A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER XX.

With Arthur Blunden's engagement has ended the calm, the cheerful indifference to what the future may contain on which he once so prided himself. There is no longer rest or peace for him on earth. Now that he has almost lost Fancy she seems to him, if possible, more sweet and more desirable than in those happy if slightly trying days when he considered he had some just claim to her.

Yet he himself can hardly tell wherein lies the root and center of his discontent. She is still all that can be wished, and as a friend inestimable. Nothing can be kinder than her whole demeanor, nothing brighter or more amiable than the smile with which she always greets him. Yet seldom does he quit her side without feeling in his heart some sharp barb, honey-tipped, and innocently planted, no doubt, yet venomous enough to wound and gall for hours.

He is not happy out of her presence, and, alas ! he is even less happy in it. To-day he tells himself this hateful estrangement between them is not a lasting grievance, it is but a period of probation, a trial of his faith, a working off of the wrong done to her in his thoughts; she is surely his in mind, bound to him by an affection no time can kill. Did not her glance as they parted, the faint but unmistakable pressure of her soft hand, declare it ? At these moments he is feverishly glad, and as a setting to his joyful hopes quotes to himself little passages from songs he fondly believes apply to his own case, or from old-world poems divine in beauty if a trifle rash in sentiment, such as

"My true love hath my heart, and I have his,"

or some fond odds and ends from Shakespeare's sonnets, and so on.

And then comes the morrow and the reaction : and she is kind still, absolutely adorable, yet by a word, a gesture, he feels less sure of her, is pushed, as it were, a whole day's journey from her, and leaves her finally worried, distressed, full of perplexity, and, worse than all, uncertain.

Only yesterday, sitting in her drawing-room, with Arthur somewhere near her, she had lifted her eyes suddenly, and, as he told himself, with a view to fuller self-torture, without premeditation, and had asked him sweetly, as though it were the most natural question in the world from her to him,—

"Is it true then, Arthur, what I hear, that you are going to marry that pretty Maud Steyne ? I always said she had the loveliest eyes I ever beheld. But you might have told me !"

Whereupon Arthur, having denied the vile slander angrily and reproachfully, had gone away in a frame of mind the most miserable you could imagine. If she could see no dishonor in his contracting an alliance with another, how could he dare to hope she considered herself anything but free ? This thought—need I say ?—is agony.

Just now he is standing on the hearth-rug in her morning room, gazing gravely down upon her as she sits in a low chair, playing idly with some colored silks that lie upon her lap. A little kitten is climbing up and down her knees, reveling in her work, and biting her pretty fingers, plainly to her great amusement.

"Was there ever such a bad pussy ?" she says, caressingly. "Is this my sole thanks for rescuing you from those little Zulus in the nursery ? Oh, kitty, you are an ungrateful creature ! By the bye," laughing, and glancing up at her silent visitor, "I had rather a time of it this morning with the children,—talking of the nursery reminded me of it,—they did behave so badly to Miss Walker, their governess."

"I'm not surprised," says Arthur, moodily; "Why don't you get some one good-looking to teach them, poor little things ?"

"I might be jealous of her. What should I do if you—I mean, if any of my friends were to compare me unfavorably with her ? I should die of chagrin. No, Miss Walker is quite delightful; she is plain, and solid, and wholesome, like their own puddings, and very good to them. But to-day there was such a dispute."

A pause.

"Why don't you ask me what it was ?" says Mrs. Charteris, justly incensed. "I can't bear a person who stands staring silently at one and never expresses an interest in anything."

"You mistake me," replied Mr. Blunden, with sudden energy; "my silence arose not from indifference, but from a burning desire to know. I thought you were going to tell me all about it, and I feared if I spoke I might break the thread of your discourse."

"Well, now you shall hear," says Fancy, appeased. "I happened to be passing the school-room, when I heard within voices uplifted, evidently in angry argument. In a rash moment I turned the handle of the door and went in. Poor Miss Walker was standing at the end of the room trying vainly to explain something, with two small furies before her who were talking her down most successfully. When they saw me they ran to me, and declared their fixed determination never—never to be taught again by their governess, on the plea that she did not adhere to the strict truth. I declined to listen to such an accusation against the inestimable creature behind the table, whereupon Blanche undertook to enlighten me.

