a lady for whom I have—a great respect."

And the woman sobbed on. She saw her grief was making the old man nervous. She was arousing his pity, and that, well awake, there was no knowing what he might do or say. Pity is akin to love, so she just jerked out between the sobs:

"I—am—very—very—sorry."

"Tell me, Miss Westcar, what was this about?"

"I—I—cannot."

"Tut, tut, my dear! you must not give way like this. The young rascal has angered me to-day, and I told him he should leave here for a time. But if he has insulted you, he shall never cross the threshold of this house again. Why—why did he call you callous and cruel? I have always thought you the very reverse."

"Be—be—because——"

"There, there, my dear! because—because what?"

She hesitated a moment to speak so of the boy who had found a place in her heart, but in that moment she reflected and decided how necessary was his absence, so she answered:

"He asked me to go away and live with him, and when I refused he called me callous and cruel."

There was a certain amount of truth in what she said; but she omitted—purposely omitted—any reference to the proposed marriage, and it had just the effect on Sir George she had anticipated it would have. He was speechless with indignation for a moment, and then he ejaculated:

"The confounded young scoundrel!"

"I am so—so—very sorry."

"Sorry! 'Tis he should be sorry, and, by God! he shall be before long!"

"Oh, Sir George, pray do not let me be the cause of dissension! What does it matter what is said of me? I am only a p-p-p-poor governess."

"Miss Westcar, any woman beneath my roof shall be free from insult; that my own kinsman should make dishonorable proposals to you is beyond endurance."

He was marching up and down the room as vigorously as his gouty foot would allow him to. His eyes were fixed on the grief-stricken woman; he hated to see a woman cry. He came close to her, sat down, and said:

"Miss Westcar—Evelyn—I have admired you for a long time. There is a difference in our ages, I believe I should make a good, affectionate husband."

It was coming at last! "Good husband" she knew he would make—or, anyway, she would make him one, while he lasted.

"Miss Westcar, you listened to a dishonorable proposal from my nephew to-day; will you allow me to make some amends? Will you listen to an honorable one from myself? Will you be my wife?"

"Sir George!"

"I know you are worthy a younger man—a better man, perhaps; but it would be a hard task to find one who would care for you better than I would. Come, what is it to be?—Yes or No?"

And for answer she just sank on her knees, put her plump arms round his scraggy old neck, and sobbed quietly on his shirt-front; she was too full of joy to speak for a moment. Joyful tones do not harmonise with a grief-stricken appearance.

And the old man put an arm round her waist and drew her to him, saying in glad tones:

"Then you do care for me?"

She had got her foot on her joy-pedal by this time, and was keeping it well down. The triumph which shone through her tears the man put down to love. A man usually finds what he wants to find in a woman's eyes—if a woman knows her business.

She had come off his bosom and reared herself up a bit, still on her knees. It was a good sort of position, and she knew—she was not without experience—worked wonders with most men. She was gratified to observe that it was working now, all the time. She burst out:

"Care for you, Sir George! Ah! if you only knew how much! Day by day your kindness, your gentleness, have made me long to hold you in my arms to whisper to you how much I care for you."

"Evelyn—my darling! You have made me one of the happiest men in Sussex."

"And I, Sir George? You have made me the happiest woman on all the earth!"

Then the happiness and joy were changed for a moment. Vere came into the room. Seeing the position of the parties, she started, and said in a voice of mingled fear, horror, and indignation:

"Papa!"

And that one word—or rather the way in which it was said—brought the old man to his feet inside a moment. No soldier ever came quicker to attention at the word of command.

(To be Continued.)

Health and Vigor For Sickly Women

By Supplying an Abundance of Rich, Red, Life-Sustaining and System-Building Blood.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Thoroughly Cures the Ills Peculiar to Women.

The feminine organism is an intricate mass of delicate and sensitive nerves which require an enormous amount of pure, rich blood to nourish them and supply them with the vital force necessary to properly perform their functions.

When the blood is lacking in quantity or quality the nerve cells waste and shrivel up and by means of pain and irregularities make known their starved and depleted condition.

