A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Kitty and Gretchen Tremaine are two most charming girls. Kenneth Dugdale, crippled in a hunting accident is staying with the Tremaines and is Gretchen's especial charge. He marries her. Kitty marries Sir John Blunden. Arthur Blunden, Sir John's cousin, is immeshed in the toils of a charmer by the name of Fancy Charteris, a flame of Sir John's prior to his marriage.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Next morning Sir John, meeting Minton in the hall, says, pleasantly, "My love to Lady Blunden, and ask if I can see her for a few minutes."

"Her ladyship did not sleep at home at all last night, Sir John," says Miss Minton, with a keen relish for the situation. But Sir John is not the one to be bowled over by a waiting-maid; he says, "Oh! very well; it doesn't matter," in his most indifferent manner, and, going into the library, closes the door.

"No wonder she 'ave sloped" (I suppose she means eloped), "poor dear," says Miss Minton, with a shiff. "He don't care a pin about her, no more than a houter barbarian, that's my opingion. Men as a rule is dead to all decency, but such barefaced hindifference I never see."

But could she have looked into the library I think she would have changed her "opingion" about the indifference. Sir John, having turned the key in the library door, walks over to one of the windows, and there, with his hands behind his back, deliberately reviews the case. All last night her words rang in his ears, destroying sleep: "If harm comes of it, blame yourself." She had said it was not a threat; but where then is she? In all her short married life never before has she slept from under his roof.

A horrible fear possesses him, a terror that almost maddens him, as he stands thus gazing vacantly upon the summer sky. He does not move or gesticulate; his face perhaps is troubled, but his attitude might be taken for one of extreme repose, so quiet is he, so motionless. I do not think in moments of intense agony, that is of mind, when one is most distraught with fear or horror, that the body asserts itself in any way. In most cases I have witnessed I have noticed that the mind, being uppermost, subdues the body to itself. I never saw any one wring their hands, or throw their arms above their heads, or beat their breasts; but, happily, my experience is limited, and I may be wrong.

Sir John, at least, though filled with a sickening dread, makes no outward moan. Kitty's face rises before him in all its anger of the night before, its reproach, its excessive beauty; and then, strangely enough, another face rises beside it, taking the features of Launceston.

He straightens himself at this moment, and raises his head. In his usually laughing eyes there is an expression foreign to them, an unpleasant expression—one almost murderous. Then it fades, his thoughts change, and a low laugh, that is half a sigh of relief, escapes him. What a fool he has been! What mad fears have been coursing through his brain. A sleepless night always plays the mischief with a fellow's intellect! Of course she is with Laura Redesdale or Cyclamen. No doubt, foolish child, she has hoped to frighten him into a better temper by this momentary desertion. Well, she has succeeded; when he meets her he will beg her pardon for his detestable conduct of the night before; and—who knows?—perhaps—perhaps things will clear up, you know, and look brighter in the future.

Without further hesitation he leaves the room, finds his hat, and, going out of the house, hails a hansom and drives to Mrs. Redesdale's residence.

"Is Mrs. Redesdale at home?"

Mrs. Redesdale has left town; went to the country day before yesterday; won't be back again for four days.

At this his fierce determination to believe only the best deserts him. It is only a slight check surely, as Cyclamen's home still lies unquestioned, yet on the instant all hope dies. One disappointment makes three. A horrible feeling of superstition chills him and takes complete possession of him. He feels, not faint, but utterly worn out,—as tired as though all day and night he had been dragging his limbs through interminable marshes and dense thickets. He is so imbued with the belief that his wife is not with Cyclamen that when he reaches the latter's house, and is admitted, he goes lingeringly, with slow unwilling steps, up the stairs, pausing at every turn, as though to stave off the evil hour that shall tell him he must go forth on a new quest.

The man throws open the door of a small drawing-room, and Sir John, entering, is well in it, and half way up the room, before he recognizes, at the other end, his wife.

She is dressed in a loose morning robe of Cyclamen's, composed of cardinal and black satin, that suits her to perfection, and is just now staring at Sir John with cold surprise and haughty contempt.

Still with his evil thoughts of a moment since full upon him, he advances toward her and lays his hand upon her wrist.

"Where were you last night?" he asks, all the terrible anxiety and suspense of the past hour rendering his voice harsh and masterful.

Kitty neither stirs her hand nor removes her eyes from his; scorn and detestation declare themselves in every line of her handsome face.