" 'She says the world is round, Lally, and that we are all sticking on to it like little flies. And that might be true, Lally, I'm not disputing that, because flies do stick to ceilings, I've seen them; but pray,'—triumphantly,—'if it was true, where would the water be ? don't you think the sea would all have dropped off long ago ? Answer me that ?'

"I didn't ; I opened the door again and ran for my life. If anything frightens me, it is to be put through my facings by a child."

Blunden laughs, and presently conversation grows brisker, and he deigns to ask her how she enjoyed herself at the ball last night.

"I always enjoy myself," says Fancy, gayly, "especially when you are very good to me, and very near me; but last night," with a mischievous laugh, "I had rather more than my usual allowance of fun."

"Had you ?"

"Yes. I don't know whether you have noticed it, but I have danced a considerable number of times with Lord Kenwick lately."

"I have noticed it,"—with unpleasant emphasis.

"Ah ! well. What do you think happened last night ?"

"Don't know, I'm sure."

"Then I shall tell you. He actually proposed to me."

"And you refused him ?"

"Well, I don't know; not quite I think. He is a good fellow, you know, and that, and quite fun."

"You accepted him then, I presume ?"—pale and wrathful, and with angry anxiety.

"Well, I'm not sure. I rather think I left the question in abeyance. I was taken by surprise, you see. In fact, I had no idea what was going to happen until we went into that small observatory off the supper-room,—where you and I were the dance before, you remember ?—and there he took my hand, and—"

"He took your hand !"

"Yes, dear; why ?"

"And you allowed it ?"

"Yes, dear; why not ?"—raising to his her lovely guileless eyes, blue as sapphires, and clothed in innocent surprise. "He didn't attempt to bite it, you know, and I didn't mind it the least little bit. Besides, he really was so impetuous I couldn't prevent him; and perhaps I never thought of doing so, either. There was no harm in it, of course, if I was engaged to, or going to be married to, another man, it would be wicked; but as it is—"

She pauses, and pulls the kitten's tail, and thoroughly enjoys the situation, while Blunden, with his eyes fixed moodily upon the carpet, finds to his discomfiture that he has no right to bring her to task.

"Well," goes on Fancy, cheerfully, "as I was telling you, he took both my hands, and said—"

"I don't want"—savagely—"to hear what he said, or did either."

"No ?"—reproachfully; "and you told me you would be my friend. And what is the use of a friend, except to be one's confidant ? I must tell my secrets to somebody."

"Not to me, then."

"Then you are not my friend."

"No, I am sure I am not," returns he, angrily; and with ruffled brow and set lips he takes up his hat and leaves the house.

The week has taken to itself wings and flown away; it has hastened with all its might, unmindful of those who, with outstretched arms, would have detained it. Perhaps in mercy it has sped, to end suspense and shrinking expectation ; and Gretchen, standing on the vanishing edges of it, with empty hands and desolate heart, knows herself bereft of her chief good. He is gone,—her joy, her sorrow !" nay, her love, her husband,—and day seems merged in night.

Just at the very end, when the final farewell had to be uttered, she had fallen on her knees beside him and had begged of him one last promise.

"If an hour should come, Kenneth, when you feel even a shade worse, promise me faithfully you will not keep me in ignorance of it for an hour. You will write to me at the moment, then, without delay ?"

"I promise. I—"

"You will not say to yourself, 'I shall delay until the morrow; the day may bring relief' ? You will wait for nothing, you will not hesitate, whatever that—that man may advise ?"

"Have I not given my word, darling ? Even now, at the very last, if it makes you suffer so much, let me give up this idea and stay at home with you."

"No, no ; rather go now, while I have strength to part from you."

So he is taken from her, and she, with her face hidden in her hands, remains motionless in the center of the room, too wretched almost for thought. She has not gone downstairs to the hall with him, lest the man she counts her enemy—inasmuch as he has been instrumental in enticing Kenneth from her—should mark her pallid lips and dry, miserable eyes. She hardly knows how long she remains there without movement, but presently she sways a little, and would perhaps have fallen, but that a sound from the world without arouses her. It is the scrape of a wheel, the click of horses' feet.