Unless the nervous system is put in proper condition all the medicine in the world will never cure the weakness and irregularities peculiar to women. Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food contains the elements of nature which go to form new, rich blood and create new nerve force it is the most certain cure obtainable for such ailments.

When the nervous system becomes exhausted the whole body is more or less affected and the various organs fail to perform the duties devolving upon them. Digestion is impaired; there are feelings of discomfort in the stomach after meals, nervous sick headaches, irritability sleeplessness; spells of weakness and dizziness come over you; you feel disheartened, discouraged and despondent and fear prostration, pralysis or insanity.

But there is new hope for you in the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Not the false hope which is aroused by medicines composed of alcohol and other stimulants, but the hope which finds foundation in added flesh and tissue, in better appetite, more buoyant feelings and gradual disappearance of annoying symptoms.

As a blood-builder and nerve restorative Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is bound to benefit your whole system. By noting your increase in weight while using it you can prove this beyond a doubt.

Fifty cents a box, 6 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.

RHEUMATISM CURED

A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY TO TREAT THE TROUBLE.

Liniments and Outward Applications Cannot Cure—The Disease Must be Treated Through the Blood.

Rheumatism is one of the most common ailments with which humanity is afflicted, and there are few troubles which cause more acute suffering. There is a prevalent notion, also, that if a person once contracts rheumatism it is bound to return in cold or damp weather. This is a mistake; rheumatism can be thoroughly driven out of the system, but it must be treated through the blood, as it is a blood disease. Rubbing the affected joints and limbs with liniments and lotions will never cure rheumatism, though perhaps it may give temporary relief. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more cases of rheumatism than perhaps any other disease except anaemia. These pills drive the rheumatic poison out of the system by their action on the blood, and the trouble rarely returns if the treatment is persisted in until the blood is in a thoroughly healthy condition

As an illustration of how even the most aggrevated forms of this trouble yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the case of Mr. J. J. Richards, of Port Colborne, Ont., may be cited. Mr. Richards says:—"About three years ago I suffered from a most severe attack of rheumatism. I could neither lie down nor sit up with any degree of ease, and I am quite sure only those who have been similarily afflicted can understand what agony I endured. I put myself under the care of an excellent doctor, but got no benefit. Then I tried another and still another, but with no better results. By this time I had become so reduced in flesh that friends hardly knew me; I could not move hand or foot and had to be turned in bed in sheets. The pain I endured was something awful. Then I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes there was an appreciable change for the better; the pains began to leave me, and my joints began to limber. I kept on taking the pills until I had used a dozen boxes, by which time every trace of the trouble had disappeared. I firmly believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been a rheumatic cripple for life."

These pills not only cure rheumatism, but all other blood and nerve diseases, such as anaemia, indigestion, kidney troubles, neuralgia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, etc. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, or sent by mail, post paid, by writing to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GOOD NEWS FOR HIS OLD HOME.

VERNON BROMLEY CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

For Years He Was Crippled by Rheumatism and Sciatica—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Him a New Man.

Morristown, N.Y., Oct. 26.—(Special).—Vernon Bromley, now of this place, but formerly of Trenton, Ont., relates an experience that will prove of great interest to his old friends in Canada.

"I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism and Sciatica for years," Mr. Bromley states. "The citizens of Trenton will remember what a cripple I was. I could neither work or lie down, the pain was so great.

"Reading of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills, finally led me to try them and from the second box I began to feel relief. I continued to use them till I had taken twelve boxes, when I was completely cured.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a new man of me."

Rheumatism and kindred diseases are caused by uric acid in the blood. If the Kidneys are sound they will take all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make sound Kidneys.

SHIPS OF THE WORLD.

The shipping of the world is said to consist of 29,943 steamships and sailing vessels, representing a tonnage of 38,648,181. The 29,948 are made up of 17,761 steamers and 12,182 sailing vessels, with tonnages of 27,183,365 and 6,459,766 respectively. Great Britain owns 16,006,374 tons, the United States coming second with 3,611,958 tons. There are 326 British vessels of over 5,000 tons, 119 of over 7,000 tons, and forty-eight vessels of over 10,000 tons.