"Where were you?" repeats he, his eyes flashing, his face as white as death.

"Let my hand go," says Kitty, in a low, dangerous tone. And then she wrenches it free, and moves back a step or two. "What do you mean? What have you been thinking?" she asks, her breath coming a little quickly.

"What I have said. I insist on knowing where you were last night." Only that he has lost his head, he would perhaps have seen the utter folly of the question, her presence where she is being sufficient answer. But it is too late to retract the fatal insinuation.

"It is impossible to understand you; but what a question from you to me!" she says, almost in a whisper, a look of agonized shame creeping into her large, expressive eyes. "You insist upon knowing. Why should you imagine me unwilling to satisfy you on such a simple matter? Of what have you been accusing me in your thoughts, Sir John? You to accuse me!" She laughs a short, unlovely laugh, and, with a quick movement, raises her hand to her throat. "You say you insist. Well, for the last time then, your commands shall be obeyed. I spent last night here with Cyclamen, tending her sick child."

"Here? And why did you not return home?"

"To Belgrave Square?" — with indescribable bitterness. "Because I did not choose to do so. Because the place has grown hateful to me, and I was glad of any chance that kept me a few hours from it. Do you still doubt? You can ask Cyclamen, you know; or perhaps her maid, or the footman, or the butler, will be the most orthodox person to examine in a case like this."

He is silent. Her whole manner is so dignified, so majestic, yet so replete with contemptuous scorn, that slowly his senses have returned to him. Relief and shame fight within him for mastery.

"It is time this wretched farce came to an end," goes on Kitty, quietly, though the hands that hang on either side of her are so tightly clenched that the nails are snow-white. "I, for one, refuse any longer to hold up the thin veil of would-be friendliness behind which we vainly hope to hide our discomfort from our friends. I care no longer what they think or see. I shall never again live beneath your roof. You have won your game. For the future you may enjoy life as you please, without the constraint of a wife's presence. It was a wise thought to accuse me of—of——"

She pauses, and covers her face with her hands to shut out the cruel vivid blush that has dyed it.

"I never accused you," begins Sir John, unsteadily, who has grown pale as one struck by a mortal blow.

"Not in words, but your look and tone were eloquent. Both were a deliberate insult. And you,—you," she cries, with sudden passion, turning upon him her magnificent eyes that literally blaze with anger long subdued, while her cheeks, losing their pallor in the excitement of the moment, deepen in color to a rich carmine,—"you to find fault with my conduct after all that has happened, after all I have silently endured for months,—with the remembrance of last night still fresh upon my mind! When I tell you I saw you in the Gardens——"

"Last night you saw me where?" interrupts he, in amazement.

"Nay, no lies, no excuses," returns she, contemptuously; "they are worse than useless in this case, and only help to heighten disgust."

He flushes darkly.

"You forget yourself," he says, coldly. "I am not a liar; and you must permit me to say I do not understand in the least what you mean."

"It is foolish prolonging this interview," says Kitty, calmly, her passion dying away, and the cold quiet of her first demeanor returning to her. "The sooner it terminates, the better. I suppose I must ask you to allow me still the—the money you agreed to let me have yearly when I married you?"

"Certainly," — very politely. "You must, however, allow me to treble the amount for the future."

"There will be no necessity, I think, to see you again. Any other arrangements that must be made can be managed through your lawyer."

"As you wish. May I ask where you intend going?"

"For the present, to Gretchen. Afterwards, where chance may take me."

"I cannot agree to that. However little I may be to you, still, I could not think of you as without a settled home. There is that place in Derbyshire; I never go there; I shall see that it is made comfortable for you."

"Very well."

"You have nothing more to say?"

"Nothing."

"Then now listen to me," says Blunden, going up to her, and taking both her hands — even at this instant their icy coldness makes him shiver; "this step you are about to take will be, I warn you, a final one. Never, after this, shall I willingly see or speak to you again. It is your own arrangement from first to last; I have had neither hand, act, nor part in it. Once you separate from me, it must be forever."

"Forever; that means always," says Kitty, dreamily, yet with an exceedingly bitter smile. "It means that I shall never again suffer anguish and mortification at your hands at least. 'Forever;' a good word!"

"You have quite decided?"

"Quite."

"This is our last farewell?" His tone is full of passionate entreaty; one word, one glance, and he would have been at her feet.