Oh, to see him once again ! to hear his voice ! A sickening fear that never more shall her eyes rest on his overwhelms her. Rushing to the window, she gazes eagerly downwards, but too late; the brougham is out of sight, has disappeared round the corner. He is indeed gone.

She turns away, feeling, if possible, more forlorn than a moment since. Why had she not gone to the window sooner ? Perhaps, when in the carriage, he had looked up, and hoped to see her, and been disappointed. How selfish, how heartless, he must consider her ! and now he is beyond reach, and she cannot tell him ever—ever—of the anguish of spirit that had deadened and crushed all thought within her. Where is he now, at the station ? Not yet, surely; but where, then ? And—and where is she ? and what is the matter with the walls ? How they close and draw together !

With a last natural effort of self-preservation she puts out her hand, and sinks into a low chair beside her.

Five minutes later Kitty (who has calculated almost to a nicety the time of Kenneth's departure) enters the room, and finds her senseless, pale and wan as a snowdrop born of last night's dew, with her hands hanging lifelessly at her sides.

Scenes of every description being abhorrent to Lady Blunden, she forbears to summon gaping servants. From a vase on a table near she procures some water, and, having administered divers pattings and shakings and an unlimited supply of eau de cologne, gradually restores Gretchen to consciousness.

"What is it ?" she asks, faintly, putting her fingers to her eyes in a vain endeavor to recollect. "Did I faint ? How foolish of me !"

"Well, yes, I really think so,—very foolish," returns Kitty, who, like most people, is a little angry because very frightened. "I thought you had more common sense. But, of course, at such a time you should not have been left alone."

The last word recalls everything. The soft flickering touch of color that had come so unwillingly to Gretchen's cheek now flies it again, to seek refuge in her aching heart.

"I remember it all now," she says tremulously. "He is gone, Kitty,—gone ! and"—clasping her fingers tightly together on her knees and bending rather forward—"some horrible thing tells me I shall never see him again."

"Every one thinks that at the hour of parting. It is all nonsense," says Kitty briskly. "Why should you not see him again, and stronger and better too than you have ever yet seen him ? My dear, don't be morbid. It upsets one so, and doesn't do the least good."

"If I might only have gone with him."

"Well, you know, in your place," says Lady Blunden, with determination, "I should certainly pack up my things and follow him. I have no patience with that young man's airs, separating people from their husbands. I think he must be out of his mind."

"He is such a strange man, that one hardly dares to oppose him ; and then he may be successful. I really believe, were I to adopt your advice, he would pack up his things and return to England in the evening. And then how I should blame myself ! But I have often thought, Kitty,"—very timidly, as though ashamed of the fond romantic fancy,—"I should like to disguise myself, and take rooms in the German town and watch each day until I got one glimpse of him."

"I wonder how old you are ?" asks Kitty, scornfully, but with tears in her eyes; "one hundred and fifty, or five ? Such ideas, my dear child, are utterly exploded, if indeed they ever existed. You must be very weak and nervous to talk so like 'The London Journal.' Tell me, do you still intend going down to Laxton ?"

"Yes. I shall go this evening. I I could not stay in this house longer than can be helped. I almost hate it."

"You must get mamma, then, or Flora to stay with you."

"Not just yet. I shall be better by myself for a few days. And, besides, I should bore them with my bad spirits. It would be unfair to afflict them with them."

"Dear Gretchen, do try to think of yourself sometimes. I shall run down to Laxton, to see how you are getting on, indeed,"—slowly, —"I think I shall not go abroad at all this autumn ; I shall stay at home and look after you."

"That would be too great a sacrifice; and what would Jack say to it ?"

"Sir John ?"—with a slight quick frown and an unlovely laugh. "I thought I had explained matters to you sufficiently to make that remark unnecessary. He will doubtless thank Kenneth devoutly for his timely departure, and look upon my absence as a relief too deep for words."

(To Be Continued.)

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A good life defers wrinkles.—Spanish proverb.

Things promised are things due.—French proverb.

The hasty man was never a traitor.—German proverb.