Two Years Abed.—"For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism; for two years I lay in bed; could not so much as feed myself. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I could sit up. To-day I am as strong as ever I was."—Mrs. John Cook, 287 Clinton street, Toronto.—2

INCURABLE DRUG HABITS.

INTERVIEW WITH DR. FORBES WINSLOW.

Results of Inquiries as to the Progress of the Habit in England.

Public attention has recently been drawn to the drug habit by cases in the courts. Some time ago a man and woman were placed in the dock together. Their condition of nervous distress was pitiable, and they implored the magistrate to allow them to have morphia. Their sufferings were so acute that the request was eventually agreed to, and the immediate result was marvellous. Their misery and dejection disappeared, and, for a time at least, they seemed perfectly restored. More recently a man charged with dishonest dealing told the magistrate that he was a victim to cocaine, and while under the influence of the drug did not know what happened. Inquiries show that the vice is much more common that is generally imagined. Naturally, it is intended to be a secret sin, but the victim of the habit quickly becomes mentally and physically demoralized to an extent which renders the services of the doctor imperative.

On this subject Dr. Forbes Winslow speaks with the authority of one who has made a close study of the disease for many years. To a reporter of the London Daily News he entered into the matter at some length, and during the interview quoted from a number of works which he has written on the subject. "In my opinion," he said, "one of the chief causes of degeneration in the human race is indulgence in opium or the drug habit. In China there are upward of three millions of opium eaters, and the number is gradually increasing. In one year the value of opium which was sent into England WAS OVER £400,000.

One curious thing in reference to the drug is that it takes hold of the individual absolutely; it degenerates him, and makes him quite unfit for the ordinary duties of life. The first symptoms are feelings of content and slight excitement, followed by laughter of an involuntary nature. At the first stage the smoker has feelings of delight, while the temperature is increased. Circumstances which happened long ago present themselves in all their originality, and the future appears bright. As the habit increases this feeling of exaltation is followed by depression. At first the complexion, and particularly the eyes, present a brilliant appearance, but afterward the face becomes intensely pale, and generally insensibility supervenes."

"Do these conditions apply also to those who are addicted to cocaine?"

"Yes, entirely. When I was in New York, some time ago, I spent a good deal of time in the Chinese quarter, and it was a most ordinary thing to see European women there, who had become fascinated by the habit, hanging out of the windows. They had become its victims to such an extent that they were incapable of leaving the quarter. Many of them were ladies.

"Does the drug habit assume serious proportions here in England?"

"Yes, it is a very common thing, chiefly among ladies. Usually it is taken in the beginning to allay pain. Without doubt a large amount of laudanum is consumed by the upper classes in conjunction with alcohol. It is a hard and fast rule that a dipsomaniac is also addicted to the morphia habit, but not vice versa.

"You mean that a dipsomaniac who is deprived of drink would try to get drugs, but that a victim of the drug habit does not care about alcohol?"

"Exactly."

"Is the habit increasing in this country?"

"Very much. As long ago as 1872 no less than 356,211 pounds of opium were imported into England, and if the indulgence was measured by this standard the decline and fall of the social system might be confidently predicted."

"WHAT ABOUT THE EFFECTS?"

"Well, they are many. As I have already stated, in the early stages the drug produces beautiful feelings and visions. The feelings of the eater are not merely pleasurable; he experiences great delight and brilliant fancies which transcend all real and healthy impressions. Without doubt many painters have done fine work under the influence of opium.

"At first only a small quantity is taken, but as the fascination takes hold of the victim the size of the dose is increased, and among the most frequent effects are hallucinations of hearing. The idea of being in communication with Satan is most common in these cases. But eventually the victim becomes degraded in mind, physically demoralized and mentally diseased. In some asylums in America 38 per cent. of the patients were opium eaters. There is no doubt also that it stimulates to crime. Frequently it happens that the victims of drugs will steal things when there is no inducement to do so. In Singapore 80 per cent. of those confined in the House of Correction were opium smokers, and the offences of which they were guilty were nearly all against property."