"I hope so!" returns she, steadily, but with lips so pale that the blood seems as though it has died away from them never to return.

Dropping her hands hastily, as though stung by her last speech, Sir John walks deliberately to the door, opens it, hesitates plainly for a moment; another, and he has gone.

Kitty, putting out her hand vaguely, touches a chair near her, and sinks into it with a long-drawn feeble sigh. It is all over. She has seen him for the last time. Her very life is at an end!

* * * * * *

"Here still, dear?" says Cyclamen, entering quickly. "Why, Kitty, darling, how pale you look! Anything wrong with you?"

"Nothing; I have not been well for some time. I shall go down to Gretchen for change of air. I was always well and happy when at home."

"Sir John was here."

"Yes."

"Kitty," says Cyclamen, impulsively, "be angry with me if you will, but I must say what is on my mind. I am sure there is something not altogether right between you and Sir John."

"Only a mere trifle; nothing worth recording," says Kitty, with a heart-broken smile. "He has ceased to love me. After all, you were right, Cyclamen, and my argument falls to the ground. At the end of six months or so a man does prefer some other man's wife to his own."

"This is madness," says Cyclamen, in a frightened tone. "I will not listen to you. Things may have gone a little crooked with you lately, but I am positive Sir John adores you."

"Then he must be enduring torments now; because we have agreed to separate."

"It is shocking! — horrible! Can I do nothing?" says poor Cyclamen, in a distracted tone. "To have this happen to you of all people! How distressed Mrs. Dugdale will be!"

"Yes; I wish I had not got to tell Gretchen; that will be very hard," says Kitty, mournfully. "Her eyes will reproach me, though she will say nothing."

"Can you not think it over? It can't be anything so very bad," — earnestly. "Do not be hasty, Kitty; an impulsive step of this kind may spoil two lives. Think it over."

"It is too late," says Kitty, wearily.

"Then at least promise me to keep your own counsel. Tell no one what has occurred, and go down this very evening to Laxton. The less you say now, the less you will have to say afterwards when—when you and Sir John beg each other's pardon."

"That will never be. We have parted forever. Those were his own words — 'forever.'"

"Oh, a fig for his words!" says Lady Cyclamen, with more force than elegance, and a fine show of indignation.

(To Be Continued).

GIRL'S SAILOR SUIT.

Sailor suits are always charming and stylish worn by little girls and make ideal play time frocks. This pretty one is shown in pale blue linen banded with black, and white braid, but darker linen, white linen, serge and flannel are all appropriate.

The suit consists of a body portion, a skirt seamed to its lower edge and a jacket. The body portion is plain, the front being smoothly covered with the material and trimmed at upper and lower edges to simulate a vest, and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. At the neck is a standing collar. The skirt is laid in deep backward turning plaits that give a box plait effect at the front and meet at the centre back, and closes with the waist at the back. The jacket is loose fitted and includes shoulder and curved under-arm seams. At its neck is a big sailor collar that is square at the back and forms points at the fronts. The sleeves are in coat style stitched with silk to simulate cuffs.

To cut this suit for a girl of 8 years of age 5¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 5 yards 32 inches wide, 3½ yards 44 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 50 inches wide will be required.

The pattern 4183 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

"What will love me always?"

He—"Passionately, my darling."

She—"And you will never cease to love me?"

He—"Never, my darling."

She—"And you will save your money?"

He—"Every penny."

She—"And you will never speak harshly to me?"

He—"Never."

She—"And you will give up all your bad habits?"

He—"Every one of them."

She—"And you will be amiable with mamma?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And papa?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And just what papa wants you to do?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And just what I want you to do?"

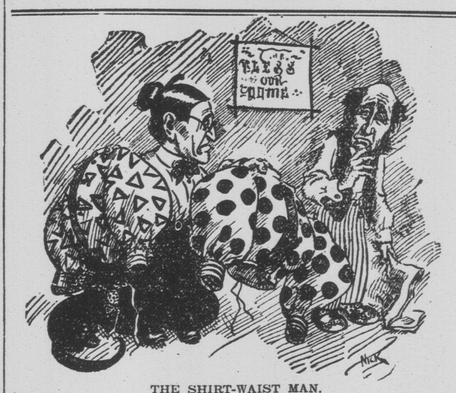
He—"Of course."

She—"Well, I will be yours; but I fear I am making an awful mistake."