Despise your enemy and you will soon be beaten.—Portuguese proverb.

Women divine that they are loved long before it is told them.—Marivaux.

We can offer up much in the large, but to make sacrifices in little things is what we are seldom equal to.—Goethe.

"I like women," said a clear-headed man of the world; "they are so finished." They finish society, manners, language. Form and ceremony are their realm. They embellish trifles.—Emerson.

Truth itself, according to Locke's fine saying, will not profit us so long as she is but held in the hand and taken upon trust from other minds, not wooed and won and wedded by our own.—George Eliot.

Go through the world and find those who are intrinsically weary—weary of the purposes, weary of the results, weary of the conditions of life. They are those who have lost their ideal, or who never had one.—Philip H. Wickstead.

The highest statement of the culture of a human nature, and of the best attainment that is set before it, is that as it grows better it grows more transparent and more simple; more capable, therefore, of simply and truly transmitting the life and will of God behind it.—Phillips Brooks.

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

SMUGGLED TOBACCO.

Smuggled tobacco confiscated by the British Customs authorities was formerly burned in the huge furnace known as the Queen's Pipe, but for some years past this has not been done. Instead, the tobacco is sent to the criminal lunatic asylums for the benefit of the inmates.

Strain and Anxiety Too Much for Her.

Health Broke Down, Was Pale and Exhausted — Restoration Came With the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The case described in this letter is similar to thousands in which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is successfully used. It is one more example of the marvelous upbuilding effect of this great food cure.

Mrs. Geo. Campbell, Upper Harbor, St. John County, N.B., writes :—"Last summer my system was completely run down, and I was pale, weak, and exhausted. I had taken care of a sick friend for four months and loss of sleep, as well as the strain and anxiety, was too much for me. When I would lie down or sit down the nerves in my legs would twitch, and I felt strange sensations in the joints.

"When in this condition, I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and began to use it. It seemed to help me from the very first, and gradually restored me to health and strength. To-day I feel as well as I ever did, and give the credit to this great prescription of Dr. Chase."

Mrs. John Miles, 236 Wellington street, Ottawa, Ont., whose husband is employed with Davidson & Thackray, lumber dealers, states :—"I was very weak, had no strength or energy and suffered nearly all the time with headache, in fact I had headache for three whole days just before beginning to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was also troubled a great deal with shooting pains across the small of the back. Under this treatment my health has been wonderfully improved. The headaches are a thing of the past, the pains in my back are cured, and I feel strong and healthy. As an evidence of restored strength I may say that I am now able to do all my housework without becoming exhausted."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Don't Worry! Cheer Up!

USE SUNLIGHT SOAP

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

About the ....House

THE GARBAGE PAIL.

Here is a sermonette on the garbage pail. Text II Kings, iv., 40; "There is death in the pot."

Theme—An important factor in home sanitation.

First head—beware!

Second head—be warned!

Third head—be wise!

Conclusion—"Watch out! Eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

If anything has to be neglected during the summer, don't let it be the garbage pail. Dust on the piano is bad. Specks on the mirror or window is annoying. You can't always find time the cake for tea nor pie for dessert. The sheets and towels may have to be folded and put under a weight to save ironing; the baby wears colored slips to economize in washing. All these limitations may be grievous in a measure, but they are not of vital importance. The care of the garbage pail is.

Death and destruction sit on the brim of the neglected pail, and bacteria and microbes — malevolent ones — multiply apace. Decaying fruit and vegetables are just as poisonous as meat, only not quite so noticeable.

If you are a dweller on broad acres, any whole receptacle, tin or even wood will do, provided it is frequently scalded, disinfected and dried out. One of the five gallon kerosene oil cans makes a very good pail, with a piece of baling wire fastened in for a handle. Keep an old broom for cleaning out the pail. Take it out on the grass, turn the hose or tea kettle on it and scrub.

Once a week a disinfectant is in order. A good one to keep on hand is prepared in this way. Dissolve a half pint of washing soda in six quarts of boiling water. A cupful of this added to the cleaning water will be quite sufficient.