"And the cure?"

COLDS, HEADACHE, CATARRH

Relieved in 10 Minutes by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Rev. W. H. Main, pastor of the Baptist-Emanuel Church, Buffalo, gives strong testimony for and is a firm believer in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. He has tried many kinds of remedies without avail. "After using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I was benefitted at once" are his words. It is a wonderful remedy and will relieve any form of head pain in ten minutes and eradicate catarrh. 1

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure helps the overworked heart.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woolens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 205 t-f

SERMONS IN THE STONES

INTERESTING STORIES OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

One of the Tragedies of History—The Labor Problem in 1360.

The workmen now engaged upon improvements at Windsor Castle need to tread warily, for the scene of their labors is replete with historic associations says the St. James' Gazette. Nor are these confined to the castle buildings. Of no place may it be truly said that while there are sermons in the stones there are tongues in trees to speak a chapter from history. In the garden adjoining St. George's Chapel is a tree with one of the strangest of stories. Blighted and stunted by lightning, it stands to recall one of the tragedies of history. It is a willow, and grew from a cutting taken from the parent tree, which grew above the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. For long it flourished in its new position. But on the day of the battle of Sedan, in which the power of Napoleon III. was crushed, a flash of lightning carried away its chief branch. Still, in its mutilated state it continued to grow lustily enough until, years later, it was smitten by another lightning stroke. Careful comparison showed that the second disaster synchronized exactly with the death of the Prince Imperial at the hands of the Zulus in Africa.

Windsor Castle, in some form or another, has existed as a royal domain from Norman times. Hardly a reign has passed without additions or alterations. Edward III. built the famous round tower or keep for a fraternity of knights who should meet and carry on the traditions of King Arthur's Round Table knights. From the battlements of the keep twelve counties may be viewed, and even in these smoky days the King may see the dome and lantern of St. Paul's by taking his stand on the

SUMMIT OF THE TOWER.

Edward III. found the labor problem as acute in his day as do some less distinguished employers of modern times, and his works proceeded slowly. But the victor of Poitiers took a short cut to what he wanted. Writs were issued to the sheriffs, mayors, and bailiffs of the counties, authorizing them to impress laborers for the work, with imprisonment as the alternative. William of Wykeham was the architect, and his duties could have been little else than a labor of love, for his wage was but a shilling a day. Plague carried off the bulk of the three hundred and sixty men engaged on the work in 1360, so more writs were issued. Edward did not live to see his undertaking completed, but Richard II. continued it, and had Geoffrey Chaucer as his clerk of works, and a zealous master of the labor press gang the father of our national poetry appears to have made.

The ordinary visitor does not see the oldest part of Windsor, the remains of the fortress in which John rested while the negotiations for Magna Charta were in progress. There is a small domain underground. In the older portions of the great wards arched passages thread their way below the basement, through the chalk, and penetrate far beneath the site of the castle ditch at the base of the walls. Their existence may have had something to do with the origin of the ceric stories which attach to the older part of the residence. For, of course, Windsor has its ghosts. Only a couple of years ago an officer seated in the library saw what is described as "the ghost of Queen Elizabeth." Shakespeare adopted his legend of Herne the Hunter from Windsor Forest for his "Merry Wives of Windsor." The ancient ranger was supposed to promenade around an oak, wearing horns upon his head.

MANY A PAGE OF HISTORY

is written on the walls of Windsor. Those that lay captive within the boundaries of the castle left their woful histories carved upon their prison. Their memories were thus better perpetuated than those of some of more illustrious birth. It was only by a chance breaking up of the floor of the St. George's Chapel that the body of Edward IV. was found. In 1813 Sir Henry Halford found, too, and opened, the coffin said to contain the body of Charles I. The remains he said, were in precisely the condition described by a witness of his immurement. But so many are the stories concerning the remains of this unhappy monarch and of Cromwell that even now controversy has reached scarcely any more definite conclusion than had been arrived at a century ago.