HAS DOBBIN LARGE EYES?

There are some points which are valuable in horses of every description. The head should be proportionately large and well set on. The lower jawbones should be sufficiently far apart to enable the head to form an angle with the neck, which gives it free motion and a graceful carriage, and prevents it bearing too heavily on the hand. The eye should be large, a little prominent, and the eyelids fine and thin. The ear should be small and erect and quick in motion. The lop-ear indicates dullness and stubbornness. When too far back, there is a disposition to mischief.

Some men never acquire enemies because they have no money to lend to their friends.



THE SHIRT-WAIST MAN.

"Now, Henry," said Mrs. Peck, "the fashion column in the Daily Clarion says that the men will again wear shirt waists this summer. You need not order any made, for here are several that I cannot use again, as the big sleeves are out of style."

About the ....House

USES OF KEROSENE.

Here are some very useful and novel ways in which common kerosene oil may be made to serve the housekeeper who finds her battle with dirt a losing struggle:—

A white flannel cloth or piece of white knit underwear dampened with kerosene will clean any porcelain or metal bath tub. Dry the tub first and then rub lightly with the kerosene cloth. Every vestige of foreign matter will disappear, and an instant's brisk rub with a dry flannel will complete the task. A porcelain tub can be kept fresh as new by this treatment.

Kerosene will cut the accumulated grease from the drain pipe of a sink and will keep the sink itself perfectly sweet and clean. Kerosene cuts all grease and fats generally; axle grease disappears before it and tar softens and fades away. It is so volatile that, if put in dry heat, as near an open register or oven door, it will quickly evaporate and leave no stain on the fabric upon which it has been used.

As a bleacher, kerosene stands high. Put half a teacupful into a washtub of water and then proceed with the washing after the usual method. The clothes will be whiter, sweeter and hygienically much cleaner than they can be got without the use of the oil, for kerosene is a disinfectant. It kills all invertebrate life, so that many kinds of germs are utterly destroyed by its use.

Kerosene will clean dirty windows or mirrors, giving them a high lustre. It will make dull brasses shine, if not as well as some of the acid and brickdust pastes used, still so well that a little rub frequently given will keep them in good condition, and one's hands do not suffer by the process as they do if the acids are used. After polishing brass it should be rubbed over with sweet oil and wiped dry.

In the war with insect life kerosene is a sure weapon of defence. If the kitchen table is seized upon by roaches, and used as a nest for their eggs, do not burn up any after ineffective scrubbing and scaldings. Put it in the yard and soak it with kerosene. Not an egg will live. In like manner treat any insect infected furniture.

An odd and easy way to be rid of ants is to put cucumber peel around those places where they appear. The writer has yet to hear of the ant that would not flee the spot.

As a hair tonic kerosene is a specific. Put a little in a jelly glass after putting out the light at night, and dip the tips of the fingers in the oil and rub into the scalp. It will keep the head perfectly clean, white and free from dandruff, and will bring in new hair, a rapid young growth.

Last, and most important, kerosene figures as a household remedy. To quote the woman from whose experience of kerosene the above facts have been drawn:—

"I have saved my eldest boy twice by the use of kerosene. The first time it was out on a ranch in Kansas. He had a fearful attack of membraneous croup. His father was racing over the prairie for a doctor, who could not be got in time. I watched for the boy's death at every convulsive struggle for breath, when into my mind rushed a saying of my old nurse, 'We always killed the croup wid kerosene.' I had a horror of her advice in my childhood, but then I blessed her, as I seized my lamp, blew out the flame and succeeded in forcing some of the oil into my child's mouth. In ten minutes the hardness of the phlegm was gone and the child saved.

"Once again I used it and with none but good effect; and while in all cases where I could have medical aid I should prefer to rely upon my doctor, still I feel that, armed with kerosene, I am equipped to fight croup and win."

VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS.

If a man should be cheerful at home it goes without saying that a woman should be. Whatever her cares or anxieties, the wife and mother must make it a part of her religion to live above them. What is prized in household economy is not a temperament which is gay by fits and starts, up to-day and down to-morrow, full of hilarity on occasions, and heavy as lead at other times, but an even serenity of soul which makes people at ease and happy under the roof. A home in which she treads always on thin ice cannot be tolerable. A cheerful disposition will influence its possessor to make the best of existing circumstances, forget the discomforts of yesterday, and anticipate delightful things to-morrow. To live largely in the present, make one's best and trusting God, is to maintain an almost unbroken cheerfulness of demeanor and of experience.