Do not throw the contents of the pail, if it be trimmings and parings of vegetables, etc., on the garden to decay. If there are no animals on the place to eat them, either bury and thus enrich the soil or burn. If the latter, dry out first, so as not to crack the stove. Orange and lemon peeling, peach, apricot, and cherry pits make admirable kindling when dried. Bones burned and pounded are excellent for making hens lay or for giving an impetus to your rose bushes or grapevines. If you have no drain and are forced to throw your dish water out on the ground, a solution of copperas (a pound and a half to a gallon of water is a good proportion) should be sprinkled once or twice a week. Lastly, that remember upon you, Madame Chatelaine, rests much of the responsibility for the comfort and health of your household. There is occasionally a servant who may be depended upon to carry out your instructions without your personal attention, but such a one is a rara avis. The wise woman looketh well to the ways of her household, and even to the unromatic but essential garbage pail.

VEGETABLE SALADS.

Squash, onions, beans, cucumbers, asparagus and almost all of the vegetables make acceptable salads.

Take equal proportions of small boiled beets and shredded cabbage. Sprinkle with salt and set aside a few minutes. Slice a layer of beets on a bed of nasturtium leaves and spread cabbage over. Garnish with a few pieces of beet cut in quarters. Serve with salad dressing.

A Pretty Salad—Select blood beets of uniform size. Boil until tender and put in ice box for a while. Skim the beets, cut off a slice from stem end that they may stand firmly, remove centres until you have only hollow red shells. Fill with vinegar until needed. Pour out vinegar when ready to serve and fill heaping full of crisp, chopped celery and mayonnaise dressing. Put on top of each a ring cut from a hard-boiled egg and sprinkled with a bit of chopped parsley. Place in cups or lettuce leaves.

Radish and Celery Salad:—Cut long radishes in slices lengthwise, and the slices into strips. Cut celery into straws. Use equal parts, mix with a French dressing, garnish with radish roses and mayonnaise dressing.

Potato Salad.—Slice some thin boiled potatoes, and chopped parsley and an onion; sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour over three tablespoons of either oil or melted butter, and moisten the whole with vinegar. This can be served in tomato cups if wished.

Tomatoes are delicious served very cold and sliced on lettuce or nasturtium leaves with mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with tips of golden-rod if lettuce is used; the nasturtium blossoms if its leaves are used.

WARMED-UP VEGETABLES.

Parsnip Cakes.—Mash cold boiled parsnips and form into small cakes. Dip into beaten egg and bread crumbs, salted and peppered, and fry. Serve hot with sprigs of parsley. Squash, carrots, turnips and potatoes can be used in the same way, and if the quantity of the vegetable is small, add some finely crumbled bread crumbs.

Tomatoes.—Take tomatoes left over from dinner, season and thicken slightly with flour. Just before turning onto slices of hot buttered toast add one cup cream (the richer it is the better) with a pinch of soda. Serve at once. A nice dish for supper.

Vegetable Souffle.—Take left-over asparagus tips, eggplant, peas or sliced raw tomatoes, or almost any left-over vegetable; mix with a rich cream sauce. (If tomatoes are used, a pinch of soda must be added). Season well with salt and pepper. Beat three eggs, whites and yolks separately. Pour in the yolks, then the whites and bake in a hot oven.

Vegetable Patties.—Mix any left-over vegetables (and it is surprising to see what a little amount will do) with a thick cream sauce, highly seasoned. Add a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Cut rounds of bread about an inch thick, cutting a small round hole in centre, butter well and place in baking dish in which they are to be served. Fill holes with mixture and bake until brown. A tomato sauce can be used with these and they make a delicious bite for luncheon or supper.

Pea Salad with Eggs.—Cut cold hard-boiled eggs in the centre, remove the yolks neatly, and cut in small bits. Mix with green peas left over from dinner, heated and seasoned, and pour carefully in egg cups. Serve on lettuce leaves covered with mayonnaise dressing.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.

A recipe for a compound which will clean carpets is taken from a trade journal and is as follows: Make a suds with a good white soap and hot water, and add fuller's earth to this until of the consistency of thin cream. Have plenty of clean drying cloths, a small scrubbing brush, a large sponge and a pail of fresh water. Put some of the cleaning mixture in a bowl and dip a brush in it. Brush a small piece of carpet with this. Then wash the sponge in cold water. Dry as much as possible with the sponge, and finally rub with dry cloths. Continue this until you are sure that all the carpet is clean; then let it dry.