The gorgeous tomb which Wolsey built for himself was converted into money after his fall. The exquisite adornments with which artists had bedecked it were sold as defaced brass for £600. George IV. spent a million and a half on restoring the castle. As a finishing touch to his work he had a huge bronze equestrian statue of his father erected as the end of the magnificent three-miles-long walk. In time a rather irreverent name became applied to the statue, so that the monarch whose name it is to perpetuate became disassociated from it. This led to a funny little mishap at Queen Victoria's dinner table. A distinguished statesman was asked how he had got to the castle. "Oh, I got a lift as far as the copper horse, and walked the rest of the way, ma'am," he replied. "To the what?" cried her Majesty in amused amazement. The guest had never heard of the statue by any other name, and had to explain himself as best he could. Whereupon the Queen good-humoredly rebuked him for his irreverence, and gave him the history of the figure.

MAYOR'S JUBILEE.

Moulins-sur-Orne has the distinction of having had one mayor for half a century in the person of M. Germain-Lacour. Moulins-sur-Orne is a fine arrondissement of Argentan, and the people have just celebrated this unique event by holding a fete in honor of their mayor. Argentan has been represented in Parliament by the same Deputy for forty years.

$100 Reward, $100

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Sufferer—"Do you extract teeth without pain?" Dentist—"Not always. I sprained my wrist on one a couple of days ago, and it hurts yet."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

CURIOUS OLD ENGLISH LAW.

It is interesting to recall in connection with railway accidents that only a few years back any instrument which by accident was the immediate cause of human life became in English law "deodand"—that is, became forfeit to the Crown, to be devoted to pious purposes. This law applies to locomotives, but in course of time coroners' juries, instead of claiming the forfeit, inflicted a fine. So recently as the year 1838 a locomotive on the Liverpool and Manchester line, which, by exploding, caused the death of its engineer and fireman, was fined £20, while the following year another engine on the same line was fined £1,400.

With the old surety,

St. Jacobs Oil

to cure

Lumbago and Sciatica

There is no such word as fail. Price, 25c. and 50c. t-f

There's nerve nourishment in Blue Ribbon Tea.

There's rest for tired brains and worn-out bodies. There's food for impoverished blood.

The most delicate and fragile leaves of the tea plant are in this tea—that's why it is so fragrant and aromatic.

Blue Ribbon Tea invigorates the faculties—makes the mind clear, gives new zest to living.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea 411

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green 40c. should be Fifty Ask for the Red Label t-f

HUNTING THE CHAMOIS.

Exciting Sport Which Takes Place in Clouds.

This is how a writer describes a chamois hunt:

The ascent up the excessively steep slope, with the crushed snow breaking under one's steps, was hard work and the fresh signs of game as I reached higher elevations and a whistle or two out of the dense fog, emitted by chamois at no great distance, made it all the more tantalizing that one's range of vision was so extremely limited. The top of the ridge, some 3,000 feet over the valley, consisted of a black rocky needle-like pinnacle, too steep for snow to lie, and on scrambling hand over hand to the top, I found to my surprise that it just topped the sea of white mist.

We soon had glissaded a thousand feet down to about the place where I had heard the chamois whistle on my way up. We were talking quite loudly when suddenly, without the slightest warning, I found myself in the middle of a band of chamois some thirty or forty in number. As I had been sliding down at a great pace I actually passed a beast or two within reach of my Bergstocke, and one kid, in its frantic haste to join its mother, nearly ran me down. Throwing myself backward into the snow and wrenching off the covering of bolt and muzzle, the chamois, whose surprise seemed to be even greater than ours, actually gave me time to get in a quick shot at what looked like buck before they vanished in the dense mist.