A distinction may always be made between high spirits, the sanguine optimism which makes people gay to effervescence, and the equanimity which is a good outfit for the common road in choosing a life partner, either a man or a woman does wisely who seeks one whose habitual cheerfulness will fit him or her for good comradeship.

Much of the lack of cheer which undermines home comfort may be laid to the score of insufficient health. A dyspeptic sees the world as through a haze of indigo. Inability to assimilate food makes poor blood, poor blood means low vitality, and low vitality brings, in its wake, an absence of joy and a presence of pain, which result in fretfulness and morbidness. A resort to the dentist or the doctor, a change of diet, an increased amount of exercise, more sleep, less worry, will often restore to a jaded mind and a weary body, the lost sense of happy cheer, and make a whole family glad where they have been sorrowful.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Are Nature's Cure for Children's Ailments.

Medicines containing opiates should never be given to children — little or big. When you use Baby's Own Tablets for your little ones you have a positive guarantee that they contain neither opiate nor harmful drug. They are good for all children from the smallest, weakest infant to the well grown child. These Tablets quickly relieve and positively cure all stomach and bowel troubles, simple fevers, troubles with teething, etc. They always do good, and can never do the slightest harm. For very small infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. P. J. Latham, Chatham, Ont., says: "My baby took very sick. His tongue was coated, his breath offensive and he could not retain food on his stomach. He also had diarrhoea for four or five days and grew very thin and pale. We gave him medicine but nothing helped him until we discontinued Baby's Own Tablets. After giving him the first dose he began to improve and in three days he was quite well. He began to gain flesh, and is now a fat, healthy boy. I am more than pleased with the Tablets as I think they saved my baby's life."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists or will be sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, or Schnectady, N. Y.

Cehenectady, N. Y.

STILL DOUBTFUL.

Well Made.

Pure flour and pure yeast do not necessarily mean good bread. It may be spoiled in the making. Just so: material is not everything. Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, after a number of analyses, reports that "Sunlight Soap is a pure and well-made soap." "Well made" means more than you think. Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will enjoy the benefits of a "well-made" soap, and will see that Prof. Ellis is right. No one should know better than he. 224

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Cookies—One cup of butter, one cup brown sugar, one cup granulated sugar, five egg yolks, one teaspoonful vanilla, one cup of grated chocolate, one-half cup sour cream, one level teaspoonful saleratus. Flour to make a dough that will roll nicely. Roll thin, cut in rings, and bake in a quick oven. The chocolate can be omitted if desired, and the brown sugar also, using two cups of granulated sugar instead.

Peach Souffle.—Press twelve fully ripe peaches, previously pared, through a sieve; add one-half pound of powdered sugar and the beaten whites of three eggs. Whip with an top.

utes. Sprinkle powdered sugar on egg-beater five or six minutes. Put this in a well-buttered pudding dish and set in a hot oven for ten min-

Succotash.—Use double the quantity of corn that you do beans. Cook the beans three or four hours. Put in the corn, cut from the cob, one hour before dinner. Have just water enough to cook them in. Care must be taken not to let them stick. Season with salt, pepper and a lump of butter. If preferred, the water may be drained off and milk or cream added.

String Beans for Winter.—Wash Flour to make a dough that will the beans, but do not string or cut them in any way. Pack in large stone jars with enough salt water to cover them. Place a weight on to keep them under. More beans can be added at any time, until the jars are full. The salt water must be strong enough to make an egg float. The beans must soak a day in water before using, to remove salt. Ever since we gave this method a trial it has proved perfectly satisfactory. The beans are almost the same as fresh, and can be prepared in the same way.

Rice Puffs—Boil with water enough to cover, or bake in oven with milk, 1 cup rice. When thoroughly cooked, beat into it 3 eggs and 3 scant teacups sifted flour, then 1 scant teaspoon soda, dissolved in butter half the size of an egg, melted. Bake in gem tins in very hot oven, or cook over fire on griddle, turning rapidly to prevent scorching.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The term "double cream" nowadays not infrequently seen in connection with recipes for dainty deserts, applies to the thick cream taken from new milk which has stood undisturbed for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. This, when whipped, will make a froth so thick that it can be cut with a knife. Such cream should be thoroughly chilled or there is danger of its turning to butter. If the cream is very thick and heavy, and a solid froth is desired beat under the froth which first rises and repeat until the whole mass is thick. When it is so stiff that a knife can be run through it and come out clean whipping should be discontinued.