TABBY AND HER BABY RAT.

Refused to Eat and Reared It as Her Own Offspring.

Tabby, our old cat, lived in the barn with her family of kittens, says a writer in the Edinburgh Scotsman. She made her home in the stall of Dandy, one of the farm horses, and the kittens were always under his feet. But Dandy was fond of cats, and in some miraculous way avoide harming his guests.

One day I noticed a young rat, about the size of a full-grown mouse running about the stall with the kittens. Surprised that Tabby did not notice it, I caught her and held her nose down to it. She licked it a few times and then walked away. One morning, perhaps a week later, I found Tabby and her family established on a flower bed near the kitchen door. I gathered the kittens into my apron, and as I lifted the last one I uncovered the rat. It was taking its breakfast just as naturally and contentedly as the kittens, but when Tabby got up the little thing scurried away into the sweet peas.

I carried the kittens to the granary and put them in a corner on a pile of empty sacks. When I turned round Tabby was just coming in the door with her foster baby in her mouth. She put it down in the corner with the kittens, but it immediately hid under the sacks. I placed a saucerful of milk on the floor and stood back out of sight to watch developments.

Tabby, after lapping it a moment, called her family. The kittens responded slowly, and then the tiny rat darted from its hiding place under the sacks and scrambled to the edge of the saucer, head foremost into the milk. When it climbed out Tabby attended to its toilet, licking the milk all off. After she had finished the rat didn't look much larger than the first joint of a man's thumb, but it sat up on its haunches and washed its face, head and ears in the most comical way.

We were all interested in this most unnatural adoption, but one morning the queer foster nursling was missing and we never knew what became of it.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

More Little Ones Die During Hot Weather Months Than at Any Other Season.

It is a lamentable fact that thousands of little ones die from hot weather ailments, whose lives might be spared if mothers had at hand the proper remedy to administer promptly. Hot weather ailments come suddenly, and unless promptly treated, a precious little life may be lost in a few hours. Baby's Own Tablets promptly check and cure diarrhoea, stomach troubles, cholera infantum and other hot weather ailments. They also give relief to teething troubles, and prevent the ailments that come at this period. Every prudent mother should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house at all times. No other medicine acts so promptly and so surely, and the Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. They always do good and cannot possibly do harm, and crushed to a powder you can give them to the smallest, sickliest infant. Mrs. Geo. Foote, St. Thomas, Ont., says :—"My baby was troubled with diarrhoea and was very cross and restless, and got so little sleep I hardly knew what to do with her. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and after giving her some her bowels became regular and she could sleep well. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine."

You can get the Tablets at any drug store or by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A CIGAR IN A CHEESE.

There was an extraordinary occurrence recently in a cheesemonger's shop in the Avenue Parmentier, Paris. One of the tradesman's customers, who had invited five friends to dinner, had purchased a large cheese, and when it was cut into the stump of a half-smoked cigar was found in the middle. The host and his guests marched round in a body to the cheesemonger to demand an explanation and the return of the money or the substitution of another cheese, but the tradesman refused all three propositions, and even suggested that they ought to be satisfied, as they had not only the cheese but half a cigar as well. One of the guests then threatened to report the cheesemonger for selling tobacco without permission. High words followed, and at length the customer picked up the offending cheese and hurled it with correct aim at the dealer's head. A regular battle ensued. The shopkeeper was backed up by his wife and three assistants, and the customer by his friends. The counter was piled with cheeses of various kinds, and these were converted at once into missiles, while the butter also came in handy. The uproar attracted the attention of a policeman, who arrived just as a large Dutch cheese crashed through the window and caught him on the chest. When the officer had recovered his breath he separated the combatants and took them to the police station, where they were discharged with a caution.

HIGH TREASON SENTENCES.