"You have hit him right enough," exclaimed the keeper, but I was not so very certain about it, for it was a case of pulling the trigger before the rifle was well up to my shoulder. When we reached the spot where the animal had been overtaken by my soft-nosed Mannlicher bullet, a few spurts of blood put a rosier hue on the outlook. As the snow was scored up by countless tracks and the trail of blood soon stopped, we separated in order to more quickly find the wounded beast. I had not gone far before I found my quarry—it was a barren doe, unfortunately—lying dead, with my bullet through her shoulders.

"I assure you, madam," said he, "that I would not be begging my bread from door to door if I could but procure employment at my profession." "Poor man," replied the good woman, as she handed out a pie, "what is your profession?" "I am an air-ship pilot, madam."

Catarrh for twenty years and cured in a few days.—Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking, dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. 50 cents.—2

"I can't get up early," said a wealthy gentleman to his doctor. "Oh, yes, you can," was the reply, "if you will only follow my advice. What is your usual hour of rising?" "Nine o'clock." "Well, get up half-an-hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at four in the morning."

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—I have great faith in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ring-bone, with five bottles.

It blistered the horse, but in a month there was no ring-bone and no lameness.

DANIEL MURCHISON.

Four Falls, N.B.

If there is anything that worries a man who wears patent leather boots it is to have bootblacks trying to convince him that he wants a shine.

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." 23-26

He—"It's only a week since I met you, Miss Mabel, yet I feel as if I'd known you for years, and years, and years." She—"Well, you needn't pile years on so thick. I'm only nineteen."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

The total number of passengers carried on railways in the United Kingdom last year was 1,188,219,269. One in 9,211,002 passengers was killed and one in 466,700 injured. From causes other than accidents to trains 128 passengers were killed and 1,814 injured. In the twelve months 443 railway servants were killed and 3,718 injured.

"Thought it meant death sure."—Mrs. James McKim, of Dunnville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: "Until I began taking this I really despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic."—3

Wife (sleepily)—"What is the matter with baby?" Husband (on the walk)—"I think he is suffering from an attack of yeller fever."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Fond Mother—"Are you not somewhat astonished at my daughter's singing?" Professor—"I certainly am. But then she is young yet."

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

"If one horse can run a mile in 1 min. 50sec. and another in 2 min, how far would the first horse be ahead in a match race of two miles?" A scholar returned the question with this attached:—"I will have nothing to do with horse-racing."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Patient—"I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory." Doctor—"Ah—yes—why—er—in cases of this class I always require my fee in advance."

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77 King St., East, Toronto,

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JACKETS, CAPE RINGS, STOLES, RUFFS, at close prices. Send for catalog.

RAW FURS AND SENECA wanted. Send for price list. 39-4

POULTRY, EGGS, BUTTER, HONEY.

We buy f.o.b. or sell on commission. We solicit your consignments and correspondence.

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Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, in per ot. the best place is

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MONTREAL. 2—52

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Guaranteed for one year

If you will do a few hours work for us any day after school. Boys must enclose references from parents or guardian. Write to-day. W. F. HUESTIS, Room 510, No. 150 Fifth Ave., New York, U.S.A.

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Montreal to Liverpool
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Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms amidships. Special attention has been given to the second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For sailing passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or to passenger agent. 1-52

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Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Honey, Apples, ALL KINDS OF FRUITS And Farm Produce generally, consign it to us and we will get you good prices.

THE Dawson Commission Co., LIMITED

9-15 TORONTO.

FOR SALE.

WINTOM AUTOMOBILE TOURING Car, new springs all round, machinery not worn in the slightest, tires new this spring, spring cushions, duplicate parts. For sale at great sacrifice. Cost $2,500. Box 7, Truth Office, Toronto.

FOR SALE, CHEAP FOR CASH.

1 Buffalo pressure blower, No. 4—9 in. outlet.
2 Globe valves—4 in. flanged.
1 Globe valve—6 in. flanged.
1 Earl steam blower—10 in. inlet.
4 Ten branch cast iron headers for 1 in. pipe.
2 Iron pulleys—30x12.
2 Iron pulleys—32x12.
1 iron pulley—22x6.
2 Iron pulleys—18x6.
Also an assortment of iron cone pulleys.

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44—03