If paint is to look well after repainting the old paint should be cleaned. To do this dissolve two tablespoonfuls of soda in a cup of boiling water and add sufficient cold water to make a quart. With an old soft cloth wash the paint with this water, then wipe with another cloth wrung out of cold water.

The juice of half a lemon in a teacupful of strong blak coffee, without sugar, will often cure a sick headache.

A piece of ice will not melt so rapidly if wrapped in a newspaper, but the ice in the refrigerator should not be thus protected. Its function in an ice-box is to melt and produce refrigeration. A cloth or a newspaper laid over the top will retard melting while not influencing the refrigeration. It is a great convenience to have a small icebox in the dining room or pantry just for cream milk and butter, but is of course an expense. The refrigerator usually fails because it is not properly cared for, and things put into it which have no business there, like cheese, onions, etc.

YOU MAY SLEEP IN HALVES.

Only those who are troubled with insomnia, and have experienced the sleepless fatigue of night after night of tossing upon the bed, are in a position to wonder how it is that, during the days that intervene, the brain seems able to do its work without showing undue signs of fatigue. Sir James Crichton Browne, the expert on brain diseases, holds that insomnia is not attended with such disastrous consequences as is commonly supposed. It is not so dangerous as the solitude of the sufferer. He suggests that the brains of literary men, who are the most frequent victims, acquire the trick of the heart, which takes a rest of a fraction of a second after each beat, and so manages to get six hours' rest in twenty-four. Some brains, in cases of insomnia, sleep in sections, different brain centres going off in turn.

TWO LETTERS.

HAS NOT CHANGED HIS MIND IN SEVEN YEARS.

This Correspondent Tells More Emphatically Than Perhaps Anything Could, the Perfect Permanency of Cures Made by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Gelert, Ont., Sept. 1.—(Special) — Mr. Samuel Kernahan, of this place, is a wonderful example of what Dodd's Kidney Pills will do for sick and suffering humanity.

Mr. Kernahan had been very ill, indeed so ill that the doctors had given him up as an incurable. He had spent a great deal of money in trying to obtain a cure, but all in vain, until at last a friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills. This wonderful remedy soon made him a well man, and although this was nearly seven years ago, he has scarcely known what illness has been since, and has never had a return of his old trouble. The following letters which he addressed to the proprietors of Dodd's Kidney Pills, tell the story:

Gelert, Ont., Oct. 12, 1895.

In December, 1893, I was taken sick and laid up, unable to work for 14 months. I was confined to my house and to my bed. I was attended at various times during these months by five different doctors. Three of them decided that my trouble was floating kidney and incurable. The other two said that it was spinal disease, but all of them pronounced my case absolutely and positively incurable. My money was nearly all gone, for I was not a rich man. Some one advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and as a last hope I did so. After I had taken three boxes I was able to walk about, but I continued the treatment until I had taken eighteen boxes. Now I can say I am entirely cured and able to do my work as well as ever.

SAMUEL KERNAHAN.

Gelert, April 24, 1902.

I am as sound as I ever was and have not had the slightest return of my old trouble, since Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me away back in '94.

SAMUEL KERNAHAN.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure to stay cured.

DO NOT NEED BEEF.

High Prices Doing Good by Restricting Meat Eating.

Beef eating is on the decline from lack of supply and consequent high cost. I question if it be not an excellent thing for the race, writes J. W. Hall. In the coming big market, meat will occupy but a small space. The far-seeing man will plan to sell bread, bread in vast quantities. The baker will take the place of the butcher. The mammoth bakery in the suburbs will take the place of the neighborhood bakery. Rice is one of the most universal foods and one of the best for man. In the large markets we now have meat, wheaten products, baked beans and other vegetables have the call. Our people are also great lovers of sweets, and the pie and cake counters are busy places. The most vast and unfailing food supply fields are the oceans of earth, and they will play very important parts in feeding future generations.