Only within such a recent date as 1848 was the old inhuman sentence for high treason delivered from the English Bench, though an Act passed at the end of George III.'s reign abolished the partial hanging, which was one of its most dreadful items. It was not until 1870 that the drawing, beheading, and quartering were finally abolished, and it would appear that even now an execution for high treason would have to take place in public, since the Act which abolished public executions for murder does not refer to any other crime. It is generally believed that high treason and murder are the only capital crimes left in British law; but there is another, though it is seldom heard of—arson within the Port of London.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

A VISITOR RECORDER.

Every stranger who enters the White House at Washington is counted by an automatic register. The instrument is held in the hand of one of the watchmen stationed at the door, and for every visitor he pushes the button. Congressmen, Senators, members of the Cabinet, and newspaper men are not counted.

HAD LITTLE FAITH.

HOW A DOUBTFUL MAN WAS CONVINCED AND RESTORED

A Story That Illustrates the Advantage of Reading and Being Guided by Newspaper Advertisements.

Lower Windsor, N.B., Aug. 11.—(Special)—"I want to say that I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble."

This is the declaration of Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster of this place, who for a long time was the victim of a very severe case of this painful disease.

Mr. Belyea reads the newspapers and after he had tried plasters, oils and liniments and all kinds of external remedies as well as doctors' treatments, with no good results, he began reading the testimonials of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says :—

"This remedy was so highly recommended for Kidney Trouble that after reading some testimonials I concluded to try them for a short time, but I must admit that having tried so many things and failed to obtain a cure, I had but little faith that Dodd's Kidney Pills or anything else could or would help me.

"However, I did not use them long before I found out that they were all and more than was claimed for them.

"I used to have very bad spells which of late years became so frequent and so severe that I was almost laid up.

"I received more benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills than from any other medicine I have ever used and they certainly made a complete cure of my case.

"I feel as well as ever I did and have not the slightest trace of the Kidney Trouble that bothered me for so many years."

Mr. Belyea is not the first skeptical man that has been convinced by experience of the medicinal value of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

THE OLDEST SHIP.

What is stated to be the oldest ship in the world has recently been sold at Teneriffe to be broken up. This is the Italian ship Anita, registered at the port of Genoa. The Anita, which resembled Christopher Columbus's ship, the Santa Maria, was built in Genoa in 1548, and effected her last voyage at the end of March, 1902, from Naples to Teneriffe, some few weeks ago. The Anita was of tremendously stout build.

For Over Sixty Years.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.—Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

Mr. Caller (entering drawing-room)—"Good evening, ladies." Hostess—"We were just talking about you, and your name was on the tip of my tongue as you were announced." Mr. Caller—"I'm sure my name could not have been more delightfully placed."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

TOURIST TRIPS BY BALLOON.

The challenge cup offered by the French Aero Club to the lady accomplishing the longest balloon trip has been won by Mrs. Finch, of Australia, who went from St. Cloud to Condesurvire, 160 miles distant, in 5 hours 45 minutes. This was the first of a series of trips arranged to take place from St. Cloud, and it is probably the first organized attempt to use balloons for tourist purposes. The impossibility of guaranteeing where the journey will end is represented as an inducement to make the trip.

"All coons look alike to me!" so do most teas, but none taste like Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

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

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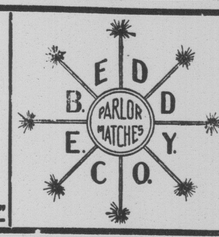
OUR BRANDS. King Edward 100's. "Headlight" 200's. "Eagle" 100's & 200's. "Victoria" "Little Comet"



Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE EDDY'S

ARISTOCRATS AS WAITERS

Many of Them Are Accepting Tips In Europe and Australia.

If there is any satisfaction in having one's gastronomic requirements ministered to by a waiter of ancient, and even royal, lineage and high-sounding titles, there are many restaurants in which the pleasure may be experienced to-day.

In one of the best known restaurants in Vienna, for instance, the urbane and attentive head waiter has much of the oldest and best blood of Europe in his veins. He is the son of an Archduke and grandson of an Emperor; and not many years ago was one of the most brilliant and fashionable of European Princes. But, as he says, "even Princes must eat," and as he has a wife and seven children and nothing to save them from absolute destitution but his own labor, he has wisely accepted the role of waiter. On his first day of service the royal waiter's tips amounted to over $15, and as there is naturally a great demand for his services he can at least rely on an income of $5,000 a year.

A fellow-waiter is the Baron von O—, at one time a dashing and distinguished officer in the Saxon army, and the representative of one of the oldest and most famous families in Germany; while a third aristocrat who plies the napkin and administers cocktails is the grandson of a general who won considerable fame in the Franco-German war, and is entitled to call himself "Count."

There are several young English aristocrats who are acting as waiters and bar-tenders in different parts of Australia. One of them, it is said, was acting in this capacity when he received news of the death of a cousin which made him heir-presumptive to one of the oldest titles in our peerage. He had a life of singular adventure before this turn came in

THE TIDE OF HIS FORTUNES.

He had worked before the mast, had "punched cows" in the States, worked in Canadian lumber camps, graduated as a Californian gold-miner, had mended roads and worked on the railways in Victoria, and had herded sheep in the bush, a varied experience which few potential wearers of a coronet can rival.

One of the most popular waiters in a Victorian hotel is actually the younger son of one of our late peers, and a man who claims descent from a sister of Henry VIII. The remarkable feature in his case is that he has a sufficient private income to make work of any kind unnecessary, and that he follows his curious profession, as he says, "for love and not for lucre."

London, too, has its aristocratic waiters. Indeed, it is said that one of our present peers, during the varied and adventurous career which came before his accession to his title, spent several months as a waiter in one of the West-end clubs, and in this capacity often ministered to his relative and predecessor, who had no suspicion of his identity.

In a restaurant near Leicester Square the head waiter is an Italian count, and the present representative of a family which has produced some of the greatest soldiers and statesmen of Italy. He is a man of distinguished appearance and courtly manners, and long before his identity was revealed was curiously enough commonly spoken of as "the Count." He still bears traces of a bullet wound which almost brought his career to a tragic termination at the siege of Gaeta.

One of the highest nobles in the Duchy of Baden was, it is said, for more than a year a waiter in one of our large London hotels ; and it was during this period that the unexpected deaths of his grandfather, father, and elder brother wrought such a dramatic revolution in his fortunes.—London Tit-Bits.

MOST COSTLY BUTTERFLY.

There is in the American Museum of Natural History a butterfly which cost its owner, the late Dr. Strecker, Reading, Pa., between $7,500 and $10,000. This rare insect, a female, exists only in Sierra Leone and the collector in question had to fit out an expedition and maintain it for over two years with no other object than to add the insect to his collection.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

TRICKS OF BEGGARS.

A beggars' league in St. Petersburg mutilates children and cripples them, to arouse sympathy from the benevolent when they are sent to beg in public places. The chief of this gang, who is a wealthy man and has posed as a philanthropist, receives 75 per cent. of the money begged by the poor people.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Teacher—"Evil communications corrupt good manners. Now, Johnny, can you understand what that means?" Johnny—"Yes'm. For instance, pa got a communication from ma's dressmaker this morning, and it made him swear."

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.

She (gazing upward)—"How bright the stars are to-night, Mr. Sampson!" He (promptly)—"They are not brighter, Miss Clara, than—" She (softly)—"Than what, Mr. Sampson?" He—"Than they were last night."

WHY IT IS COOL NEAR TREES.

It is not shade alone that makes it cooler under a tree in summer. The coolness of the tree itself helps, for its temperature is about 45 degrees Fahrenheit at all times, as that of the human body is a fraction more than 98 degrees. So a clump of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some scientists assert that the purest air in cities is found about 25 feet above the street surface.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $30.00, cured him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and sold him in four months for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE, Hotel Keeper.

St. Phillip's, Que., Nov. 1st, 1901.

Son—"Well, father, I think I shall marry." Father—"Marry? Why, you haven't anything to marry on." Son—"I'd like to know what's the matter with the girl's father. He's worth a million."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Mrs. Good—"And I suppose you mean to go on begging until the end of your life?" The Tramp—"Well, yes, ma'am. I expect to die in harness."

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

He—"If you knew me better, you would like me more." She—"And if I liked you more, I would know you better."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds etc.

W P C. 1141

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CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums.

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