The cheapest food with us to-day is wheaten bread. The products of maize are coming to the front the world over. Corn makes the best beef, pork, lamb and chicken, why should it not make the best of human flesh? The notion that a man must have animal food to do hard work is a fallacy. Do we feed the race horse with beef, or does the lean man of the deep cut nibs? The laborer eats a dinner of corned beef, his stomach works hard five hours in digesting it and turning it into force; it sticks by the ribs, as he expresses it; he is not hungry so long as the stomach is at work on the indigestible corned beef. Ten cents worth of flour, meal or rice will generate three times as much force as 10 cents worth of beef. But one must breakfast, dine and sup oftener than once in five hours. We laugh at the Asiatic because he lives on rice, but he gets the most for his money.

Meat eating is largely a habit and conducive of disease. Of course, meat that has to be killed weeks before it is eaten must be chemically treated or embalmed, which fact, at least, does not add to its value as food.

JEWELS WORTH $3,000,000.

The Shah of Persia made an excellent impression in England during his coronation visit. Of the eastern guests he was established from the first as a popular favorite, and was received with cheers whenever he appeared at a place of public amusement. On the majority of occasions the Shah was more simply clad than many of his suite, but when he did make an effort to appear dressy the effect was dazzling, displaying greater wealth in gems than any other monarch. He sometimes wore jewels to the extent of $3,000,000. Nothing seemed to have pleased or impressed the Shah more than his visit to the King at Cowes. The King and Queen, on the royal yacht, effected a complete conquest of the Shah, who was undisguisedly taken by the King's reception.

The best starch gloss made is composed of 3½ ounces each of spermaceti, gum arabic, and borax, nine ounces of glycerine, and three pints of water. Four ounces of this mixture is added to 4½ ounces of boiling starch.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Mrs. Style—"I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style." Shopman—"Kindly take a chair, madam, and wait a few minutes; the fashion is just changing."

Blue Ribbon Tea is welcome morning noon and night. Are you drinking it? Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

LEMONS Extra Fine Stock 300 or 360 size, $3.50 PER BOX.

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WORLD'S OCEAN CABLES.

Their Aggregate Length Is Nearly Two Hundred Thousand Miles.

The submarine telegraphs of the world number 1,750. Their aggregate length is nearly 200,000 miles; their total cost is estimated at $275,000,000, and the number of messages annually transmitted over them is more than 6,000,000. All the grand divisions of the earth are now connected by their wires, and from country to country and island to island the thoughts and words of mankind are instantaneously transmitted. Beneath all oceans save the Pacific the universal language which this system has created flows uninterruptedly, and man talks as face to face with his fellowman at the antipodes. Darkest Africa now converses daily with enlightened Europe or America, and the great events of the morning are known in the evening throughout the inhabited world. Adding to the submarine lines the land telegraph system by which they are connected and through which they bring interior points of the various continents into instantaneous communication, the total length of telegraph lines of the world is 1,180,000 miles, the length of their single wires, or conductors, 3,800,000 miles, and the total number of messages annually sent over them about 400,000,000, or an average of more than 1,000,000 each day.

In the short half century since the practicability of submarine telegraphy was demonstrated, every body of water lying between the inhabited portions of the earth, with the single exception of the Pacific Ocean, has been crossed and recrossed by submarine telegraph lines. Even that vast expanse of water has been invaded along its margin, submarine wires stretching along its western border from Siberia to Australia, while its eastern borders are skirted with lines which stretch along the western coasts of the two Americas. Several adventurous pioneers in Pacific telegraphy have ventured to considerable distances and depths in that great ocean, one cable line running from Australia to New Zealand, a distance of over 1,000 miles, and another extending from Australia to the French colony of New Caledonia, 800 miles seaward. A cable which is to connect Canada with Australia across the Pacific is now being laid at the joint expense of the United Kingdom, Canada and the Australian Commonwealth, and has already been completed from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Fanning Island, just south of the Hawaiian Islands, and it is expected that the entire line will be completed by the end of the present year.

QUITE DIFFERENT.

A young man passing through a crowd in a great establishment found himself side by side with a timid looking little man, and exactly behind a lady.

A movement of the crowd forced the young man to step upon the hem of the lady's skirt.

She turned quickly around, with a furious look, and was evidently about to address some fierce remark to him, when a change came over her face suddenly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," she said; "I was going to get very angry. I thought it was my husband!"

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The Church of England bishopric of the Mackenzie River is 600,000 square miles. That is five times the size of the whole United Kingdom.

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Yours truly,

A. E. ROY.

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Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

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